Lord of Mysteries

6

Lightseeker

Cuttlefish That Loves Diving

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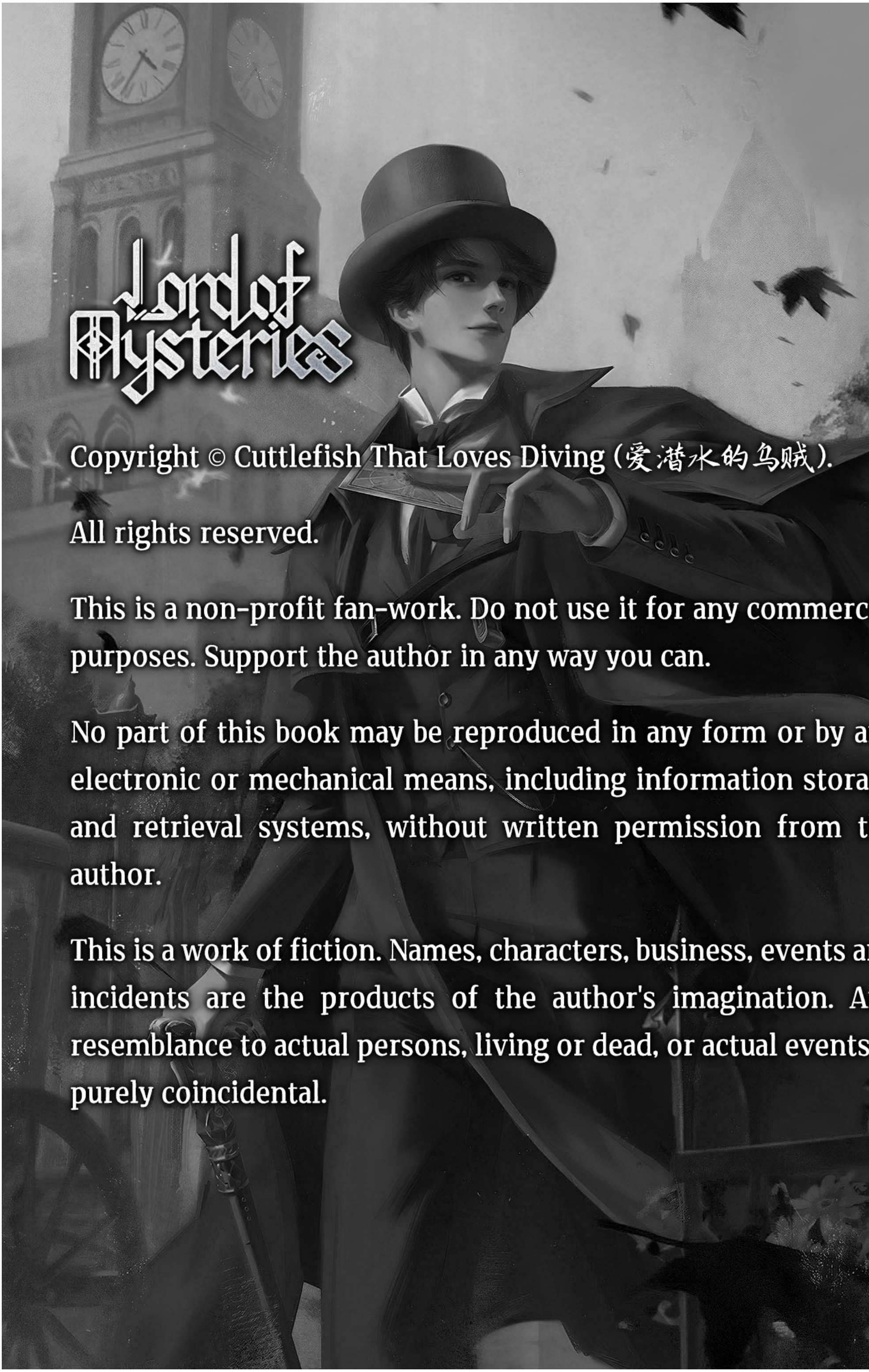

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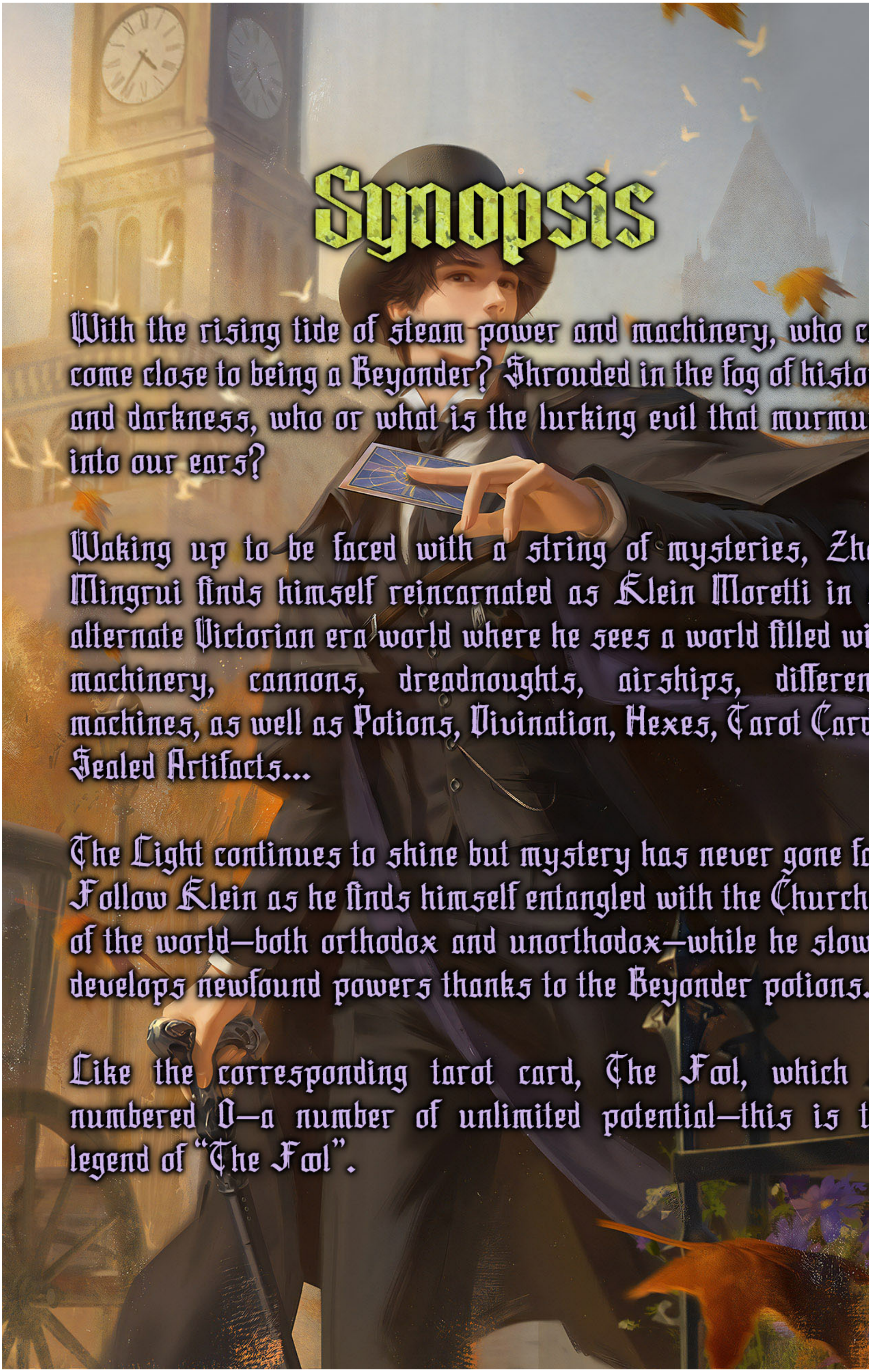

Synopsis

With the rising tide of steam power and machinery, who c
come close to being a Beyonder? Shrouded in the fog of histo
and darkness, who or what is the lurking evil that murmu
into our ears?

Waking up to be faced with a string of mysteries, Zh
Mingrui finds himself reincarnated as Klein Moretti in
alternate Victorian era world where he sees a world filled wi
machinery, cannons, dreadnoughts, airships, differen
machines, as well as Potions, Divination, Hexes, Tarot Car
Sealed Artifacts...

The Light continues to shine but mystery has never gone f
Follow Klein as he finds himself entangled with the Church
of the world—both orthodox and unorthodox—while he slow
develops newfound powers thanks to the Beyonder potions.

Like the corresponding tarot card, The Fool, which
numbered 0—a number of unlimited potential—this is t
legend of “The Fool”.

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BACK COVER

Chapter 1151: Deceit

In a hotel in the Backlund Bridge area.

Apart from his thoughts that still belonged to him, Klein could no longer control anything else. Even his eyeballs couldn't move.

He knew very well that this was likely a deeper level of "Parasitizing."

In this state, he could only look ahead of him in fear and despair. He watched as Enuni, who was wearing a monocle with a smile on his face, changed into Amon's original form. He took a step forward counterclockwise and opened his mouth to speak in Mandarin in an articulate and mellow manner:

"The Immortal Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

...Did "He" steal my thoughts just now, or my ability to speak Mandarin... It should be the former; otherwise, "He" wouldn't be able to grasp this ritual... Klein's pupils couldn't widen as he watched. He felt an unprecedented sense of anxiety.

As though sensing his emotions, the monocled man turned to look at him and smiled. He then took another step counterclockwise and whispered in Mandarin, "The Sky Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

Following that, this Blasphemer carried on the ritual with great familiarity. With every step "He" took, and every chant of the incantation, Klein's heart sank even deeper into a dark swamp, as though he could no longer see any light.

“…The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.”

When Amon took the final step and recited the final incantation, a boundless grayish-white fog suddenly appeared in front of Klein. He heard layers of pleas.

There was no need to listen carefully, as he understood what it meant with his spiritual perception.

After advancing to Scholar of Yore, he had obtained basic control over Sefirah Castle. No matter who it was, even if they had the correct ritual and corresponding incantation, they needed to obtain his permission to enter the world above the gray fog!

Reject “Him”! Klein was instantly delighted as this idea clearly surfaced within him.

However, just as he had this thought, he had forgotten it. Standing there, he looked like a statue carved from stone.

His intention of rejecting Amon had been stolen by “Him.”

“…” Klein once again felt despair, but the grayish-white fog in front of him and the prayers in his ears didn’t disappear.

“…” Klein was first taken aback before he understood what was going on.

I understand! I have to head above the gray fog myself and control Sefirah Castle to give “Him” permission to enter! There is no default option!

This thought was like a straw which Klein grabbed at without any hesitation. It prevented himself from sinking into the water silently without anyone hear him cry.

Although he still didn't know how to make use of this matter, his intuition told him that a slim possibility and his only hope could be hidden in this detail.

At this moment, Amon stopped the attempt and cast "His" gaze at Klein.

Clearly, "He" had failed to successfully enter Sefirah Castle.

This Angel of Time adjusted the monocle on his right eye and smiled without any change in expression.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, your idea of saving yourself is very interesting."

Amon had used the standard Loen language, but every word seemed to be able to stir the powers of nature, creating one "explosion" after another in his mind.

…How is he so sure that I'm The Fool and not the Blessed of The Fool… Klein felt his body turn cold as the hope that had just surfaced sank into the water once more.

"How am I certain?" Amon tsked and pulled the chair from before over and sat down. "He" pointed at the round stool opposite "Him" and said, "Sit down, don't stand on ceremony."

The moment "He" finished his sentence, Klein couldn't help but stride forward and sit on the round stool.

Amon looked around the room and grabbed Klein’s black silk top hat. He put it on his head and said with a smile, “Did you think that I wasn’t aware that the ritual would be unsuccessful?

“It hasn’t been long since Sefirah Castle produced an anomaly, so how could I forget?

“I just want to see your reaction. And you subconsciously felt despair and instinctively rejected me. That was very interesting. If you weren’t the one who was called The Fool, how could you have such thoughts?

“Dear Mr. Fool, am I right?”

As “He” repeated the four rhetorical questions, Amon looked rather pleased, as though “He” was an old hunter who had caught the fox’s tail.

...I fell for his scam... Only then did Klein realize why Amon wasn’t disappointed at all.

He subconsciously wanted to deny it, but after some thought, he calmly said, “Kill me.”

Eh... I can speak now? Klein tried to control his body, but it was completely impossible.

In the next second, he was prepared to recite the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess, but this thought was immediately lost.

The thin-faced Blasphemer Amon pressed down on his right monocle and maintained his excited state from before.

“So that you can be reborn in Sefirah Castle?”

...The more I talk to this fellow, the more mistakes I make... Klein shut his mouth tightly and didn’t say another word.

When Amon saw this, “He” shook “His” head with a smile.

“There’s no need to be so afraid. Actually, there’s no bad blood between us.”

Uh... Sitting on the round stool like a doll, Klein was stunned for a moment, but he didn’t respond.

Amon leaned forward slightly and looked into his eyes before continuing with a smile:

“The only conflict we have is regarding Sefirah Castle.

“But do you really wish to shoulder that fate? Aren’t you worried that the original owner of Sefirah Castle will revive within you?”

“...” This was something Klein was very concerned about, making him at a loss for words.

Amon pinched the crystal monocle and didn’t urge him to answer. He smiled and said, “If you give me Sefirah Castle, all the problems will be resolved.

“That way, whether the original owner of Sefirah Castle comes back to life, or if the corresponding fate can be shouldered, the person who needs to worry is me, not you.

“Also, I’ll be the one to take over the subsequent arrangements of my zealous brother, ‘Door,’ and Lil’ Zaratul’s pursuits and the benediction of Evernight.

“And you will be freed from all this and just stay as a Sequence 3.

“Heh, why would I want to kill you? What’s the point of killing a Sequence 3? Even if I want to retrieve the characteristic, it’s still expendable. My prey will only be Pallez, Lil’ Zaratul, and ‘Door.’ The rest will purely depend on my mood.

“As for the organization that you established, I can also help you maintain it. It’s very fascinating and interesting.

“If you think this price isn’t enough, then I can make you my Blessed. Heh heh, are you not pretending that The Fool is the Angel of Time Amon in the City of Silver? This can turn into a reality in the future. I will lead them out of the Forsaken Land of the Gods and see the light outside.

“When the time comes, you’ll still have a chance to advance to Sequence 2 and become an angel.”

…This… This is practically taking over all my worries and hardships. There are only benefits left… Klein, who didn’t have a huge desire in becoming a true god and controlling Sefirah Castle, heard his heart palpitate with excitement. If he hadn’t known that Amon was the number one master in deceit, he would’ve agreed to it on the spot. But in the end, he still said without any expression, “Kill me.”

"Is that the only thing you know how to say?" Amon said without any signs of anger. He looked at Klein with piqued amusement.

To "Him," this was a very interesting matter. It was completely understandable that "He" would encounter difficulties during the process. They only served to make success even more fulfilling and delightful.

I'm just a heartless broken record… By lampooning, Klein eased his depression and despair. Instead of answering, he asked, "How do you know that the City of Silver thinks that you are The Fool?"

He didn't dare to say that the City of Silver still suspected that The Fool was the god that Amon believed in, afraid that he would provoke him.

Of course, if Amon was the type of person who would lose his intelligence after being provoked, he definitely would've tried doing so. This was because he now suspected that, after gaining initial control of Sefirah Castle, he would be reborn above the gray fog after his death. Unfortunately, Amon wasn't a King of Angels from the Storm pathway, but a God of Trickery that gave even the true deities a headache in the Fourth Epoch.

Amon laughed and said, "Do you think I only have two avatars in the City of Silver? Since you, The Fool, and The Hanged Man have intervened, then I'm happy to quietly watch from the sidelines."

…The City of Silver is still accommodating Amon's avatar… Who's the fellow who was "Parasitized"… Yes, previously, the members of the Giant King's Court's exploration team weren't "Parasitized." This is something that can be confirmed… As his mind tensed up, Klein felt that it was only natural. This was because Leonard had once told him that seeing one Amon meant that there were a

bunch of Amons lurking around. It wouldn't just be a small handful.

Without much thought, Klein tried hard to come up with an attempt to create an opportunity.

"You didn't rob me of my destiny directly because you can't handle it right now?"

Amon nodded frankly and said, "Yes, that's why I want to make a deal with you peacefully.

"But since you rejected my offer, I can only bring you to see my real body, to a sufficiently safe place. Then, your destiny will be taken away. When that happens, your ending will not be as good as I just said earlier."

As he spoke, the black-haired, black-eyed man with a broad forehead and thin face slowly got up and walked towards the door. With that, Klein stood up and followed behind like a puppet.

As he reached out to open the door, Amon seemed to recall a question. He pressed down on the crystal monocle and turned to look back at him.

"What's the fourth line of your Scholar of Yore honorific name?"

In mysticism, every existence's corresponding honorific name wasn't that strict. As long as one used the correct format and certain descriptions to narrow the scope to prevent any ambiguity, they could point towards the corresponding hidden existence. This was also why quite a number of heretics who knew anything about mysticism could randomly make up honorific names while still receiving feedback.

Of course, if it wasn’t for the honorific name given by the hidden existence, there was no way to enjoy receiving “feedback.” Whether they established a connection or not depended on whether the existence was interested in the supplicant.

Previously, Amon had used his understanding of the Scholar of Yore and Gehrman Sparrow, and the powers of the Marauder pathway’s Sequence 7 Cryptologist, to restore the full honorific name that could point accurately to Gehrman Sparrow. However, “He” didn’t attempt to pray and use the “automatic response” to establish a connection to lock onto Klein’s location, because his godhood intuition told him that there was a problem with the fourth sentence, dooming him to fail.

The fourth line of Klein’s honorific name flashed across his mind, but he had no intention of telling Amon.

At that moment, Amon opened his mouth and read out his thoughts:

“Protector of Backlund magic and drama performers…”

This so-called “Angel of Time” and “Blasphemer” fell silent for a few seconds after saying it out loud.

Then, he smiled, very happily.

After laughing, Amon adjusted his monocle on his right eye and said with a smile, “To be honest, this is all very interesting.

“Are you really not considering becoming my Blessed?”

Klein opened his mouth and gave a familiar answer:

“Kill me.”

Chapter 1152: “Error”

Upon hearing Klein’s reply, Amon smiled and shook his head. As “He” reached out to open the door, “He” casually asked, “How did you think of such an honorific name?”

“It needs to have a certain connection with myself, but also be able to avoid others from using the prayer’s automatic response to lock onto me. There aren’t many such honorific names.” Seeing that his identity had been exposed, there was no need for Klein to hide it any further. Furthermore, he hoped to use such a conversation to grasp an opportunity.

At the same time, his mind raced as he began thinking about how to save himself.

I’ve been deeply parasitized. If I have any thoughts that aren’t beneficial to Amon, it will be easily sensed and detected by “Him”…

Today is Saturday, and it’s almost Monday again. If The Fool suddenly stops the Tarot Gathering without any warning, the other members will definitely be terrified, nervous, and confused. Here, those who have the means to contact The World will definitely attempt to summon the messenger to ask for the reason. And once Miss Messenger approaches me, “She” will be able to discover the existence of Amon. Then, “She” can use the Yesterday Once again charm to recover to “Her” peak condition. With the complete strength of an angel, “She” has a sizable chance of rescuing me from Amon’s avatar…

The most important thing for me now is to persist and “live” for two days!

Yes, since Amon can't steal my fate right now, why did "He" try to trade peacefully? Even if I agreed to it, "He" wouldn't dare to let me go above the gray fog to grant "Him" permission. That would mean that I'm free from "His" control and able to Sefirah Castle to effectively purify and make a counterattack against the "Parasite"...

Is the "agreement" itself a switch, and there's no need to follow up on it?

Amon deliberately didn't mention this...

As expected, it was a scam!

Having grasped a sliver of hope, Klein decided to stall for time as long as possible for the next two days. The focus of Amon was still on the honorific name that no human and angel could think of.

As he walked out of the room, he scratched his chin and said, "Have you provided any protection to Backlund's magic and drama performers?"

I've protected a Trickmaster before... Having made plans, Klein was much more cooperative than before. He answered simply, "I'm a Magician myself. I've 'performed' many times in Backlund."

The monocled Amon nodded.

"Barely counts."

He then walked out of the hotel room and went down the stairs to the street. Like a servant, he followed behind without any abnormalities.

Looking to his left and right, Amon pinched his monocle and sighed with a smile.

“How regretful.”

“What’s there to regret?” Klein asked in puzzlement.

I’ve already been caught by you. What else do you have to regret?

Amon pressed down on “His” silk top hat and maintained “His” smile.

“You can make a guess. If you can guess correctly, I can give you a better ending.”

Klein didn’t believe in “His” promise at all. In order to not be tricked into revealing more secrets, he shook his head and said, “I can’t guess it.”

“How boring,” Amon said simply. “He” clenched “His” right hand into a fist and lightly tapped on “His” monocle.

From the pedestrians, the trees by the side of the street, the sparrows on the rooftops, the rats in the muddy corners, and all kinds of living creatures in the air, illusory worm-like figures flew out, returning to Amon like stars.

This son of a god’s status instantly rose to the level of an angel.

As for Klein, he raised his left hand, and the human-skinned glove suddenly turned transparent.

This was the activation process of “Traveling.”

At that moment, the only thing on him which was real was Creeping Hunger. The rest were made by using the powers of a Faceless, as well as the glove using flesh and blood as the material.

Seeing that “Traveling” was about to begin, Klein was taken aback as he blurted out, “Why didn’t you teleport in the room?”

He had expected Amon to leave Backlund with him. After all, this was a place where even a King of Angels had to be wary of. However, he couldn’t understand why “He” would open the door, go down the stairs, and leave the hotel in such ordinary fashion.

The eye behind the monocle swept across Klein as the corner of Amon’s mouth slowly curled up.

“I’ve already answered you. What a pity that you didn’t seek help from Pallez.”

This Angel of Time had an obvious smile on “His” face, but there was no emotion in “His” black eyes. It made Klein shudder.

H-he’s certain that I have some connection with Pallez Zoroast… Is it because of what happened the last time? No, stop it! Klein attempted to Cogitate, trying his best to control himself from thinking too much, so as to prevent his thoughts from being stolen by Amon.

Amon glanced at the panicking passers-by on the street in an impassive manner before looking up at the gray sky and saying, “I can only wait for the next opportunity. The most important thing now is to bring you to that place.”

As they spoke, both of them turned transparent at the same time and vanished from the hotel’s entrance. None of the people who came over felt anything amiss.

After passing through countless indescribable spirit world creatures and overlapping layers of different saturated colors, Klein and Amon appeared above the sea.

Beneath their feet was a huge fissure. The blue seawater had been cut off as they plummeted deep into the bottomless “darkness” like a waterfall without ever filling it.

This was the entrance to the ruins of the battle of gods.

With a thought, Klein asked, “You’re taking me to the Forsaken Land of the Gods?”

The magnificent “waterfall” was reflected in Amon’s monocle. “He” nodded slightly and casually replied, “That’s right. When we get there, even your messenger won’t be able to sense you through the contract.”

The Forsaken Land of the Gods was clearly separated from the spirit world. Only by relying on Sefirah Castle could a connection be made.

…Amon knows what I'm planning to do… The flame of hope that was ignited in him was extinguished by the cold reality.

He couldn't find another way to save himself for the time being.

At this moment, the levitating Amon muttered to "Himself," "If my mausoleum in Backlund hadn't been destroyed by the Church of Steam, we could've used the Abyss as a springboard to head there directly. We wouldn't have to go through all this trouble."

"…" Klein guiltily changed the topic.

"The Abyss is connected to the Forsaken Land of the Gods?"

"No." Amon shook "His" head and said with a relaxed expression, "But I can use some of its characteristics to go anywhere."

"I heard that there were some nasty changes in the Abyss." With a thought, Klein probed.

Amon turned "His" head and glanced at him without concealing "His" curiosity.

"You're actually aware."

"Yes, I once thought of exploring the Abyss." Klein didn't speak further, afraid that the King of Angels of the Marauder pathway would discover that he could read Roselle's diary.

At this moment, Amon suddenly laughed.

“You want to explore the Abyss?”

“What’s so funny about that?” Klein was very interested in what had happened to the Abyss to begin with; thus, he took the opportunity to cooperate with Amon in an attempt to know more.

Just as he finished speaking, he suddenly had a new idea:

Using the conversation he had with Amon, he could grasp more historical secrets to speed up his digestion of the Scholar of Yore potion. That way, he could try using it to deepen his control of Sefirah Castle and escape from his current predicament.

This thought flashed through his mind as he quickly restrained himself and stopped thinking about such matters.

In regards to his question, Amon chuckled and said, “Your visiting of the Abyss is like offering yourself as a beautifully packaged gift to someone who wants it.”

“...Dark Side of the Universe?” Klein was first alarmed before he made a guess.

Amon nodded.

“‘He’ was originally the only surviving ancient god, the Devil Monarch, Farbauti. Now, heh.”

Without finishing “His” sentence, Amon leaped and jumped into the huge, illusory rift with the strong winds.

With that, Klein lost the support of the wind and fell straight down.

After an unknown period of time, the water that resembled a fountain surged upwards rapidly, throwing him and Amon to the other side of the severed face.

Just as he entered the ruins of the battle of gods, Klein was hit by bright sunlight. He suddenly heard a series of intense and crazy ravings.

It was like a thin needle that pierced through his eardrums and stabbed into his brain, filling every thought with immense pain.

As for the Worms of Spirit that formed his Mythical Creature form, they gradually changed, as though they were about to give birth to a degenerate consciousness that didn’t belong to him.

The True Creator’s ravings!

With regards to this, Klein could barely withstand it, but it was difficult for him to hold on for too long. There was no way for him to go too far in the ruins of the battle of gods.

At this moment, he saw that the monocle on Amon’s right eye absorbed all the light around them. It became unusually bright and white.

Then, a thick darkness ruled the sky.

Amon directly stole the “day” of the ruins of the battle of gods!

In the darkness, this Angel of Time’s avatar brought Klein to an island and made him sleep against a stone pillar.

Soon, Klein arrived in the hazy dream world. He saw the projection of the Giant King’s Court, which was filled with an epic feeling, opposite the black cloister and the cliff.

Amon, wearing the black silk top hat and crystal monocle, appeared beside him. With a relaxed smile, “He” pointed at the projection of the Giant King’s Court that was frozen in the sunset.

“That’s the entrance to the Forsaken Land of the Gods.”

After some thought, Klein raised his doubts:

“Don’t you need to enter a dream at a specific location to open the entrance?”

He couldn’t help but feel a glimmer of hope again. He thought that it would be great if Amon wasted a week or two of his time in the ruins of the battle of gods.

“That’s right.” Amon didn’t deny what Klein had said. “He” casually said, “If you wish to open the entrance, you have to travel on a ship to the core of this ruin’s waters. This might take more than a month, and you will experience many dangers that you’re currently unable to withstand. As for me, I don’t have to.”

“Is it because you’re the son of the Creator?” Klein guessed in deliberation.

"No." Amon had one hand in "His" pocket as "He" turned to walk to the black cloister's entrance. "In chaotic places like this, 'order' is in shambles, and the laws governing them have mutated. There are too many things that can be exploited."

As this Angel of Time walked, "He" turned to look at Klein.

"The Marauder pathway's Sequence 0 has a very abstract name, Error.

"It was named by my father. 'He' once used a strange word of unknown origins to represent it:

"Bug.

"When translated, it's a trojan horse of fate, the slug of time, the loopholes in rules, the manifestation of all errors."

Chapter 1153: The Sunset Tunnel

"Error"... Bug... Is that the essence of the Marauder pathway? As he came to a realization, Klein also confirmed one thing.

That was that the ancient sun god, the City of Silver Creator, Amon's father really did come from Earth.

The word that Amon said was standard English!

Fellow Earthling, your two children have really caused me so much pain... If only they were all like Bernadette... As he lampooned inwardly, he asked curiously, "You want to use this dream world's... loophole?"

Klein controlled himself and didn't use the term "bug" to describe it, lest it would arouse suspicion in Amon due to his overly ordinary fluency when speaking the word. He would then reveal a trump card for no reason.

Faced with a King of Angels who could steal his thoughts and deeply "Parasitize" him, he had very few trump cards to begin with. He had to make good use of every single one of them. Who knew when they might end up being effective.

At that moment, Amon had already walked out of the black cloister.

"He" had one hand in his pocket, and without doing anything, the heavy door opened automatically, as though it was welcoming the arrival of a distinguished guest.

“You can think of it that way, but in actual fact, it’s a little more complicated than that.” Amon didn’t show the might of a Blasphemer at all as he casually answered Klein’s question, “This dream world doesn’t have any errors, or rather, loopholes. It’s just that, due to the clashing of remnant divine powers, some places appear more chaotic. And I can use this chaos to create a loophole.”

As the huge door that was prepared for the giant was completely opened, Amon pinched his monocle and walked into the hall, venturing deep inside.

During this process, “He” smiled and gave a more in-depth explanation:

“You should know very well that this cloister is composed of dreams.”

“Yes, it comes from the dreams of different living beings in the ruins of the battle of the gods.” After some thought, Klein added, “It might also be left behind by some dreams from the past.”

At that moment, the man and angel walked on a winding black staircase. The light of dusk shone through the stained glass from high above, bringing with it a feeling of burning holiness.

Amon touched the human skull engraving on the railings and smiled as “He” took in the surroundings.

“Generally speaking, the area you enter this dream world is where you end up when waking up, regardless if you’re in the dreams of other living beings in other seas.”

Unable to nod, Klein could only express his opinion with words.

“That’s right.”

“And after I create a loophole, I can wake up in the corresponding location by entering other dreams. Clearly, this cloister is much smaller than the sea ruins outside. The structure is even narrower. Perhaps, we can reach our destination in a few minutes.” There was a hint of joy in Amon’s tone.

To “Him,” creating and exploiting loopholes was a joyous matter.

…This… Amon is actually able to use such a method to quickly pass through the ruins of the battle of the gods. We won’t even be wasting an hour or two, much less one or two weeks… As expected of a King of Angels, the Blasphemer of the Fourth Epoch… The glimmer of hope that was generated in Klein vanished instantly.

He wasn’t sure if Amon had deliberately not mentioned it in advance, so as to enjoy watching the bubbles of “His” target’s hope being popped time and time again. Or if “He” didn’t care about such trivial matters. All he could do was to curb his heavy depression and say, “You want to control the core dream of this illusory world?”

He remembered Queen Mystic Bernadette mentioning that she didn’t dare enter the black wooden door in the deepest depths of the cloister.

“It’s not me, it’s us,” Amon replied with a smile.

“He” seemed to suddenly recall something. He raised his hand to adjust his monocle and asked with interest, “Why did you put a monocle on your marionette?

“I didn’t even need to prepare one myself.”

“…” Feeling awkward for a second, Klein thought for a second and decided to answer truthfully, “Not long ago, in order to digest the Bizarro Sorcerer potion, I deliberately wore this monocle in front of the Red Angel evil spirit.”

Amon, who was walking down the stairs suddenly paused. “He” turned “His” head to look at Klein and smiled.

“Very interesting.”

This Angel of Time said thoughtfully, “To think that Medici hasn’t completely died. Next time, if I encounter ‘Him,’ I’ll disguise myself to look like you, and then I’ll wear a monocle in front of ‘Him’ again.”

Poor Sauron Einhorn Medici… As a whole King of Angels, can you not be so senseless… Is this the so-called “God of Mischief”? When Klein heard that, he felt wistful, not knowing what to say.

Amon pressed down on the crystal monocle and asked, “Did you wear this monocle on your left eye?”

“How did you know?” Klein was shocked, imagining that Amon had stolen the scene from the fog of history.

“How did I know?” Amon said with a smile. “There are two possibilities. Firstly, it’s because you’re of a Beyonder of a low level, so you’re definitely not a match for that fellow Medici. You were afraid that if your disguise was too realistic, then you would incur a fatal subconscious attack and deduced that you would be better of doing so. Secondly, if you had the intention of imitating me and ended up doing an accurate imitation, then I might be able to use the ripples generated by fate to detect the incident. Since I didn't notice it, it must mean that the monocle was worn on the wrong spot.

"Make a guess. Which possibility is it?"

...I will choose the most dangerous possibility, regardless of whether it's true or not... This way, I will be even more careful and cautious in the future when it comes to matters like this... Of course, there must be a future first... Since Amon didn't show any signs of viciousness or oppression. Klein had unknowingly let down his guard and felt that Amon was an easy-going King of Angels. But now, he suddenly snapped to attention as he came to a realization that this was a trait of a master swindler!

"The second possibility." Klein gave his answer.

Amon didn't say if he was right. "He" reached the bottom of the stairs and came to the lowest level of the cloister. He stopped in front of a black wooden door covered in strange patterns.

"I've been here before. Once this door is fully opened, the power inside will shatter the dream world in its entirety," Klein said as he attempted to extract more historical secrets from Amon.

Amon reached out for the handle, his thin face impassive as he said, "This is my father's final dream. The corresponding location is where 'He' perished."

...The ruins of the battle of gods was where Rose Redemption attacked the ancient sun god, the source of the Cataclysm? When

Klein heard that, he tensed up as his thoughts raced.

With regards to this answer, after understanding the formation of Rose Redemption, he had a corresponding theory regarding the various abnormalities in the ruins of the battle of gods. He wasn't too shocked now, and the Scholar of Yore potion had even been digested to a certain degree.

Immediately following that, he let out an indescribable sigh.

This was the closest he had gotten to the ancient sun god.

Previously, when he saw it through dream divination, they were separated by a distant stretch of both space and time.

The ancient sun god and Emperor Roselle were the protagonists of an era, but in the end, they ended up miserable. The ending was tragic… Roselle still has the means of being revived. I wonder if this former "Creator" had any similar setups… Dark Angel Sasrir? The True Creator? Amidst his thoughts, Amon opened the black wooden door covered in strange patterns.

There was a sea inside, and the blinding sunlight shot straight at it. There seemed to be a rich gold color hidden in the waves.

Klein didn't understand what the thick gold represented previously, but now, he had a preliminary idea.

It was the blood of the ancient sun god!

Before "He" died, "He" was affected by the power of the "Evernight" and fell into a dream. He dreamed of his body being torn apart, staining the sea with blood.

Clang!

As the black wooden door opened, an unimaginable aura emanated out, causing the entire cloister to violently shake, as though it had encountered an earthquake that could destroy this world.

Amidst the dust and collapsed stone bricks, the two of them entered the golden sea through the wooden door.

Following that, he felt his Spirit Body melt as his psyche evaporated. In seconds, he would become fertilizer for the dream.

At this moment, bright and pure white light shone out from Amon's crystal monocle, instantly shattering the dream world.

"He" returned the "day" he had stolen to the ruins of the battle of the gods, allowing the place to turn from night to day!

At the same time, "His" and Klein's figures turned somewhat transparent. Then, they appeared in midair above a sea that was dyed golden.

The temperature here was higher than what Klein imagined, but it wasn't as dangerous as the dream.

Or rather, the sea in the core region of the ruins of the battle of the gods was separated into safety zones due to various clashes of divine power. As long as one didn't blindly explore the area, then there wouldn’t be too much of a problem.

In the next second, Amon’s monocle drew in all the light from “His” surroundings, making himself appear extremely bright.

“Day” was stolen and “night” had fallen once again. After the two landed on an island in a safe zone, they once again entered the dream world.

This time, they appeared outside the black wooden door covered with strange patterns.

Amon adjusted “His” monocle, which “He” wore on “His” right eye, and pulled it with “His” left hand, “stealing” the distance between the entrance and the cloister.

Both of them took a step forward at the same time, leaving the cloister and arriving at the edge of the cliff. Opposite them was the projection of the Giant King’s Court that was frozen in the dusk.

Klein originally thought that Amon would follow procedure and chant the corresponding honorific name, but to his surprise, “He” only raised “His” right hand and snapped “His” fingers.

The clouds that separated the two mountains instantly boiled as they parted to the left and right, revealing an invisible dark rift at the bottom.

The projection of the Giant King’s Court on the opposite side suddenly sucked all the rays of light from the sunset over, letting them surge forward and fill up the deep crack.

Hence, in between the two mountains, an orange-red light road appeared in the clouds.

“Let’s go.” Amon gave a low laugh as “He” leaped down the cliff. With the fluttering of “His” clothes, “He” landed on the passage formed by dusk.

Unable to resist, Klein could only follow and jump down the cliff.

Chapter 1154: I'll Give You a Chance

The path that was formed by dusk didn't seem to contain anything, but after Amon and Klein landed one after another, they didn't continue falling, as though they were walking on the ground.

This time, Amon didn't "steal" the distance. Instead, "He" "brought" Klein along as they approached the majestic projection of the Giant King's Court. From time to time, "He" would observe and admire the beautiful scenery.

Walking above the sea of clouds, they walked along a sunset bridge with the legendary palace in the distance. It was supposed to be a joyful and refreshing matter, but Klein felt as though he was walking into the Abyss, doing so one step at a time. The more he struggled, the deeper he fell.

Once he entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods, many things that he relied on would be useless.

Before long, Amon and Klein arrived at the projection of the Giant King's Court and stood in front of the tallest building.

On one side of the building was a steeple, and on the other side was a spire. The main door was far more than ten meters tall, with it being mainly a grayish-blue color. It was covered with symbols, labels, and patterns. It was where the Giant King lived, the place where Dark Angel Sasrir slept.

Klein glanced at the pitch-black hole to the left of the door, roughly determining that the door in the dream didn't need a key to open. Otherwise, the True Creator's believers wouldn't have been able to pass through. After all, the actual key back then was in Vice Admiral Iceberg's collection room.

"Next, we'll be able to enter the Forsaken Land of the Gods once the door is opened. However, we'll definitely attract the attention of others by doing so." Amon chortled and took a few steps diagonally to the edge of the door. "We won't open the door, but instead directly head over."

As "He" spoke, the Angel of Time raised "His" hand to adjust "His" monocle.

A dark blue color appeared in the corner of the grayish-blue door. It was an illusory door without any sense of being corporeal.

"The 'Door Opening' power of an Apprentice is a very low-level ability, but it's perfect when used here." Amon lowered "His" right hand and introduced in satisfaction.

Taking two steps, "He" passed through the illusory door.

Hmm, there are no useless Beyonder powers, only useless Beyonders... If I directly push the door open, I'll draw the attention of others... But from who? The True Creator? "His" holy residence, "His" divine kingdom should be somewhere in the Forsaken Land of the Gods... If I can lure "Him" over and let "Him" clash with Amon, I might be able to find a chance to escape... Without any ability to control himself, Klein followed behind Amon without leaving much of a gap, stepping into the blurry dark blue door.

The moment he stepped through, he felt the world spin around him. Even his spirituality seemed to be tom apart.

After the abnormality disappeared and his condition was restored, he realized that he was on a beach that was soaked in the glow of the sunset.

The sand and stones here were all black in color. Deep blue waves surged over from afar as they crashed into the coast, one wave after another, but they didn't produce any sounds like they should have.

They were quiet, like a grand illusion.

This sea is an illusion… Coming in would probably result in one appearing here, but it's not necessarily the case for leaving… According to the principle of reciprocity, if one wants to leave, they can only open the residence of the Giant King, where Dark Angel Sasrir is in deep sleep? With a sudden realization, Klein turned his head and looked in another direction. It was a mountain bathed in dusk. On it were countless palaces, towers, and many majestic city walls.

This was the legendary Giant King's Court.

Even if the City of Silver could find a path that leads to the beach, it would be meaningless… From the corner of his eye, he saw that Amon had changed his image.

"He" wore a black classical robe and a pointed hat of the same color. He changed from being a gentleman from the present era to an ancient mage that originated from the Fourth or even the Third Epoch.

With a thought, Klein continued looking at the Giant King's Court which wasn't too far away. He casually said, "Dark Angel Sasrir is sleeping in the palace of the Giant King."

Amon stood to his side as “He” looked in the same direction and said without any change in expression, “I know.

“I’ve entered the Giant King’s Court and even visited the graves of Aurmir’s parents.”

As expected… One of Klein’s guesses was finally confirmed.

He deliberated and said, “What answers you searching for1?”

“You can make a guess.” Amon continued looking at the Giant King’s Court and laughed.

If I had any idea, I wouldn’t need to ask you… After thinking for a few seconds, he said, “Some secrets of the First Epoch?”

You can say that,” Amon replied without much concern.

Klein hesitated for a moment before saying, “Aren’t you curious about Dark Angel Sasrir’s condition?”

“I am.” Amon didn’t change the direction of “His” gaze as “He” said with a smile, “But compared to me, there are still many people who are more interested in that: my zealous brother, The Hanged Man, the Dragon of Betrayal, as well as Evernight, Storm, and White. I want to see who’s the first one who isn’t able to hold back. Heh heh, if I can steal everything of importance inside at the critical moment, ‘Their’ expressions will definitely be very interesting.”

This thought… The reason for stirring up such a huge matter was purely to cause trouble, to gain some excitement? Klein frowned slightly and realized that Amon's values were different from that of humans.

This is a natural Mythical Creature… Completely different from humans… Eh, why can I frown on my own… Just as he came to a realization, he sensed that something was missing in his body.

He subconsciously turned his head to look at Blasphemer Amon.

There was a semi-translucent Worm of Time with twelve rings in Amon's hand. "He" smiled as "He" looked into Klein's eyes and said with some anticipation, "Since we've already arrived at the Forsaken Land of the Gods, there's no need to worry about external interference. I'll give you a chance.

"Before I reach my true destination, I will no longer "Parasitize" you. You can use every method that you can think of to escape, and I will try my best to stop you.

"Good luck. Don't disappoint me."

For a moment, Klein couldn't believe what Amon had just said. He suspected that Amon was bluffing him.Read more chapter on vipnovel

But when he thought of Amon's behavior all this while, he felt that it was something that was in line with "His" character.

"Alright." As his thoughts raced, he took a deep breath and solemnly replied under the orange glow of the sunset.

Backlund, Parliament House.

Due to King George Ill’s sudden self-destruction, none of the nobles and Members of Parliament were allowed to return to their respective homes. Instead, they were gathered here to receive heavy protection from the three Churches and the military.

Dressed in a pure black dress, Audrey stood behind the railing on the second floor and quietly looked down.

As the matter had happened too suddenly and lacked any prior warning, she still found it surreal despite receiving some indication from The World Gehrman Sparrow.

She seemed to have transcended reality and was watching a performance.

Her father, brother, and the other nobles and Members of Parliament were gathered in cliques as they occupied different small rooms. From time to time, one would walk out of the small room, bringing with them the stench of smoke and their gentlemanly attire as they rushed to another discussion circle.

The ladies and madams sat in the lounge. Most of them had yet to return to their senses as their eyes were dazed and their bodies trembling.

The parliamentary staff and the military’s middle and low-ranking officers were running about everywhere, transmitting information from different places.

A soldier dressed in a red shirt and white pants walked in from the outside and handed a stack of paper to the officer in charge of the hall. The officer glanced at it and immediately called for his assistant. He pointed at the small room where Earl Hall and the rest were in. Without asking anything, the adjutant took the documents and ran towards his destination.

All of this happened in a very quiet environment. Only the sound of footsteps and faint whispers echoed in the air. It was as if it was a huge oil painting drawn on the canvas of the real world. The gorgeous decorations, dark colors, dim lights, and the expressions on everyone’s faces created an extremely heavy atmosphere.

Audrey pursed her lips slightly and looked at it for a while. Her mood was still at a nadir, and she only managed to maintain her calm by relying on Placate.

Why would Mr. World deal with the king…

The death of the King will definitely bring deep hatred…

It doesn’t matter what Sequence the King is, because he has never shown it. This doesn’t affect the overall strength of the kingdom, but this incident is enough to explain one thing: The three Churches, royal family, and military have fractured apart. The internal strife is quite serious…

The situation with Loen will be very dangerous. Its enemies will definitely not let this opportunity go… As her thoughts raced, she saw a man in a black coat rush into Parliament House.

He suppressed his voice and started talking to the officer in charge of the lobby.

As an experienced Spectator who could observe the subtle expressions and body language, reading lips was undoubtedly Audrey’s strength. As she watched, she interpreted the corresponding content:

Intis has used the excuse of conflict in the borders of the Homacis mountain range to gather a large number of troops there.

Audrey bit her lip lightly as that familiar feeling of not belonging there arose again. It was as if she had seen a novel's description play out in the real world.

The grayness of the sky seemed to grow thicker. No one spoke in the house where the Morettis lived.

Benson stood behind the oriel window with a solemn expression as he looked at the people rushing down the streets.

It was unknown what he was thinking.

Melissa sat on the sofa beside the coffee table. She lowered her head and looked at the crude machinery she made. It was as if she had become a statue.

"Sigh, the situation has become even more chaotic." Benson exhaled as he touched his hairline. He turned his head back and forced a smile. "Regardless, Backlund is definitely safer than most places."

Melissa didn't raise her head. Instead, she said with an ethereal voice, "Klein found a good job, and our lives gradually improved. In the end, an accident took him away…

"We moved out of Tingen, and you got a job as a civil servant. I entered university and started on the correct path. In the end, war broke out...

“It wasn’t easy for us to get used to this environment. We were praying that the war would end early. In the end, the king was blown to pieces...”

Having said that, Melissa slowly lifted her head and looked at her brother with a confused expression.

“Benson, is it that difficult to obtain and maintain a better life than what we had before?”

Chapter 1155: Walking in the Dark

Backlund, East Borough.

Fors, who had just returned from the land of ice and snow, was wrapped in thick layers of clothing. She looked at the burning charcoal stove in front of her as if she had fallen into a terrible environment again. She couldn't help but shiver a few times.

"George III is already dead. The things that happened before will definitely come to an end. Perhaps we can move out of this place and head to North Borough or Hillston Borough.

"The houses there have fireplaces!"

Xio sat on a chair opposite her and similarly stared at the warm furnace. She replied with a slightly confused expression, "Let's wait another week or two.

"To be honest, I still can't believe that George III was killed so easily... I didn't have time to do anything."

This bounty hunter, who had become a Judge, sounded disappointed, confused, and puzzled. It felt as though she had lost her motivation in life.

Fors temporarily forgot about the damage caused by the cold as she consoled her, "I don't think that this was done by Gehrman Sparrow. It was done by those people who used Shermane. They were the only ones investigating the secret motives of George III. Your actions have contributed to his death to a certain degree. It's as if you had exacted your revenge in an indirect manner.

“Eh… There shouldn’t be any more surveillance or suppressive measures placed against your family. You can try to start a new life. If you have the chance, you might be able to use proper channels to make an appeal for your father.”

Upon hearing the last few sentences, Xio raised her head.

“Yes, the situation is getting more and more chaotic now. I’m worried that they’ll be affected by the war.

“Fors, do you think it’s safer to be in Backlund, or in an ordinary city that isn’t near the borders?”

Fors thought for a few seconds and shook her head calmly.

“I don’t know.”

She added, “I plan to ask Mr. World. He must have a better grasp of the overall situation. Do you still remember? He warned us beforehand that something would happen around George III, and to avoid approaching him.”

In addition, Fors also wanted to ask where the next stop of her “travels” would be so that she could make preparations early.

“Yes!” Xio nodded instinctively.

Fors flipped through the newspapers she supported with her knees, and she drank the coffee she had left. Then, she slowly got up and entered the room inside. She prayed to Mr. Fool in a low voice, asking “Him” to pass her questions to The World Gehrman Sparrow.

…

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, near the Giant King's Court.

Without being "Parasitized" at a deeper level, Klein followed Amon to the foot of the mountain. In the frozen dusk, they circled to the front of the mythical land.

Although Amon had given him a chance to escape, he wasn't in a hurry to do so. This was because he knew very well that Amon had the strength and level of at least a Sequence 2. "He" was an angel in the truest sense of the word, an entity he couldn't fight head-on. Besides, a Marauder was known as an "Error," a loophole, a bug. Its powers were very strange, making it impossible to guard against. Klein believed that whatever normal means he could come up with to save himself would be ineffective.

I can only stay patient and wait for an opportunity that can be used… During this process, I have to keep making attempts to observe Amon's response… Yes, I still have to take note of a problem: I can't believe anything Amon says. "He" has already retrieved the Worm of Time and removed my parasitized state. At least, in terms of my condition, "He" isn't lying, but this might not be the whole truth. I can't rule out the possibility that "He" has left a Worm of Time lurking in my body. "He" might take control of my body at a critical moment… As these thoughts surfaced in Klein's mind, he "chatted" with Amon, asking about Dark Angel Sasrir. However, he saw that nearby, in the distance, the dusk was fading away as darkness blanketed the area. Lightning bolts that snarled from time to time lit up half the sky.

They had arrived at the boundary of the Giant King's Court and were about to leave the mythical kingdom.

Once I'm in the darkness, I'll either evaporate into thin air or encounter a sudden terrifying monster attack… With a thought, Klein pretended not to know anything as he continued proceeding forward. He went from the orange dusk and into the deep darkness.

At this moment, Amon, in his black classic robe and pointed hat, accompanied with a monocle, reached out “His” hand and pulled back a lantern covered in thin animal hide.

Inside the lantern, a candle made of some unknown oil emitted a faint yellow light and a slightly pungent smell.

“Carry it.” Amon threw the lantern at Klein.

“…” Klein caught the lantern and fell silent.

A few seconds later, he probed, “Where did you get this from?”

At that moment, Klein imagined that Amon had summoned a projection from the Historical Void.

Amon pinched the crystal monocle and said with a smile, “I stole it from the human camp up ahead. Oh, that’s the City of Silver’s Afternoon Town camp.”

It was stolen… Klein’s eyelids twitched. He didn’t ask further as he carried the lantern into the endless darkness.

The dim yellow light was like an invisible defensive barrier as it quickly spread out, creating a warm zone in the dark night.

At this moment, the lightning in the sky kept flashing. The gap between them was rather long, and there was almost no thunder. It occasionally boomed.

According to the general knowledge he had learned from Little Sun, this was nighttime in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. It was the most dangerous period.

As he proceeded forward, he first used the Faceless powers which had undergone a qualitative change. Together with Creeping Hunger, he adjusted his eye structure to adapt to this special environment. Following that, he used his spiritual perception to survey his surroundings.

He felt that, in the darkness, there were many eyes staring at him, with creatures of indescribable shapes hidden. However, every time the lightning lit up and shone brightly, there was nothing.

He wasn’t worried at all about the serious backlash from using Creeping Hunger while not feeding it. From his point of view, there were only two outcomes. One was that Creeping Hunger attempted to devour him, but had its thoughts stolen away by Amon. The second was that Creeping Hunger successfully devoured him, the wearer, allowing him to be resurrected; thus, escaping from his current predicament. The latter was something he was looking forward to, while the former didn’t offer any losses, other than leaving Creeping Hunger somewhat perplexed.

After proceeding forward for a while, he saw the City of Silver’s Afternoon Town camp that was built using an abandoned building.

Beyond those boulders and walls that were formed by stone pillars, the bonfire quietly burned and illuminated most of the areas inside, making them completely different from the outside world.

The members of the City of Silver's exploration team were either patrolling or watching the area under the light's illumination to prevent any accidents.

One of them was a Dawn Paladin who was nearly 2.3 meters tall. He was standing at the top of a stronghold and looking into the distance, wary of the monsters hidden in the darkness.

Suddenly, he saw a faint yellow flame coming from afar in the darkness.

This… This Dawn Paladin's pupils dilated as his heart raced.

Apart from newborns and children who had yet to receive education, everyone in the City of Silver knew that this land had been forsaken by God. No one else would use fire in the darkness to create light. Even monsters who were good at controlling flames would be hidden in a dark environment before they attacked. As for the other humans, all the cities that the City of Silver had discovered to date had already been destroyed and turned to ruins. There were no survivors. The only outsider they had seen to date was the strange little boy, Jack.

And at that moment, a flame appeared in the depths of the darkness, one that was constantly moving!

What does this mean? The Dawn Paladin who was standing in the stronghold couldn't think of anything at that moment. He could only feel his body trembling slightly.

The dim yellow light slowly approached from afar. It passed by the campsite and headed beyond Afternoon Town. Vaguely, the Dawn Knight saw two silhouettes that belonged to humans. They walked deep into the darkness, and their silhouettes were strangely illuminated by the light.

Holding what looked like a lantern, they slowly left the camp and disappeared into the endless darkness.

At some point in time, the Dawn Paladin was already holding his breath until the faint yellow light was completely gone.

There are other humans? No, they can't be humans! The Dawn Paladin's eyes narrowed as he carefully turned around to inform the Elder of the six-member council presiding over this camp.

At this moment, he discovered that one of the lanterns hanging on a stone pillar was missing.

This Dawn Paladin's body stiffened as cold sweat broke out on his forehead.

…

As he walked away from Afternoon Town, Klein endured the stares of numerous pairs of eyes in the depths of the darkness. He secretly made use of the powers of a Scholar of Yore, as well as his connection with Sefirah Castle, to sense the grayish-white fog that was interwoven through history.

He had succeeded.

This proved that the Forsaken Land of the Gods wasn't isolated from Sefirah Castle.

The holy residence of the True Creator, or even the divine kingdom, is located in this piece of land... If I were to trigger Sefirah Castle and create an anomaly, would it cause "Him" to cast "His" gaze over and clash with Amon... "He" is a true god. I don't have extravagant hopes in escaping in the chaos, but I can seize the opportunity to commit suicide when "He" is dealing with Amon... With a thought, Klein wanted to make Sefirah Castle quake slightly.

In the next second, this thought disappeared.

The corners of Amon's mouth curled up slightly as he walked beside him.

"The Hanged Man has no interest in Sefirah Castle. Of course, 'His' rationality might not be constant."

Klein didn't have extravagant hopes that his impulsive thought could truly succeed. He mainly wanted to test Amon's reaction and see what "His" response was. At that moment, he didn't feel depressed, nor did he hide his curiosity in asking a question, "The Hanged Man is referring to the Sequence 0 of the Shepherd pathway?"

Amon nodded slightly and said, "That's right. This symbolizes degeneration. Of course, if you want to explain it in a positive light, that is sacrifice and responsibility."

Klein thought for a moment before probing, "I thought this was a nickname you came up with."

Just like Medici.

Based on what he knew, the True Creator was born because of Rose Redemption. It was very likely related to the death of the ancient sun god. Therefore, he wanted to know what kind of attitude Amon had towards this evil god, and whether it was the same as “His” brother.

Amon nudged his monocle and chuckled.

“I’ve always respected the gods.”

To have a Blasphemer say this sounds really contradictory… Helpless, Klein put a stop to the topic.

Chapter 1156: Thinking

Most of the areas in the Forsaken Land of the Gods didn't have paths that one would consider normal, but it wasn't that difficult to walk through them. This was because large swaths of the land were barren. Everything was mostly black in color.

On the moors, there were occasional sightings of plants that stubbornly grew. They were of a variety of strange shapes and distorted sizes. Klein had no way to tell what they originally were.

Around them, in the areas that the lantern couldn't illuminate, the darkness seemed to have a life of its own. It seemed to move silently, as though it wanted to devour everything that they could blanket.

As a Scholar of Yore, Klein just needed one glance from the corner of his eye to see the Spirit Body Threads extending out from the darkness around him. They were illusory, dense, and countless. This meant that there were many monsters lurking in the darkness.

These monsters were extremely silent. They stared at Amon, who was dressed as an ancient mage, as well as Klein, who looked like a present-day gentleman. Under the dim yellow light, they walked through the wilderness.

With his eyes fixed ahead, Klein casually held the animal hide lantern in his hand, not worried about when it would be extinguished.

Just as the two of them were about to leave this barren wilderness and enter a hilly region, a deformed monster of mangled flesh with two heads and five arms suddenly trembled in the darkness behind them.

It had become Klein's marionette.

Controlling Spirit Body Threads was silent to begin with, and it wasn't more than 500 meters away.

In the next second, the monster collapsed silently, losing its life.

Walking to Klein's left, Amon, who was wearing a pointed hat, smiled. "He" raised "His" right arm and opened "His" palm, revealing something.

It was a transparent maggot with three-dimensional patterns.

A Worm of Spirit!

This was stolen from the marionette, along with the Spirit Body Threads.

Without waiting for Klein to speak, Amon easily crushed the transparent maggot with "His" fingers.

Klein immediately felt a pain that came from deep within his soul. His head felt like it was about to split open.

Thankfully, he had gotten used to this feeling from him repeated creating Yesterday Once More charms and Control Spirit Bullets. He only grimaced without losing his composure.

Amon maintained “His” smile and threw down “His” palm.

“You’re too reserved. You can be more daring.”

Having recovered from the pain, Klein raised his hand to rub his temples, feeling exhausted. Every Worm of Spirit was calling for him to rest.

As he was being chased by Zaratul, the spirituality that he borrowed from his past self had been mostly expended. There was still the continuous “Traveling” after that. By using Angel’s Embrace to remove traces, he was already nearing his limit.

After he returned to a safe zone, he had planned on going above the gray fog to check on his surroundings before entering a deep sleep and replenish his energy. Alas, he ended up suffering an ambush from Amon, which resulted in him being parasitized. He had been tormented all the way to the Forsaken Land of the Gods. If he wasn’t in a perilous situation, he might’ve fainted or showed signs of losing control.

“I need to rest now,” Klein put down his right hand and said frankly.

He believed that Amon would satisfy his request, because the more he failed at escaping despite trying his best, the more he could satisfy this God of Mischief’s desire for entertainment.

“Alright.” The monocled Amon’s face turned slightly as “He” said while facing the hillside, “There’s a resting place there. We’ll arrive soon. Of course, I don’t mind if you want to camp out in the wilderness. I just feel that you humans might prefer a place that gives you a sense of security.”

"Let's go there." Klein originally wanted to directly control the flame of the lantern to complete a Flaming Jump, but his drained spirituality stopped him. He could only follow Amon and rely on his feet to move forward.

Along the way, with a mind of asking more questions, he said to Amon, "Why don't you 'steal' the distance to immediately arrive at our destination?"

Amon turned "His" head and glanced at Klein with "His" monocled right eye. The corners of "His" lips curled up slightly.

"I'm not the one who wants to rest."

"…" Klein shut his mouth and quietly walked forward.

After about ten bolts of lightning flashes, Amon raised "His" hand and pointed diagonally ahead.

"We're here."

In the shadow of a hill less than a hundred meters away, there were a few buildings that looked like half-steeples. More than ten giant stone pillars protruded out from the ground, reaching only the height of Klein's knees. A few strands of wild grass grew out from the crevices, their blade-like tips were dark red like blood.

"There used to be people living here?" Klein rubbed his temples and asked.

Nudging the monocle with "His" right index finger's second joint, Amon smiled and said, “This place used to be a very large city. When the Cataclysm happened, the land cracked open and devoured the entire city, leaving behind only these structures to prove that it once existed.”

The destruction of civilization… This thought suddenly popped up in Klein’s mind. He sped up his pace and arrived at the destination where there was strange wild grass.

After entering a half-collapsed building, Klein instinctively looked around and observed the place.

The grayish-white stone walls that had cracked open had murals that had been washed away by thousands of years. They were already indiscernible, and he could tell that the people in the city believed that entering Heaven after death was an honor.

After regulating his breathing, Klein threw away the animal hide lantern in his hand. Leaning against a thick stone pillar, he barely managed to imagine layers of spherical lights.

He didn’t care about the dangers of sleeping in such an environment.

Let the danger come strike harder! Before he fell asleep, Klein shouted in his heart.

The black-robed Amon glanced at him before casually sitting down beside him and snapping “His” fingers.

The candle that was about to burn out in the lantern stopped melting, but the dim yellow light continued to spread.

Despite only having fuel to last a few more minutes, it seemed to be able to last another few hours or even days.

It was like an error that violated the laws of nature.

After for an unknown period of time of feeling groggy, Klein finally recovered his energy and was woken up by Miss Magician’s prayers.

He was temporarily unable to respond to this. He closed his eyes and pretended that he was still dreaming.

Without being “Parasitized” at a deeper level, I don’t think Amon can monitor my thoughts. “He” can only tell if my thoughts are harmful to “Him”… With a thought, he secretly summoned the grayish-white fog.

He had borrowed a state from his past self through the Historical Void, a state that wasn’t directly meant for escaping.

That was when Hvin Rambis invaded his island of consciousness.

This attempt wasn’t stopped or stolen.

Using this state, and the fact that he was able to maintain his lucidity in dreams and the mind world regardless of any intrusions, he split a portion of his self-awareness and stayed in the spiritual sky, calmly looking down at the island.

He began to examine if there were any abnormalities in his mind and thoughts that were being parasitized.

After a series of strict comparisons, he confirmed that there was nothing wrong with his mind world.

In other words, even if there was still a Worm of Time in his body, it was still considered being parasitized at a superficial level. It was impossible to monitor his thoughts.

After finding such a “safe zone,” Klein finally released his repressed thoughts and analyzed the current situation. He considered the subsequent methods for self-preservation.

Amon is a God of Mischief and also a God of Deceit. It’s impossible that “He” is playing this game purely for his entertainment… If “He” really wants to do that, “He” can definitely wait until “He” meets with “His” true body and steals my fate. “He” can attempt it after obtaining Sefirah Castle. That way, even if something unexpected happens, “His” main goal will also be achieved and “He” wouldn’t suffer any losses…

What is “His” goal behind this matter? If I can grasp the crux of the matter, I might be able to discover true freedom…

Also, after “He” recited the luck enhancement ritual incantation in Mandarin, “He” actually didn’t show any concern towards this special language, nor did “He” ask any questions. This totally doesn’t match the sense of curiosity that “He” portrays…

Uh… Did “He” deliberately use the word “Bug” to probe me… so as to see what connections I’ll make…

But “He” didn’t steal my thoughts. No, if all my ideas are disjointed from one another, I wouldn’t be able to discover that they’ve been stolen…

Klein recalled the situation back then, and he used the logical connections between his thoughts to confirm that he hadn't had his thoughts stolen.

This made him confirm one thing:

That was, that being "Parasitized" at a deeper level, Amon could directly monitor his thoughts without stealing it!

Amon made it seem that he had to notice malintent before he took action. It was a bluff!

I knew it, this deeper level of "Parasitization" seems to be different from what Pallez described...

Based on this deduction, the thoughts that I've been thinking of along the way have been heard by Amon, including Earth, fellow Earthling, and child education...

How terrifying...

Thankfully, when I was plotting to destroy the advancement ritual of George III, I had imagined the perilous situation of being "Parasitized" by Amon. Half of my thoughts were my instinctive reactions, while the other half was intentionally let loose. This way, not only do I reveal my secrets, but I can also use this to gain Amon's "trust," concealing the most important and core matters.

For now, "He" definitely knows that I plan to obtain more historical secrets from "Him" so as to quickly digest the Scholar of Yore potion. However, "He" doesn't know that I'm not far from being able to fully digest it. I'm just a few steps short or just one opportunity away…

Did Amon deliberately remove the parasite and play such a game with me because “He” had once heard of Earth from the ancient sun god and had come into contact with some secrets? He plans on using my attempt to save myself to complete certain matters that might be inconvenient or impossible for “Him”? If that’s the case, there will definitely be something happening next…

Yes, I have to show that I didn’t notice this and still plan on escaping like a normal person.”

Once I’ve returned to my optimal state, I’ll make my first “attempt”! After a while, Klein opened his eyes.

The pointed hat-wearing Amon sat beside him and smiled at him.

“Have you decided? When are you going to take action?”

“He” acted as if “He” was Klein’s partner and not the target from which Klein was trying to escape from.

Chapter 1157: Poise

Klein pressed down on the grayish-white wall and slowly sat up straight. He smiled and shook his head.

“Before I fill my stomach, my brain refuses to work.”

He was speaking the truth, and also a lie. This was because, before becoming a complete Mythical Creature, a saint would still be hungry and thirsty. But to a Sequence 3 demigod, not eating or drinking for half a month wasn’t a problem. As for a whole Mythical Creature, eating was only a hobby, not a necessity.

What he wanted to express was that, before he officially made attempts at escaping, he needed to be in optimal condition.

“The habit of a Magician,” Amon commented with a smile. “I’m not in charge of providing food, but you can think of a solution yourself.”

Looking at the lantern on the ground, Klein thought for a few seconds before reaching out his right hand into the air.

A not-so-tall coffee table immediately appeared in front of him. It was an item from the residence belonging to Dwayne Dantes.

Under the dim yellow light, Klein reached out once again to summon a beautifully packaged box from the Historical Void.

Inside the box was a set of cutlery, including a knife, fork, and cup.

The reason why he chose this item was because he couldn’t form a set of cutlery by individually summoning them. He could only maintain three images from the Historical Void at the same time.

After setting up the cutlery in a leisure manner, Klein politely turned his head to the side and nodded at the pointed hat-wearing Amon. Following that, he summoned a medium-well done steak covered in black pepper sauce.

It landed on the porcelain plate, emitting some steam. With him slicing the steak with the knife, he revealed the remaining edge of the pink protein.

Klein forked a piece of beef and stuffed it into his mouth. He felt that the texture was real and the texture was succulent. It wasn’t fake at all as it really calmed the anxiety of his stomach.

“For fifteen minutes, not only will I not feel hungry, but I will also receive ‘real’ provisions.” After swallowing the piece of beef, Klein smiled and introduced it to Amon like a hospitable host, and not a pitiful Beyonder who had been kidnapped.

Amon pressed against the crystal monocle and nodded with a smile.

“I’ve tried it. It’s not bad.

“Your ability to adapt is really quick. Are you really not considering being my Blessed?”

After cutting another chunk of beef, Klein forked it up and replied as though he was chatting with a friend:

“Kill me.”

At that moment, the relative frequent lightning and endless darkness ruled the land. Wherever the light from the surroundings couldn’t shine on, eyes were staring at the area with zero emotion. The twisted, dark-red grass gently swayed in the occasional breeze.

In the half-collapsed building, the dim yellow light painted the artistic coffee table and the exquisite cutlery with warm colors. The aroma of the steak wafted in the air, not showing any contrast with the outside world that was continuously connected to it.

Under the gaze of the terrifying monsters in the depths of the darkness, Klein enjoyed a sumptuous meal in a refined and poised manner in the desolate land that was soaked in extreme terror.

After finishing his steak, he summoned a small glass of iced wine from Maygur Manor and drank it in one gulp.

Following that, cream soup, pan-fried cod, tender lamb stew with peas, baked potato skins, and all sorts of grape wines were summoned one after another before entering Klein’s stomach.

During this process, the steak that was the first to be eaten had already been maintained for a long period of time. It had vanished into thin air, but Klein’s stomach and body were numbed by the subsequent food and he was oblivious to it.

Of course, the coffee table and food were replenished. Otherwise, they wouldn't have lasted to the end of his meal.

At the end of the meal, Klein continued reaching out his hand, pulling out a cup from the void. Inside was a ball of vanilla ice-cream.

He then used the spoon to scoop the ice-cream into his mouth, feeling it melt with its delicious sweetness.

After the ball was finished, he still wasn't satisfied as he summoned another ball of ice-cream from the Historical Void. As such, he ate five different flavors of ice-cream in a consecutive fashion.

When Klein reached out his hand for the sixth time, Amon, who was sitting on his side, suddenly laughed.

Your fate has had an abnormal change. You're lucky enough.

"Is this your preparation?"

Klein's right hand immediately froze in midair. His pupils seemed to dilate to a certain extent.

Almost at the same time, in the darkness around them, where the lanterns couldn't shine, strange creatures twitched and instantly became Klein's marionette.

This time, Klein sent out a hundred Worms of Spirit in one go, hoping that one of them would be lucky enough to avoid Amon's theft.

Right on the heels of that, behind the coffee table, a figure wearing a black coat and no hat was replaced with a disgusting vampire covered in pus.

The artistic coffee table and exquisite cutlery shattered like glass that had been smashed to the ground. Countless cracks appeared and shattered.

They quickly returned to the Historical Void, just in case it affected Klein's subsequent summoning attempts.

In the next second, the one hundred marionettes, along with the Klein, who had hidden somewhere, reached out to grab at the void. He attempted to avoid Amon's interference with quantity.

At that moment, they were all Scholars of Yore.

This was the ability of Bizarro Sorcerers, the source of the qualitative change of a Seer.

Of course, the chances of success of each marionette summoning was independent, so there was no influence each had with the other.

At that moment, the projection that Klein was summoning was the projection of Reinette Tinekerr who had recovered to "Her" peak state in the Tudor Ruins. Due to the contract and charms, "She" was the easiest angel projection he could summon from the Historical Void!

Amon was still sitting leisurely in "His" spot. "His" monocle emitted a faint glow as "He" watched the 101 Kleins summon at the same time.

With his right hands reaching out in an orderly manner before being retracted, none of his hundred marionettes succeeded. He didn’t drag Reinette Tinekerr out of the void.

At that moment, Amon raised “His” right hand and also grabbed ahead of “Him.”

“His” arm sank slightly, and “He” casually pulled it back. Outside the half-collapsed building, a huge cloth doll that was as huge as a castle appeared. It was wearing a dark and complicated long dress, bound by vines.

Ancient Bane Reinette Tinekerr!

Amon had stolen the historical image that was summoned by Klein!

Reinette Tinekerr’s red eyes immediately reflected the figures of Klein’s hundred marionettes.

Without a sound, the marionettes, that were either disguised with Klein’s appearance or in the state of a monster, emitted a faint glow, turning into homed mountain goats, white rabbits, and other different animals.

Transformation Curse!

Klein’s actual body had long disappeared. Then, he walked out of the flames that rose up from the animal hide lantern. He looked at the various animals that might be considered his and suddenly sat down and chuckled.

Taking a stroll after a meal effectively improves one's health."

He didn't mention anything about his attempt to escape, as if nothing had happened.

Amon maintained "His" relaxed posture and nodded cooperatively.

"I've read quite a number of books written by humans. There are indeed such opinions among them."

With that said, "He" raised "His" hand and pointed at the projection of Reinette Tinekerr.

"This is your messenger?"

This was something that could be easily confirmed, so Klein didn't hide it. He tersely acknowledged and nodded.

"What a pity." Amon sized up Reinette Tinekerr's projection and shook his head with a tsk.

As he felt the food in his stomach disappear, Klein asked, "What's the matter?"

"I should bring you to Backlund to wait for a few more days. That way, I can wait for your messenger to deliver a letter to you. Then, 'She' will become my messenger." Amon nudged "His" monocle on "His" right eye and said with a smile, "Snatching an angel messenger. That will be very challenging and fun, isn't it? Life needs some fun, excitement, and anticipation."

“I share the same thoughts,” Klein replied sincerely.

“What a pity.” The hatted Amon shook “His” head again. “Evemight is someone I need to be careful about. If we stayed there any longer, even I wouldn’t have any idea what would happen.”

As he spoke, this Angel of Time dispelled the Historical Void projection of Reinette Tinekerr, allowing “Her” to vanish in front of Klein.

You seem to be very wary of the Goddess?” Klein pretended to be a devout believer of the Evernight Goddess.

Of course, he didn’t need to don a disguise. He was still a Blessed of Evernight.

Amon’s gaze shifted to the lantern inside the half-collapsed building and looked at the dim yellow light.

“I’m unable to steal things that I’m curious about from a concealed state. I can’t decipher what other arrangements ‘She’ might have and what’ the key thing to take note of are.”

To a King of Angels of the Marauder pathway, there was sufficient reason to be apprehensive.

Taking advantage of the opportunity while Amon was answering his question, Klein suddenly recited the honorific name of the Evernight Goddess in Jotun:

You are the Evemight Goddess who stands higher than the cosmos and more eternal than eternity…"

Just as he said that, his thoughts were lost. If he hadn't had such plans previously, he wouldn't have known that he had made such an attempt.

Amon turned to look at him and said with a smile, "Are you trying to sound me out, believing that I'll also repeat your words after stealing your thoughts and words?

"At Sequence 4 Parasite, one is able to control the stolen items and make them appear at a suitable time."

"Is that so…" Klein nodded gently. "Thank you."

As he spoke, Klein quickly summarized his experience and lessons of his escape attempt.

Because the existence of the contract and their subordinative relationship, summoning Miss Messenger is the easiest amongst all the angels I know.

Summoning the ice-cream from the past Will can establish a subtle connection with "He" who represents fate, and allow me to be blessed with luck. Yes, every ball of ice-cream represents a portion of my luck… I originally planned on summoning ice-cream as a cover to secretly summon the Snake of Fate.

In the future, the summoning had to be done with a certain degree of interference. Otherwise, Amon would be able to directly steal the Historical Void image I summon. It would only be giving "Him" a helper after going through so much effort…

Just as his thoughts raced, Amon pointed at the bunch of animals that had been cursed by the Transformation Curse, and he said with a slightly evil smile, “Aren’t you worried that there won’t be any suitable food in the Forsaken Land of the Gods? There it is, as long as we don’t dispel the curse, they’re real animals.”

Klein was stunned as he suddenly looked at the goats and the white rabbits.

With him willing them, the animals looked at him simultaneously.

In a sense, they were all himself. After all, they were combinations of Worms of Spirit and monsters before being hit by the curse.

Chapter 1158: Coming to Terms

After silently staring at the rabbits and mountain goats for more than ten seconds, Klein closed his eyes and flicked his right index finger and middle finger as if he was pressing an invisible piano key.

A third of the marionette collapsed, losing the feeling of being alive.

Klein’s expression immediately warped, as though he had been struck 33 times by a giant sword.

The familiar and extreme pain he felt swept through his Spirit Body, causing light-colored meat tendrils to sprout on his body. Every sprout seemed to be forming a transparent maggot.

This was the backlash from killing 33 Worms of Spirit.

After taking nearly fifteen minutes to recover, Klein made his second attempt at letting the other third of his marionettes die.

The same pain, the same time to rest, and the same actions were repeated again. Finally, he completely finished off this batch of cursed marionettes.

He couldn’t handle it all at once because the damage caused by the death of a hundred Worms of Spirit was enough to make him lose control. And being cursed meant that he couldn’t directly solve the problem by retrieving the characteristics.

Of course, this was the standard of a Scholar of Yore who had just advanced recently; it wasn't the performance of a Scholar of Yore who was almost done digesting the potion.

In fact, the loss of a hundred Worms of Spirit would only worsen the pain, without him showing any signs of losing control or affecting the battle. He was only acting just now, allowing his performance to match his role.

At his level, losing half the number of Worms of Spirit that he had at the same time would lead to losing control.

Once he completely digested the Scholar of Yore potion, he would be able to recover from having nearly 500 Worms of Spirit die at once. Even if he lost all the corresponding Beyonder characteristics, he wouldn't lose his status and level. He could slowly recover his strength by absorbing the Beyonder characteristics of the Seer pathway.

After completing this, the recovered Klein walked out of the half-collapsed tower-like building. He went to the darkness outside and brought back a few white rabbits and a goat.

He then realized that the darkness in the Forsaken Land of the Gods wasn't as dangerous as Little Sun had described. Most of the monsters were weak.

No, to be precise, the danger lurking in the depths of the darkness, apart from making people evaporate into thin air, nothing else can compare to the fellow beside me named Amon... Klein glanced at the thin man who was sitting near the lantern, smiling as "He" watched him busy himself. He summoned something like boiled water from the Historical Void, and he squatted down, seriously removing the fur and flesh from the white rabbits and goat.

After a series of tasks, Klein set up a bonfire. He set up a barbecue rack that came from history, and he placed a white rabbit on it. He brushed it with a full set of condiments he made himself, like basil, fennel, and salt, as he constantly turned the meat over.

At this moment, the delicacies from the Historical Void he had eaten before had long disappeared due to him no longer maintaining their existence. His body and soul were calling out for replenishment.

A tempting fragrance was gradually emanated as Amon's nose twitched slightly.

"You're really eating them?"

Without waiting for his reply, the God of Mischief continued, "They're essentially the flesh of monsters and your Worms of Spirit. Are you sure you want to eat them?"

"There's no way to undo the curse at the level of an angel. If there's no way to resist or correct it at the same level, there's no way of dispelling it. Since a thing looks like a rabbit, smells like a rabbit, and tastes like a rabbit, it's a rabbit." As Klein seriously roasted the rabbit, he gave a self-deprecating laugh. "Besides, how can I not maintain the best state if I want to escape from your grasp? For this sliver of hope, I can only challenge my psychological limits."

This is what it means to endure humiliation and suffering! Klein added inwardly.

At the same time, he sighed at the Ancient Bane's Transformation Curse.

This was many times stronger than a Sequence 3 Disciple of Silence's curse!

There's almost no limit to the amount of time it can be maintained… Clearly, an ordinary animal can use all of my Beyonder powers through the Worm of Spirit, but a deformed marionette due to a curse isn't possible… This is a curse at the angel level… Apart from putting up resistance from someone at the same level, one can use the correct method to remove it. No curse is irreversible. There are always loopholes… Heh heh, will kissing this rabbit turn it into Gehrman Sparrow? Klein made a self-deprecating comment as he analyzed to compose himself.

After hearing his reply, the monocled Amon, nodded with a smile.

"Very good.

"This is indeed a good revelation to have."

Klein didn't respond as he resumed his barbecue.

Not long after, with the help of Flame Controlling, he finished roasting a rabbit and a goat's leg. Taking advantage of the opportunity before the condiments disappeared, he matched some sweet ice tea he summoned from the Historical Void with the food, filling his mouth with fragrance. It nourished his body and mind, allowing him to effectively relieve the pressure, despair, and indecisiveness from being "kidnapped" by Amon.

During this process, he would occasionally recall the disgusting looks of the monsters, as well as the fact that the Worms of Spirit were equivalent to himself. However, he was able to bring his feelings under control very well.

After filling his stomach and replenishing his energy, he turned the remaining ingredients next to the fire into dry rations, as though he was saving up for his subsequent plans.

Seeing him slowly but orderly making all sorts of preparations, Amon suddenly nudged his monocle and asked with a slight smile, “In actuality, you’re trying to stall for time before we reach the actual destination, right?”

Klein’s hands paused for a moment before he continued with his actions. He smiled and said, “Yes, I’m waiting for help.

“Guess who?”

Amon didn’t answer directly as “He” said with a smile, “I’m looking forward to it.”

“…” Klein continued his work until he prepared rations for three or four meals.

He thought for a moment and once again reached his hand into the void in front of Amon. He failed again and again as he kept making attempts. It was unknown what item he was trying to summon, but it seemed like he was using his actions to dare Amon into stealing it.

After watching for a few seconds, Amon smiled and shook “His” head. “He” slowly stood up and walked out the half-collapsed tower building.

Klein’s right hand stopped in mid-air before he retracted it and pinched his forehead.

He muttered to himself in puzzlement, “What was I trying to do just now…”

While trying to recall, Klein stood up as well. He brought along his packed rations, picked up the animal hide lantern, and walked to the back of Amon’s side.

The man and angel circled around the hill and entered a valley.

The water was sloshing in the river, but when the dim yellow light shone at it, or when the lightning in the sky lit up the area, Klein realized that there was no water in the riverbed. The sounds he had heard earlier had also disappeared.

“A river that has been transferred into a concealed state?” After some deliberation, he raised a question to Amon.

“That’s right. It will only appear in darkness void of light,” Amon replied with a slight nod, unfazed with the question.

“Can I drink it?” Klein pressed.

Amon smiled and said, “Sure. This was once one of the water sources of a city that had persisted for 1600 years in the darkness. As long as you can bring the water away from the riverbed, they can appear in places with light.

“Your next move is to suggest that I bring the lantern to wait by the side while you hydrate yourself in the darkness?

“And then, take this opportunity to transform into a concealed state?”

Klein smiled awkwardly.

“How could I use such a simple method?”

Hearing that, Amon laughed and stroked “His” monocle.

“Sometimes, the simplest plan is the most effective. You can give it a try.”

With regards to the words of this peerless swindler, Klein couldn’t believe it, nor did he dare to believe it. He was afraid that the other party was using reverse psychology with the truth.

He could only put the matter of the water aside and ask, “In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, how many human gathering points, like the City of Silver, have yet to be destroyed?”

Amon looked ahead and said without changing “His” expression, “The ones I know don’t exceed ten.

“In this aspect, the City of Silver is lucky. At least, they can see and have the ability to touch the light.”

This means that the City of Silver is very close to the Giant King’s Court, the door leading out of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. There’s no need to risk death to reach it. As for the other cities, no matter how steadfast they are in the darkness, no matter how many exploration teams they send out, it will all be futile. There’s no way to find the exit? Indeed, from this angle, the City of Silver is unfortunate, and also lucky… This is purely dependent on the reference point… Klein held the lantern as he proceeded along the bank and began coming up with his second attempt at escaping.

Amon walked beside him, occasionally providing him with ideas that seemed reliable but had unknown actual results. “He” appeared to be suffering from schizophrenia, trying “His” best to destroy “His” true body’s hopes in obtaining Sefirah Castle.

…

On the other side of the Giant King’s Court, in the City of Silver.

After receiving the Chief’s summoning call, Derrick Berg brought the Unshadowed Crucifix to the top of the spire and entered a spacious room.

There was a mysterious and complicated altar set up here. Different items were placed in different spots—a total of six items, each of them emanating a dangerous aura.

With a glance, Derrick saw an ordinary silver flute, a mask made from a skull, and the remains of a deformed person.

“You have the Unshadowed Crucifix. You can stay here for fifteen minutes, but you can’t exceed that time. Otherwise, you will suffer a sudden death.” Colin Iliad wore a linen shirt and a brown coat as he exhorted Derrick.

Derrick’s spiritual perception was triggered as he asked, “Your Excellency, is this because of that Twilight Mask?”

His right hand pointed at the mask made from a skull.

“Yes.” Colin nodded slightly and said, “I’ve already prepared the remains of six powerful creatures. These were all hunted by myself, or with me as the main force.”

Derrick was immediately enlightened.

“You still lack the blessings of a deity?”

Colin instantly fell silent. After nearly ten seconds, he opened his mouth and slowly said, “Yes.”

After some hesitation and struggles, he finally chose The Fool.

At least those mushrooms had given the City of Silver hope.

Derrick suppressed his joy and thought back to the interactions at the Tarot Club. He raised a question in puzzlement:

“Why didn’t you let those two god-level Sealed Artifacts give you their blessings?”

He remembered that subsidiary gods—or angels—could satisfy the requirements of the ritual. It wasn’t the case that only a Sequence 0 true deity could provide blessings. After all, a Silver Knight was only a Sequence 3.

Colin fell silent again and hesitated for a few seconds before saying, “They won’t give blessings.”

Chapter 1159: Validation

They won't give blessings... Derrick was a little confused by this answer, not fully comprehending it.

Back in the Afternoon Town camp, when he handed the Silver Knight potion formula to Chief Colin Iliad, the other party had praised him for making a huge contribution. He believed that the upper limit of the City of Silver was no longer that of Sequence 4, and his tone didn't reveal the need to seek blessings from external sources.

Hence, Derrick had always believed that the Chief would be able to use the two god-level Sealed Artifacts to complete the Silver Knight's advancement ritual. Now, it was inevitable that he was surprised.

Back then, the Chief didn't know that the two god-level Sealed Artifacts couldn't provide blessings, and he only realized this problem when he returned to the City of Silver? Derrick subconsciously made a guess and didn't ask further. He nodded heavily and said, "Alright, I will try my best to help you seek blessings from a deity."

Demon Hunter Colin exhaled silently and pointed at the door.

"There's no one in the room opposite."

Derrick turned around and passed through the corridor, entering the half-open room.

Then, he took a seat and recited softly, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era.

“The mysterious ruler above the gray fog.

“The King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…”

Inside Sefirah Castle, and hidden within the gray fog, the crimson star representing The Sun rapidly expanded and contracted. It kept repeating the process, producing rings of pleas.

And not far beside it, the crimson star representing The Magician remained in the same state because of The Fool’s lack of a response. The circular rings, ripples, and tremors that the two created intertwined and became more intense.

Under the illumination of the bolts of lightning, Klein carried a leather lantern and walked into the valley. He suddenly felt that the illusory pleas in his ears became even more chaotic and louder.

However, he realized that he had heard it clearer than before. Not only could he tell that the plea came from a woman and a man, but he could also vaguely make out certain content: The woman seemed to mention “The World” and “Backlund.” The man used Jotun, and the keyword seemed to be “a ritual.”

Ritual, Jotun… That’s Little Sun… Uh, that Chief wishes to receive Mr. Fool’s blessings? Mr. Fool also needs some blessings right now… The woman might be Miss Magician, but I can’t rule out Miss Justice either… The corners of Klein’s mouth twitched in embarrassment. He turned his head to look at Amon in the pointed hat and monocle, and he said, “Can I pop over to Sefirah Castle to answer a prayer?”

“What do you think?” Amon was taken aback as “He” asked in amusement.

“Since you want to play such a game, why won’t you let it be more exciting?” In fact, Klein didn’t have any hope regarding his request. This was because, as long as he could return to Sefirah Castle, he could use the power there to make the first step in escaping from his predicament. This was equivalent to getting Amon to just set him free.

The reason he mentioned this was because he wanted to use this to start the subsequent topic.

Amon nudged the crystal monocle with his knuckle and chuckled.

“As the God of Mischief, I’ve been alive since the Third Epoch. I believe you know what that means.

“Yes, what do you want to ask?”

...This is an accurate grasp of my state of mind and thoughts... Klein sighed and asked, “Why did you parasitize the City of Silver’s exploration team back then? You even patiently stayed in the dungeon for decades.”

Amon nodded and replied in a relaxed manner, “I had a premonition that the City of Silver would obtain extremely important information. Now, this prophecy has come true, right, Mr. Fool?”

...”He” did all of that just to wait for me and the Tarot Club? From the looks of it, this Marauder pathway’s King of Angels can see the disturbances in fate caused by Sefirah Castle to a certain extent… Klein had never expected the answer, leaving him momentarily at a loss as to how to continue the topic.

After about ten seconds, he sighed and said, “You’re really patient.”

“He” was a King of Angels who liked to play pranks; yet, “He” actually stayed inside a dark dungeon without any sources of entertainment for decades.

“This has nothing to do with patience. It didn’t take too much of my time,” Amon casually replied.

…I’m still used to using a human’s standards when talking about a deity. To Amon, who was born as a complete Mythical Creature, a few decades is nothing. “He” might even be more than 3000 years old… Klein regulated what he knew and asked again, “The City of Silver is one of the few places that persist on believing in your father. Aren’t you going overboard with what you did to the expedition team?”

This question didn’t seem to be necessary, but Klein believed that it would aid him in understanding Amon’s thoughts and style, doing so in order to see if there was anything that could be used.

Amon turned his head and glanced at him with his monocled right eye. “He” said with an indifferent smile, “If it wasn’t for their faith in my father, the City of Silver would’ve already been reduced to ruins.

“Heh heh, according to my observations, they’re hiding quite a significant secret. As for what it is, because of the gaze directed by you and The Hanged Man, I haven’t had the chance to pry into it.”

…A trueborn Mythical Creature. The deaths of just a few humans might be equivalent to trampling a few ants to death. “He” wouldn’t take it to heart at all… The City of Silver actually has a secret that even Amon thinks is a big secret… What could it be? Klein thoughtfully changed the topic.

“Was Dark Angel Sasrir really created from your father’s rib?”

This was something that Klein had wanted to ask the entire time, but he hadn’t found the opportunity to ask.

The smile on Amon’s face faded as “He” looked at the darkness in front of “Him.”

“Yes, ‘He’ separated a portion of his characteristics and corresponding negative personalities. ‘He’ used his rib as the material to create Dark Angel Sasrir.

“If that wasn’t the case, how could a proud and arrogant person like Medici obey the so-called Left Hand of God, the deputy of Heaven?

“Without Sasrir’s rebellion, implication, and influence, even if Evernight, Earth, God of Combat, and the other Kings of Angels joined forces, it’s impossible for my father to perish.”

Indeed… Dark Angel Sasrir is the most key factor in this matter… It’s no wonder the Goddess wanted to bewitch “Him” at the very beginning… Who would’ve thought that “He” would betray “Himself”? Klein’s initial speculation of the battle of gods had been confirmed. He felt his Scholar of Yore potion digest a little more.

He deliberately hesitated and made a guess:

“Could your father have foreseen such a development? Dark Angel Sasrir is also the key to his resurrection?”

Amon suddenly laughed.

“You asked so many questions in order to further digest the Scholar of Yore potion, right?”

“…” Klein pretended to break out in cold sweat, and he quickly adjusted his state of mind.

“I’m just curious. What are you looking for in the Forsaken Land of the Gods? What are you pursuing? The Marauder pathway Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic that you’re missing isn’t here, nor is Sefirah Castle.

“Are you trying to revive your father?”

Amon maintained “His” smile and looked straight ahead.

“Yes, and no.

“My zealous brother is already very close to reviving my father. ‘He’ probably doesn’t need my help anymore.”

Adam really wants to revive the ancient sun god? I thought that “He” was purely doing it for the sake of becoming a Sequence 0… Without hiding anything, Klein called out the name of the Twilight Hermit Order’s leader.

He was even looking forward to Adam beating “His” younger brother up.

Of course, beating someone up wasn’t in line with the style of a King of Angels of the Spectator pathway.

“There’s no need to mention ‘His’ name. ‘He’ won’t interfere with my matters, nor will I interfere with ‘His.’ I don’t address ‘Him’ as Adam, because I think that a nickname like ‘zealous’ is very suitable for ‘Him.’ I have to say that Medici is very talented in giving nicknames. Also, even if I say ‘His’ name, ‘He’ wouldn’t be able to hear it if I don’t wish for ‘Him’ to hear it.” At this moment, the monocled Amon smiled as he exposed Klein’s idea.

Following that, Klein didn’t mention the Dark Angel any further, because it was obvious that Amon wouldn’t answer.

Before long, the man and angel walked out of the valley and saw a silent city.

More than half of the buildings in this city had collapsed. The remaining ones had a sharp roof, as though they were towers that led to heaven.

On the surface, dark red vines and plants grew, forming fruits whose edibility was unknown.

After entering the city, he discovered that there were stone coffins placed in front of each house. Inside were skeletons or recently rotted corpses.

A common point between them was them being greatly deformed. Some had four legs; some had a slit in the middle of their eyebrows; some lacked skin, directly revealing their flesh; some had arms wrapped around their necks like tails.

“This was originally a city that believed in the Phoenix. Later, it converted its target of faith to my father, but it retained some customs related to death.” The monocled Amon, casually sized up his surroundings and said, “After the Cataclysm, they were left behind in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. However, there were no edible, relatively normal plants around them, so they could only eat those corrupted monsters. Over generations, their bodies began to produce defects and psychological problems. Eventually, they were completely wiped out.”

The Cataclysm brought about by the Goddess’s assassination of the City of Silver’s Creator really was a calamity for civilization… Before that, there were elven, giant, phoenix civilizations, and so on. After that, all that’s left are traces of them… When Klein thought of the city that had been swallowed into the ground, he sighed.

In the history books, in mysticism, it was very apt to call that history: “The Cataclysm.”

He paused for a moment before asking, “Why are we entering this city instead of going around it?”

Amon smiled and said, “In the Second Epoch, apart from wielding the Death pathway, the Phoenix Ancestor also occupied part of the Apprentice pathway. Some of the decorations here can become a loophole that I can make use of to shorten our journey to our final destination.”

Klein’s expression immediately darkened.

Chapter 1160: Improving

City of Silver, at the top of the spire.

After waiting for a long time, Derrick still didn't receive a response from Mr. Fool.

This made him panic a little. He didn't understand what this meant, nor did he know how to deal with it.

Mr. Fool is in a state where he can't respond to his prayers? Yes, "He" informed us two days ago that the gathering next week would be canceled. This should be a sign… Having recalled what happened previously, Derrick barely managed to calm his anxiety and nervousness.

He couldn't be blamed for having such a huge reaction, because the City of Silver's textbooks recorded similar situations:

The Creator who normally responded to "His" believers suddenly stopped responding and forsook this land!

After a few seconds of silence, Derrick stood up and returned to the room where the Chief was. He said to Colin Iliad, "We have to wait a few more days."

"Wait?" Demon Hunter Colin repeated the keyword as he frowned slightly.

From his point of view, this was an unusual matter, seemingly symbolizing a bad development.

Derrick resisted his instinctive reaction of scratching the back of his head, and he nodded with some difficulty.

“Yes.”

The grizzled Colin Iliad stared at him for a few seconds before nodding slowly.

“Alright, head back first.”

Backlund East Borough, inside a two-bedroom rental apartment.

Fors, who was wrapped in thick clothes, paced around the warm stove, her face full of doubt.

Finally, she turned her head and looked at Xio.

“Why hasn’t Mr. World replied?”

“Perhaps he’s preoccupied with something,” Xio explained the reason she had long considered. “Perhaps it’s because it’s not convenient for Mr. Fool to pass on your prayers. ‘He’ has temporarily paused the gathering.”

Fors nodded thoughtfully and said, “Mr. Fool informed us that the gathering will be temporarily paused next week. It was only decided in the middle of the week. Is this related to George III?”

Recalling Mr. World’s investigations all this time, Xio acknowledged and said, “Very likely.”

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, in the dead silent city.

Dressed in a classic black mage's robe, Amon led Klein into a relatively complete cathedral.

Segmented stone pillars lay tilted, and dark red weeds grew out from their cracks, wrapping around the avian sculptures.

With the animal hide lantern in hand, Klein surveyed the area and confirmed that the residents of this city weren't truly dead. There were still a few survivors left. He had no idea what method they had used to transform into monsters of the deep darkness. They were hiding from the faint yellow light, surrounding a cathedral in a place that couldn't be seen. They wanted to attack the two ordinary-looking humans, Klein and Amon.

The reason why Klein was able to confirm that these monsters were originally residents of this city was because their Spirit Body Threads had a certain abnormality. Some were grayish-white, some were distorted, and some were sticky. They were completely different from the monsters elsewhere. They greatly resembled the corpses inside the coffins.

I don't know what kind of despair and mental breakdowns will make the remaining humans choose such a path... Perhaps the deepest sense of despair was that they couldn't see hope on a daily basis while the situation around them worsened... With a sigh, he made use of this opportunity to adjust his mentality.

He was experiencing various instances of hope surfacing, only to be met with despair time and time again.

The monocled Amon walked to the edge of the light and walked all the way into the deepest part of the cathedral.

Klein followed behind and saw a door covered in pale white light.

“This city is actually split into two parts: ‘light’ and ‘darkness.’ They’re using certain abilities of the Apprentice pathway to hide a portion of the area. They have to use a specific ‘door’ to enter,” Amon said as “He” pointed ahead.

A Secrets Sorcerer’s powers? With some realization, Klein nodded, indicating that he knew what was going on.

Amon then said, “Behind this door is the ‘dark’ side of this city. I can use it to connect to a similar region far away. We can directly arrive there and shorten our journey.”

As expected of the incarnation of loopholes… Klein watched as Amon stretched out “His” left hand and pressed down on the door formed from pale white light.

The light began to ripple as it rapidly spread outwards, becoming more and more intense.

At that moment, a deformed monster hiding in the depths of the darkness while spying on the cathedral suddenly trembled, becoming Klein’s marionette.

Twenty or thirty seconds ago, Klein had already completed the process of obtaining initial control over it and deepened his influence. However, he waited until now before he completely converted it.

Right on the heels of that, Klein and the marionette reached out their hands at the same time. They took advantage of the opportunity when Amon changed the “door,” and they grabbed something.

In his hand was something in the shape of a full moon, and was embedded with scarlet gemstones, the Scarlet Lunar Corona. In his marionette’s hand was an ancient, brass-colored Master Key!

At the same time, they opened their mouths and made a “bang” sound. They used Air Cannons to push the Scarlet Lunar Corona and the Master Key to the door of light.

These two items combined could make one hear Mr. Door’s pleas for help. This also meant that Mr. Door’s powers could enter the real world to a limited extent.

And this was the controller of all “doors.” He was one of the existences who was most unwilling to see Amon become an “Error” or control Sefirah Castle!

Klein didn’t expect that the sealed Mr. Door could really hurt Amon. He only hoped that he could use this opportunity to interfere with the Angel of Time and create a good enough opportunity for himself.

Of course, if Mr. Door could cause any abnormal changes to the door, magnifying or distorting the loopholes created by Amon; thus, affecting the King of Angels of the Marauder pathway and teleporting “Him” far away, Klein would definitely sincerely thank Mr. Door for a week.

After his previous attempts, Klein realized his greatest disadvantage. It wasn’t that he was one Sequence short and had a qualitative gap in power level. Instead, he had lost the initiative and couldn’t make proper preparations. Every time he began preparing, he would be interrupted or foiled by Amon.

For a veteran Magician, unprepared performances were often synonymous with failure.

If he could make preparations in advance, he could quietly summon Mr. Azik's, Reinette Tinekerr's, and Snake of Fate Will Auceptin's historical projections. Against a Sequence 2, even if there was no way to deal with "Him," it would definitely create a very good opportunity to escape.

At that moment, the Scarlet Lunar Corona and ancient-looking Master Key whistled through the air and arrived at the door of light.

The white light that formed the illusory door distorted and devoured the two items. It was dyed crimson as it collapsed into a whirlpool.

It was as though the bottom of the vortex was invisible, like a gigantic eye.

Just as Amon was about to turn around, "He" made a slight pause as if "He" had heard an old friend's shout.

However, this pause disappeared instantly, as though it had never appeared.

With Amon's gaze directed at Klein, the latter instantly lost six Beyonder powers.

This included the control of Spirit Body Threads, the summoning of Historical Void projections, Paper Figurine Substitutes, Flame Controlling, Underwater Breathing, and Bone Softening.

Of course, losing these six Beyonder powers for a marionette didn't affect Klein's subsequent operations.

The indiscernible pause from before had allowed Klein to switch places with his marionette in time!

He had already arrived deep in the darkness outside the cathedral. The deformed monsters around him trembled and turned into his marionettes.

For targets such as these that weren't even Sequence 5, it took only two or three seconds for Klein to transform them into marionettes. And by the time he summoned the Scarlet Lunar Corona, he had already begun doing similar actions.

As he enjoyed the darkness without any scruples, he attempted to transform into a concealed state or successfully commit suicide. At the same time, he reached out with his marionettes to grab at the fog interwoven with history.

This time, he split the marionette into three groups, summoning Reinette Tinekerr, Mr. Azik, and Snake of Fate Will Auceptin, respectively. He didn't want to follow his past mistakes, where he had managed to succeed with great difficulty only to have "Them" taken away by Amon. With such arrangements, he might be left with one or two.

Of course, the premise was that Amon was unable to steal multiple Historical Void projections at once.

This was something that Klein needed to confirm.

Klein retracted his hand, but he didn't grab anything.

All the marionettes who summoned the Snake of Fate failed. Among the Scholars of Yore groups who summoned the Death Consul and Reinette Tinekerr, two of them had their arms tense up slightly.

Klein was delighted as he suddenly felt that this attempt could end up turning into a real escape attempt.

At this moment, the crystal monocle that Amon wore emitted a terrifying light.

The entire city, including the surrounding rivers, hills, and wilderness, were all filled with pure, scorching sunlight. “Day” had once again descended upon this land after bidding farewell to it for thousands of years.

Amon had stolen the “day” from the ruins of the battle of gods!

In the face of such a “day,” not only did Klein feel like his body was about to melt, but he also heard familiar and crazy ravings in his ears. They were like steel needles that pierced through every Worm of Spirit.

This caused his mind to be filled with immense pain. His marionette’s summoning attempts had failed while on the brink of success.

The “day” in the battlefield of the gods contained the True Creator’s ravings!

The deformed monsters that were hiding deep in the darkness, which were the few survivors of the city, seemed to temporarily regain their senses. They stared blankly at the “day” and couldn’t help but narrow their eyes.

Then, they wildly charged towards the source of that “day,” melting one by one into dust.

Far away in the City of Silver’s Afternoon Town campsite, the guards at the stronghold also noticed that there was a light coming from the northeast. It was different from lightning, just like the scene of the sun rising from the legends.

This scene only lasted for a few seconds before it shattered and the sky returned to its dark state.

As soon as he recovered from the ravings, Klein saw the pointed-hatted Amon standing in front of him.

This Angel of Time nudged “His” monocle and smiled.

“Well done.”

Chapter 1161: Countdown

Well done… Faced with Amon’s “praise,” Klein forced a smile and politely replied, “Thank you.”

To be honest, he preferred to hear curses rather than “praise,” as that meant that he was close to succeeding.

Of course, Klein suspected that even if he managed to escape, Amon wouldn’t be flustered and exasperated. Based on the character displayed by this God of Mischief, it was very likely that “He” found it interesting and exciting while also inevitably feeling a little depressed and disappointed to the point of being eager for the next round.

“It’s a huge improvement to be able to think of using Door to disrupt me.” Amon smiled indifferently. “But don’t you think that I’d be in a relatively more vigilant state while ‘Door Opening’? And that it’s actually not that easy to be affected by an accident?”

After some thought, Klein answered seriously, “That’s what I thought in the beginning, but later on, I felt that you should be able to grasp my state of mind, believing that I wouldn’t dare to act when you opened the door. When that happens, making an attempt might work wonders.”

Doing it when others believe that you wouldn’t do it was also a strategy.

In his previous life, Klein had come into contact with games that had such a higher level of thinking that made his head spin.

“What if I thought of this level as well?” Amon said with a smile as “He” used “His” knuckle to nudge the bottom of his monocle.

At the same time, the remaining marionettes, which were still alive, took out crystal monocles out of thin air and wore them on their right eye. All of them cast their gazes at Klein.

This left Klein’s scalp tingling. He discovered that the connection between the marionettes and himself had instantly been severed.

“Although you’ve improved, failure still demands some level of punishment.” With a smile, Amon turned around and walked towards the cathedral.

As “He” took a step forward, the marionettes revealed smiles one after another as they collapsed to the ground stiffly. This caused Klein’s soul to be torn apart again and again as the blood vessels on his forehead visibly bulged.

As he endured the pain, he stood rooted to the ground and calmed down after a long while.

During this process, although he had always been in the depths of the darkness, he didn’t suffer any attacks from the terrifying monsters, nor did he turn into a concealed state.

When did Amon steal the concealment powers in this city? If I had tried to commit suicide, I definitely would’ve had the thought stolen from me… My preparations still aren’t enough. I don’t have enough confidence when dealing with Amon, having not considered the things “He” might have stolen into consideration… I really didn’t expect “Him” to release the “day” that “He” stole from the ruins of the battlefield of gods… Regarding what else “He” stole in the past, or whatever “He” has on “Him,” I have no idea. I can’t make targeted preparations… That monocle is some sort of vessel used to store stolen items? Or is it part of Amon to begin with? So every time he parasitizes someone, a monocle will be taken out… Klein rubbed his temples and walked into the cathedral. Looking at Amon before the door of light, he asked, seemingly casual, “Why do you have so many monocles? Where do you usually place them?”

Amon stroked the monocle on “His” right eye and smiled indifferently.

“Why don’t you ask me why every avatar of mine has eyes? And where do I usually place them?”

“…I understand.” Klein nodded in enlightenment.

Amon cast “His” gaze back to the door of light that had yet to calm down from the rippling. “He” casually said, “I have the nagging feeling that this operation of yours is a major preparation piece, and not an attempt.

“What cheap trick did you pull off during that process?”

After some deliberation, Klein replied with a smile, “Guess.”

“I do have some guesses. Do you think I’ve guessed it correctly?” Amon asked with interest as “He” pinched the edge of his monocle.

“Perhaps, or perhaps not.” Klein didn’t give a clear answer as he cooperatively walked to Amon’s side. He saw “Him” reach out again and press down on the pale white door of light.

Above the door of light, ripples appeared once again as they became more intense and exaggerated.

After about ten seconds, the ripples spread the surroundings, causing the door of light to expand twice in size.

Amon glanced at Klein, gesturing for him to take a step forward.

Klein instinctively turned his head and looked around the cathedral.

Beyonder characteristics left behind by the mutated monsters were shimmering outside the area that the lantern had lit up. They weren't all Beyonders when they were alive. After those ordinary people turned into monsters, a large part of the power came from the darkness and degeneration. The powers didn't belong to them, so no characteristics were purged.

"I almost forgot." After taking a look together with Klein, Amon suddenly shook "His" head and smiled.

Just as "He" finished his sentence, a bunch of Beyonder characteristics floated up and entered "His" body. They merged with "Him," leaving only a small portion behind.

"Most of the people who chose to transform into monsters are of the Apprentice pathway, Beyonders and their family members who can enter the city's 'dark' side," Amon said casually as "He" retracted his gaze.

Even if it's a similar pathway's Beyonder characteristic, it would be problematic if it's directly "eaten," right? Shouldn't it only be possible to jump to a higher level of a neighboring pathway? It also allows the accommodation of lower Sequences? Seeing this, Klein was a little stunned as he asked curiously, “Won’t this accumulate madness?”

This wasn’t just a matter of accumulating madness. Klein suspected that if he did it himself, there was a high chance that he would go crazy.

“Others will,” Amon said with a smile, “but not me.”

A true “bug”... Klein couldn’t help but sigh inwardly.

Then, the distance between him and the door of light disappeared.

Subconsciously, he forgot about the remaining Death pathway’s Beyonder characteristics, and he entered the mutated door of light with Amon.

Endless darkness and squirming lines of light were mixed together, giving rise to the feeling of a sudden descent.

About ten seconds later, he discovered that he and Amon had appeared on a square. The dim yellow light of the animal hide lantern seemed to be stopped by an invisible force, causing it to only illuminate half the square.

Lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the surroundings.

With the help of the lightning, Klein saw several incomplete statues erected around the square. They either had their hands tied to their backs, had their bodies entangled with the thorny roses, or looked like mummies. They gave off the feeling of being "restrained."

"This city first believed in the Mutant King." Like a qualified tour guide, Amon introduced the situation of each "scenic site" to Klein. "They're very interesting. They're usually restrained and quiet, just like ascetics. However, once they encounter prey, or in special moments in time, they will release a bloodthirsty desire to kill. You can imagine that on the night of the full moon, this is a city where werewolves roam."

From the looks of it, the Mutants originally had the concept of temperance… Later on, it was led astray by the Mother Tree of Desire… Using the new round of lightning, Klein took a few more looks and asked thoughtfully, "The Mutant King's image is close to that of a mummy?"

"No. Although 'He' is an ugly and twisted man, 'He' likes to entangle 'Himself with thorny roses." Amon scoffed.

Klein took the opportunity to ask, "What kind of idols will your believers worship?

"In mysticism, your symbol is a clock and a Worm of Time?"

Amon scratched "His" chin and said, "In theory, my believers are all 'me.' I don't need to trouble myself with building an idol."

My believers are all 'me'… Thankfully, I have a Blessed like Danitz now… Klein suddenly realized that he was quite similar to Amon in certain aspects.

Of course, when I say “my believer is myself,” it’s a funny story. When Amon says that “my believers are all ‘me,”1 it becomes a horror novel. The difference in style is quite huge... Klein finally mocked himself.

As Amon walked forward, “He” continued, “However, in my father’s era, quite a number of people believed in me. Some of them set off with the name ‘Angel of Time,’ using the emblem of the clock to construct my idol. Some of them used the title of ‘God of Mischief and used a crow covered in mysterious patterns as my image, while others combine the two together.”

Having said that, the monocled Amon suddenly turned “His” head and glanced at Klein before curling his lips.

“We’re less than three days away from our final destination.”

That is to say, I only have three days left... Klein nearly drew in a cold breath of air. The pressure increased rapidly, making him feel as though his nerves were being crushed.

He had yet to determine the true purpose behind this game Amon made, nor did he discover any traces of what he was being driven to do. This meant that he was unable to grasp the key, and he was unable to find a real opportunity to escape.

The performance of Amon’s avatar made him understand that he might not even be able to last ten seconds before “Him.”

As his thoughts raced, Klein fell silent. Following that, he walked out of the square covered in ruins.

There were few pedestrians on the streets as they came and went in a hurry. In Pritz Harbor, where many houses were covered in bum marks, the chestnut-haired Queen Mystic placed a newspaper on the table.

The first page of the Tussock Times was about the king's assassination. It also claimed that the assassin came from Feysac or Intis.

“This isn't stopping the disaster, nor is it worsening the disaster...” Bernadette muttered to herself with a serious expression.

She pondered for a moment, picked up the cloth on the table, and wrapped it up. Then, she released her fingers and allowed it to relax.

This time, the coffee cups, pens, newspapers, and other items in the tablecloth disappeared. What appeared were ritual items like silver-made candles.

Following that, Bernadette held a ritual and summoned Gehrman Sparrow's messenger.

As a partner, she felt that she needed to ask about the other party's situation and see if there was anything else she needed to help with.

The moment the ritual ended, four blonde, red-eyed heads walked out of the burgeoning candle flame. Dressed in a dark and complicated long dress, Reinette Tinekerr's neck was empty.

Bernadette's eyelids twitched indiscemibly before she picked up the letter and gold coin that she had prepared earlier and handed it to the messenger.

One of Reinette Tinekerr’s heads bit on the letter and gold coin while the other head sized up Queen Mystic for a few seconds.

“She” shifted “Her” gaze back and walked into the void. However, just as Bernadette was about to put away the tablecloth, Miss Messenger suddenly appeared again.

One of the two heads with blonde hair and red eyes spoke one after another:

“He…” “Has disappeared…”

Chapter 1162: Prophecy

Gehrman Sparrow has gone missing… Bernadette had a vague sense of foreboding when the abnormally terrifying messenger returned. She had roughly figured out what had happened. Therefore, after hearing the other party's response, her expression sank slightly. There was no obvious reaction.

Queen Mystic's blue eyes, which resembled a condensing sea, instantly turned darker. They temporarily lost focus, as though she was looking at a torrent of fate through Reinette Tinekerr.

Two to three seconds later, Bernadette suddenly closed her eyes, as if a blinding light had appeared in front of her.

Blood-red liquid trickled from the corner of her eyes, accentuating her pale face.

With her eyes tightly shut, Bernadette said in a slightly ethereal voice, "Gehrman Sparrow is in grave danger. Darkness is devouring the light, leaving behind only a sliver of hope."

This was a prophecy.

The Sequence 3 of the Mystery Pryer pathway was "Clairvoyant."

The four heads held by Reinette Tinekerr spoke one after another:

"What…" "Does…" "Darkness…" "Symbolize…"

Bernadette maintained her composure and said, “Desolation, aberration, apocalypse, negativity, error.”

Reinette Tinekerr, who was wearing a dark and complicated long dress, didn’t let the head in her hand speak any further. Throwing down the letter and gold coin, she turned and walked into the void, disappearing into the room.

Queen Mystic Bernadette stood rooted to the ground for a few seconds without moving.

Finally, she opened her eyes again. Her blue eyes were hazy and lifeless, as though she needed more time to restore her eyesight.

Bernadette thought for a moment and reached out her right hand.

The tablecloth was stowed away before being spread open once again. The ritual items were replaced with a fountain pen, paper, and ink bottle.

The fountain pen suddenly leaped up, as if it was held by an invisible sprite. It quickly wrote down the matter of Gehrman Sparrow’s disappearance onto the paper.

…

In the captain’s cabin of the Future.

Despite looking at the fried mushrooms on her plate and taking in the fragrance of the fat, Cattleya didn’t pick up her cutlery for a long time.

Suddenly, her spiritual perception was triggered. She turned her head to look at the spot where the brass sextant was placed, and she realized that a letter had appeared there at some point in time.

Cattleya immediately revealed a smile as she reached out to pick up the letter and eagerly began reading it.

Gradually, she frowned.

“Gehrman Sparrow has gone missing…” Cattleya repeated the key point of the letter in a low voice. She acutely felt that this matter was somewhat serious.

She easily understood the meaning behind Queen Mystic’s letter. Without any hesitation, she bowed her head, clasped her hands, and recited an honorific name in ancient Hermes:

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

Above the gray fog, the crimson star representing The Hermit came alive. It began expanding and contracting, spreading out ripples of prayers.

They intertwined with the ripples created by the two crimson stars that corresponded to The Magician and The Sun. They surged towards the ancient and majestic palace, like tidal waves.

…

Someone is praying to Mr. Fool again… The echoes are getting even stronger, and the sound is becoming more clear… Hmm, I can hear it clearly, and the image is also clearer… This prayer seems to be from Ma’am Hermit. Only she likes to wear ancient warlock robes…

Queen Mystic discovered that something has happened to Gehrman Sparrow? Although I was worried that I would die this time and needed a certain amount of time to revive, I had already hinted to the members of the Tarot Club that I might cancel the gathering next week, but that was just a hint. It wasn’t a formal notice, nor was it clear enough. When Monday comes, they’ll definitely panic, pray, and try to make contact, only to discover that Mr. Fool has also disappeared. No, “He” has run off with The World. Klein used a deprecating comment to ease his feelings.

He glanced at Amon, who was walking beside him. Without a word, he lifted the lantern in his hand and said, “It should’ve been extinguished long ago.”

Wearing a pointed hat and black mage robe, Amon nodded slightly and said, “I left it in a magical state. It can maintain its light for a week without needing any fuel.”

Klein thought for a moment and asked, “Is this the deceiving of natural laws?”

Amon turned “His” head and used his monocled right eye to look at Klein for a second before smiling.

“Smart.

“The ‘Error’ pathway’s Sequence 3 is a more profound version of ‘Swindler,’ known as ‘Mentor of Deceit.’”

It’s about the same as my guess… However, it isn’t only the Error pathway that can do such a thing. The Black Emperor can use “Distortion” and “Exploit” powers to achieve that… In his mind, Klein began comparing the differences between the Marauder and the Lawyer pathway.

At this moment, Amon stroked “His” chin and asked with interest, “There are less than three days left. If you don’t think of a way to escape, it will be too late.

“Do you plan on making a new attempt tomorrow?”

“…Make a guess.” Klein forced a smile as he answered in the same rhetoric manner that Amon was best at using.

To be honest, he didn’t believe that the effects would be better given more attempts.

On the one hand, frequent attempts were indeed able to test the limits of Amon’s powers. By expending the “items” that “He” had previously stolen, Klein could establish a good foundation for the final battle. But on the other hand, he would also expose his trump cards. After all, he was in a passive state and had no chance to prepare. To force Amon to showcase more of the means available to “Him,” it required him to use the few trump cards he had.

If his countermeasures were all figured out by Amon after his repeated attempts, he wouldn’t have any chance of escaping.

An attempt to escape was a double-edged sword. If one wasn’t careful, one would cut oneself!

It was precisely because of this that Klein didn't blindly take action, and carefully made plans in his heart.

As he spoke, he walked out of the city that originally worshiped the Mutant King and later believed in the ancient sun god. There were only white bones and several stone structures that had been weathered by the elements here that showcased its former prosperity.

Outside the city, there was an endless wilderness that couldn't be seen in the lightning.

…

At 7 Pinster Street, Leonard sat on a sofa. He placed his feet on the coffee table and leisurely flipped through the day's newspaper.

Yesterday, George III's death had brought them copious amounts of work. He had spent the entire night on duty, and he received five hours of rest today.

After sleeping for two hours, Leonard woke up in high spirits, attempting to understand the current situation from the normal media.

In fact, as the captain of a Red Gloves team, he knew more than the reporters about certain aspects. For example, in the outskirts of Backlund, where the Tudor ruin was located, it had collapsed into a rather large lake. It had nearly affected Dwayne Dantès's Maygur Manor. Another was the death of George III, who had self-destructed at the square, but wasn't the actual person. The search for his corpse was to no avail, as though he had vanished into thin air that night.

Of course, Leonard was extremely certain that George III was already dead. The eldest prince was about to inherit the title of Balam Emperor and Loen King.

Back then, something had happened at Sefirah Castle. This matter definitely has something to do with Mr. Fool… Klein had long warned us about George III… The reactions of the three Churches were very strange. Even the Church of the Lord of Storms, which is most prone to acting rash, wasn't too angry… As Leonard flipped through the newspaper, his thoughts wandered casually.

At this moment, his mind was filled with the slightly-aged voice of Pallez Zoroast:

"Gehrman Sparrow's messenger is here."

Leonard suddenly looked up and saw the angel-level messenger wearing a dark and complicated long dress appear in front of him.

The four blonde, red-eyed heads held by Reinette Tinekerr spoke one after another:

"Gehrman…" "Sparrow…" "Has encountered…" "Extreme…"

"Danger…" "He has…" "Gone…" "Missing…"

Klein has encountered danger and disappeared? Leonard immediately retracted his legs and stood up.

Without waiting for the reminder provided by Pallez Zoroast, his spiritual perception stirred as he blurted out, “Is it related to the death of George III?”

“Yes…” “He…” “Destroyed…” “The Apotheosis…” “Ritual…” “Of…” “George…” “III…” The eight red eyes on Reinette Tinekerr’s four heads looked at Leonard.

Apotheosis ritual? Although Leonard was anxious, he was still shocked by the phrase.

For someone to hold an apotheosis ritual, one had to be a Sequence 1 angel at the very least. Yet, Klein was able to directly participate in something at that level… Mr. Fool’s plan? Leonard’s green eyes glimmered slightly. Relying on his relatively rich experience, he pointedly asked, “What happened to Klein the last time you saw him?”

The four blonde, red-eyed heads of Reinette Tinekerr shook and said, “Possibly…” Under…” “Zaratul’s…” “Pursuit…”

As Gehrman Sparrow’s messenger, this Ancient Bane was able to sense that “Her” employer had also left the Tudor ruins after escaping.

And as for those who understood the means of a Scholar of Yore, they were undoubtedly High-Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway. Therefore, Zaratul would definitely be able to obstruct and pursue him.

Zaratul? The leader of the Secret Order, the Sequence 1 angel, Zaratul? As Leonard was worried about Klein, he felt fear and concern for the life of his former colleague.

At that moment, a deep voice sounded in his mind:

“Ask ‘Her’ what other clues ‘She’ has.”

Leonard immediately did as he was asked.

Reinette Tinekerr seemed to know that Leonard wasn’t simple. She repeated Queen Mystic’s prophecy word by word.

After listening to what was said, Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a while before sighing.

“Error…

“I think I know about your former colleague’s current situation.”

Leonard subconsciously wanted to ask, but because there were outsiders around, he held back his urge.

Pallez paused and continued, “The anomaly with Sefirah Castle attracted Zaratul. How could Amon not notice it?

“This should be related to the struggle for Sefirah Castle.”

Sefirah Castle… Leonard slowly took a deep breath and said to Reinette Tinekerr, “He might’ve fallen into the hands of Amon.”

After Miss Messenger’s four heads nodded and turned to leave, Leonard immediately sat down and clasped his hands. Closing his eyes, he prayed.

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

Chapter 1163: Approaching

Above the gray fog, the crimson star representing The Star also burgeoned and contracted. The rippling light gradually overlapped with the other ripples created by the other three crimson stars, turning into a tidal wave that surged through the entire mysterious space, causing the space to vibrate slightly.

After describing the matter related to Klein, Leonard ended his prayers and waited for Mr. Fool to respond.

However, he still didn't receive any feedback after nearly fifteen minutes.

Mr. Fool has always been very responsive… Leonard couldn't help but mutter.

After a few seconds of silence, Pallez Zoroast reminded with a slightly-aged voice, *"Recall what The Fool said recently."*

Leonard thought carefully and slowly said, "In the middle of the week, 'He' reminded us not to head into the woods in the northwestern outskirts of Backlund… Yes, 'He' seemed to hint that the gathering might not be held as planned…"

"As expected." Pallez Zoroast let out a long sigh and said, *"The Fool had predicted Amon's appearance to a certain extent. 'They' might be fighting in different domains now. One of them wishes to hold onto Sefirah Castle, while the other wishes to become the new owner of Sefirah Castle. Your former colleague has unfortunately been embroiled in this matter."*

"Mr. Fool had expected this? Is this a trap 'He' laid for Amon?" Leonard's green eyes lit up as he blurted out.

Pallez spent a significant amount of time thinking as "He" spoke much slower.

"Perhaps that's the case. Perhaps it's because Amon exploited the trap and took the initiative. Don't underestimate a Blasphemer, a powerful King of Angels."

According to what Leonard knew, Mr. Fool was either the owner of the Sefirah Castle who was slowly recovering, corresponding to some unknown deity in history, or "He" was the embodiment of sefirot. Currently, "He" was unable to control "His" authority and strength very well, something that could be fixed with a further qualitative change.

And regardless of the possibilities, Mr. Fool was still unable to reach the level of a true deity. He was likely on the same level as the King of Angels.

Under such circumstances, it was rather normal that Mr. Fool and the terrifying Blasphemer would undergo an intense battle. After all, that person was one of "Them," one of the strongest hidden existences beneath the deities. "He" was even more powerful than the Hidden Sage that was usually categorized as an evil god. Even deities were somewhat apprehensive towards "Him."

"..." Leonard couldn't help but tense up. He asked in a low voice worriedly, "Old Man, do you have any way to provide any help? Isn't Amon your greatest enemy?"

Such help might be limited, but it should be able to pull Klein out of the maelstrom.

Upon hearing that, Pallez Zoroast laughed and said with an obvious self-deprecating tone, “*Aren’t you expecting too much from me?*

“*Indeed, if Amon obtains Sefirah Castle, I’ll definitely die at ‘His’ hands. I might not be able to survive this winter. And if Sefirah Castle is left with The Fool, I might have a chance of surviving in the future.*

“*But would an old man like me, who has just recovered to Sequence 2, have the ability to interfere with a battle at this level?*

“*Even if I were to use the Yesterday Once More charms, what can I do in the short time span of two to three seconds? Yes, yes. At the critical moment, I might be able to help The Fool warp the situation, but I don’t even know where ‘They’ are fighting. How can I seize the opportunity?*”

Leonard fell silent after hearing Old Man’s long answer. He immediately bowed his head and raised his hands to press them against the sides of his head. He muttered to himself, “Don’t tell me that I can only watch helplessly…”

Pallez sighed and said, “*Be patient. All we can do now is be patient.*

“*The Fool and Evernight, and some other deities and Kings of Angels seem to have some tacit understanding with each other. They might even be cooperating with one another. ‘They’ will not allow Amon to take away Sefirah Castle.*

“*Wait patiently. Perhaps it won’t take long for a window of opportunity to appear.*”

Leonard straightened his body and leaned back. He took a deep breath and exhaled.

"I understand."

…

The Blue Avenger, which had been ordered by the Church of the Lord of Storms to attack the port and Feysacian merchant ships near the waters of Sonia Island, was hiding somewhere outside the safe sea route.

Alger Wilson stood behind the window of the captain's cabin, using his extremely distant vision to stare at the long coastline.

To this "newly advanced" Ocean Songster's point of view, many captains who received similar missions were the cream of the crop of the Mid-Sequence Beyonders. Their joint operation would definitely be able to effectively harm the traffic flow of Feysacian waters.

This also meant that an attack from Feysac would be reasonably fierce, with a high chance of a Sequence 4 demigod leading the attack. Of course, one couldn't eliminate the possibility of a Sequence 3 War Bishop or Silver Knight appearing.

This was a dangerous development for Alger. He didn't wish to put himself in such danger.

At the same time, his crew, colleagues, and partners would monitor each other, preventing anyone from deserting. If Alger were to skive and walk on the edge of danger, it wouldn't take long for him to consider killing most of the crew members and become a true pirate, or lose the Blue Avenger and return to Pasu Island for an internal probe.

After this operation ends, the captains who could still survive wouldn't exceed a third… Alger calmly analyzed the situation and quickly came up with a plan to avoid danger.

That was to participate in the operation, but not take center stage.

Alger planned on using a "surprise attack" on the port while his brethren frenetically attacked the Feysacian merchant and supply ships. This would bring the people on board his ship onto Sonia Island, allowing them to lay in ambush in a primeval forest. Occasionally, he would cause some minor disturbances to the port which were easily managed. This way, the Feysac demigods would definitely cast their gazes at the sea, and not towards him.

At the same time, in the eyes of the crew, he would be a role model who was willing to take great risks to enter the enemy's borders.

After thinking through all the details, Alger immediately gathered the crew and repeated his plans. Finally, he emphasized, "This will be very dangerous. Trust me, it's very, very dangerous. We won't be able to advance and retreat like we can at sea. We might be surrounded by enemies at any time, but such an attack will definitely exceed the expectations of the Feysacians, and it will give us the outcome we want.

"Are you willing to remain on the ship as cowards, or do you want to follow me into battle as a hero to show your devotion to the Lord?"

The crew members felt their blood boiling as they rashly said, “F*ck the Feysacians!”

“Very good.” Alger felt relieved as he struck his right fist on his left breast. “May the Storm be with us!”

“May the Storm be with us!” the sailors saluted and shouted.

After making the necessary arrangements, Alger believed that he needed to borrow the Unshadowed Crucifix as soon as possible so as to purge the excess Ocean Songster’s Beyonder characteristic. Although he had exaggerated the danger of landing on the island, there was still a certain level of danger involved. Therefore, he wanted to quickly recover to his optimal condition.

And he had long understood Mr. Fool’s earlier hint. He felt that tonight or tomorrow morning, Mr. Fool would officially inform them that the gathering was to be canceled.

Of course, there were some ideas in the deepest depths of Alger’s heart. He suspected that every time Mr. Fool canceled the Tarot Club, something had happened to “Him.” He wanted to use this prayer to test if this mighty existence was still normal.

No, I can’t. Thou shalt not test God… This isn’t a test. Mr. Fool didn’t hint that I can’t pray to “Him” recently. Besides, borrowing the Unshadowed Crucifix is something I really need to do within the next few days… Alger paced back and forth, unable to make a decision.

At this moment, he heard the sound of waves crashing. Through the additional type of vision provided by the ghost ship, he saw the water part as a huge fish-type creature appeared.

The strange-looking giant fish opened its mouth and spat out a small metal ball that landed on the deck.

Alger nodded and expressed his gratitude with his singing.

This was a sea creature that the Church of the Lord of Storms had tamed. In this operation, it and its companions were the messengers between the various ships and the islands.

Upon receiving his gratitude, the giant fish-like creature trembled. With a flick of its tail, it headed deep into the sea and swam into the distance.

Alger looked at it silently for two seconds before summoning a gust of wind to bring the metal ball into the captain's cabin.

He twisted open the metal ball and took out the piece of paper inside. Alger's eyes froze from a mere glance at it.

George III has been assassinated… Alger repeated the content with a heavy expression before recalling The World Gehrman Sparrow's reminder and Mr. Fool's hints.

This time, he no longer hesitated. He locked the room and softly muttered the honorific name, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…"

…

These prayers are almost becoming a choral symphony… Mr. Hanged Man wants to borrow the Unshadowed Crucifix from Little Sun? Leonard… Yes… These voices are stacked over one another, *undulating in pitch and volume. It's making the surroundings tremble…* Klein rubbed his temples, having a feeling that he had been struck by lightning from every direction.

At this moment, he followed Amon deeper into the desolate moors and saw the grayish-yellow fog that blanketed the area. There were a few ravines and in the deep, dark depths, there were plenty of things roaming.

Compared to the quiet, lurking monsters from before, the ones here were rather special.

The pointy-hatted Amon raised his hand to nudge his monocle and pointed ahead with a smile.

"Another half a day and we should be reaching our final destination."

"Half a day… It hasn't been a day yet… Didn't you say three days?" Klein's pupils seemingly dilated.

Amon smiled and said, "I said not more than three days.

"One day is not more than three days, too.

Upon saying that, the King of Angels paused and asked with piqued interest, "Did I hamper your arrangements?

"Are you feeling more despair?"

Klein didn't answer as he suddenly reached out his hand and grabbed into the void beside him.

Chapter 1164: Cheating

Although Klein had been a Beyonder for less than two years, his experience could be described as rich and exciting, even among Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 saints. The things he possessed or encountered before that could be summoned from the Historical Void, and the ones that were capable of quickly killing him didn't number many.

Here, he chose the Flaring Sun Charm that he had used in Tingen City. He had already recited the incantation, injected his spirituality into it, and was about to activate the charms!

Indeed, to a demigod of the Seer pathway that meant bizarreness and change, it wasn't very effective against him. He mainly depended on the damage it did to his body, but Klein didn't dodge or defend himself. Instead, he released his body and mind to embrace the light of "hope."

Even at the level of a Sequence 3 Scholar of Yore, the defense of a Seer pathway's Beyonder remained low. His offensive ability was also equally insufficient compared to his peers. This resulted in a sad fact:

When Klein wanted to commit suicide, he didn't have any powers that could quickly kill himself. After all, it was impossible for him to control his Spirit Body Threads and transform himself into his marionette. This would result in logical contradictions. Towards the end of the process, he would lack the ability to continue making himself a marionette.

And when he was searching for ways to kill himself through external means, he realized that, as long as he didn't use methods like Marionette Interchange, Paper Figurine Substitutes, and Historical Void Hiding, there were too many options that he could consider.

The Seer was such a powerful pathway that veered towards the extremes.

Seeing that Klein was about to take out a Flaring Sun Charm from the fog of history, along with having a strong desire to commit suicide, Amon only smiled. Without even raising “His” hand, “He” stole the entire idea, causing the crystal monocle to glow slightly.

Klein immediately forgot what he was trying to do.

But his actions didn’t stop!

His shocked reaction when he heard that they were only half a day away from the final destination was mostly faked. This was because he had always been wary of the God of Deceit. He didn’t trust anything that “He” said.

There were too many interpretations of “not more than three days,” so Klein had long prepared for the worst. After hearing what Amon said, he immediately arranged the things he needed to do into a sequence: After having the idea of summoning the Flaring Sun Charm to commit suicide; it was to summon that existence; summon that existence; summon this, that, and those existences. He made it cyclic, hoping that no matter how many thoughts Amon stole from him, he would still follow his original plan and perform the corresponding actions.

Regarding this matter, back when he dealt with 0-08, he had been thinking about it above the gray fog. He had used the experience of treating the real him as a marionette and only following a predetermined set of actions. This helped him greatly.

At that moment, although he didn’t know what he was trying to do, to the point of not realizing that he had forgotten something, he knew very well what he would do next.

The past wasn’t important, but the present and future were key!

Klein reached out his palm again and grabbed the void in front of him. His entire arm sank.

However, when he retracted his right hand, nothing came out.

At the same time, Amon raised “His” palm and gently swiped forward.

“He” had stolen the Historical Void projection that Klein had summoned!

A figure quickly appeared beside Amon. It was an elder dressed in a hooded black robe. His eyes were deep black, like a dark water surface, and the white beard around his mouth was long and dense.

Zaratul!

The leader of the Secret Order, the Sequence 1 angel, Zaratul!

The existence that Klein had attempted to summon was actually Zaratul, and he had succeeded in one try!

This was because he had made preparations in advance.

Back in the city that the phoenix believers had built, when Klein had split his marionettes into three groups, he was actually attempting to summon Zaratul from the Historical Void.

Without a doubt, it was impossible to succeed at that time. However, as a Scholar of Yore, it would be a massive failure if one failed to notice that someone else was trying to summon their historical projection. As for Zaratul, he was definitely a senior, excellent, and experienced Scholar of Yore.

After such a failed summoning, Klein had established a connection with Zaratul.

This was the tacit understanding between Scholars of Yore!

As for a Miracle Invoker, an Attendant of Mysteries, “He” was able to respond to “His” historical projection. It was just like how a Scholar of Yore had a hundred percent chance of success when borrowing strength from his past.

In addition, a Scholar of Yore had no contractual connection with the Historical Void projection. They relied on the other party’s lack of intelligence, or them having good relationships with them, to control it. And in this world, the few high-level existences most unwilling to see Amon obtain Sefirah Castle was Mr. Door, followed by Pallez, and then Zaratul!

In other words, the two of them were short-term allies when it came to resisting Amon.

Due to these factors, Klein believed that he could summon

Zaratul in one go. And the facts proved that he was right.

And it was precisely because of this that he wasn’t worried at all that Amon would steal away his historical projection that he had summoned. He even hoped that the Angel of Time would do so.

As for the reason why he first came up with the idea of committing suicide before summoning Zaratu, it was to let Amon steal his thoughts. And for Amon, “He” would be happy to try since “He” was a King of Angels in search of excitement. With too many choices for “Him” to choose from, it was unlikely “He” would repeat another “Thought Usurpation.” It might be the “Theft” of a Historical Void projection.

This was one of the few trump cards that Klein had.

In the next second, Zaratul’s gaze turned from a glazed one to a spirited and real one.

Clearly, this Attendant of Mysteries, a senior Scholar of Yore, had entered the Historical Void and allowed “His” projection from the same era to receive “His” consciousness!

And having “His” own consciousness meant that Zaratul’s projection didn’t hesitate at all to firmly cast “His” gaze at Amon.

The eyes of Amon—the ones wearing and not wearing the monocle—narrowed at the same time. “He” saw the lightning around “Him” increase in frequency as the vast wilderness with many ravines instantly turned empty and dark. They were speckled with twinkling stars.

“He” had apparently been pulled beneath the cosmos by Zaratul.

This was a miracle.

As for the projection opposite of Amon, it had already transformed into a gigantic, mysterious whirlpool formed by squirming mysterious. They extended out in all directions with transparent tentacles. Just looking at them would make humans lose their minds and turn crazy.

At that moment, Klein abandoned the other thoughts in the “queue.” He took the opportunity to control a monster deep in the darkness and transform it into his marionette.

Immediately following that, he switched places with his marionette.

After coming to the depths of the darkness, Klein reached out his hand once again to grab at the air in front of him a few times in succession. His marionette did the same action as well.

Finally, he dragged a new figure out of the void.

It was a figure dressed in a simple linen robe, with a tree bark as a belt. Standing there, barefooted with long, black hair, Arianna’s facial features were ordinary and her eyes dark and cold.

The Evernight cloister’s matron, the ascetic leader, the Servant of Concealment, the Grounded Angel, Arianna.

As soon as Arianna appeared,”Her” dark eyes turned normal. She didn’t look like a projection at all.

“Her” true body seemed to have entered a concealed state, allowing the summoned Historical Void projection to also possess intelligence.

This was also one of the reasons why Klein had chosen to summon “Her,” and had given up on summoning Mr. Azik and Miss Messenger who gave him a higher success rate. This way, even if an accident happened during his “suicide,” preventing his success, there was still a chance to fight Amon in the subsequent battle!

After a Historical Void’s projection possessed their own consciousness, it made it much easier for Klein to maintain them. This resulted in an extension in time for the maintenance of the projection.

Following that, he used the connection between the Scholar of Yore and their summoned Historical Void projection, quickly communicating to Servant of Concealment, Arianna, his intent to kill him!

Arianna suddenly bent “Her” body, and “Her” right hand reached behind her back. “She” pulled out a bone sword covered in strange patterns from the depths of the darkness.

Then, “She” suddenly took a step forward and swung “Her” sword forward.

The entire darkness literally stirred as it wildly spread towards where the spot Klein was standing.

An unlucky monster happened to be situated between the two of them as it melted away when drowned by the tide of darkness.

This wasn't the authority of concealment. This was a combination of repose and horror. It symbolized danger in the darkness, a symbol of silent destruction and vanquishment.

The Beyonders of the Sleepless pathway had to reach Sequence 3 Horror Bishop to grasp such powers.

Subconsciously, Klein's survival instinct made him attempt to escape. But at that moment, he felt that the surrounding darkness was an enemy. If he was infected by that force, he would become a part of the tide. There was no avoiding it.

There's no need to use all your strength. You can easily kill me with just a portion of your strength... Klein restrained his primal instincts, and he stood on the spot, waiting for the destruction to sweep through him.

At that moment, a distant, illusory bell sounded.

It was as if it had traveled through a long stretch of history, causing everything around it to slow down, including the surging darkness.

In midair, swaths of darkness were pierced, revealing a gigantic wall clock carved out of stone.

It was ancient and mottled, and its surface was separated into twelve segments by grayish-white and bluish-black colors. Each segment had different symbols, and the needle had a total of three hands—short, medium, long. It seemed to be formed from the twelve rings of a Worm of Time.

As the second hand ticked, the bell rang again.

Gong!

As the sound echoed, the surging darkness like a tide slowed down even more. Then, the ancient clock’s projection dissipated, turning back into Amon with “His” pointed hat and monocle.

Behind “Him”, the projection of Zaratul was also in a sluggish state.

Right on the heels of that, Amon levitated in midair, extending “His” right hand, and “He” pressed down at the darkness.

The darkness quickly returned to normal, drowning Klein without causing him any damage. It was unknown if there was a bug or if a Beyonder effect had been stolen.

At the same time, Amon’s body instantly became abnormally huge. It was nearly twenty meters tall, but none of “His” clothes suffered any damage.

“He” looked down at Klein and raised “His” hand to adjust his monocle. He ignored the attacks from the Zaratul projection behind “Him” as “He” curled “His” lips and said with deep interest, “Interesting.”

Chapter 1165: The Grand Lineup

As Amon spoke, the transparent tentacles covered with mysterious patterns extended out from the gigantic vortex behind “His” back, and they wrapped around “His” many different Spirit Body Threads.

In the blink of an eye, the illusory black threads were lifted up without any resistance.

And with that, one strange monster after another was hoisted up in the air, like ham waiting to be dry-aged.

The Spirit Body Threads beside Amon were all stolen by “Him” at some point in time!

While Zaratul launched “His” attack, “His” other slippery tentacle kept extending into the void, attempting to pull something back.

In just a few seconds, a figure quickly appeared.

“He” had long chestnut-colored curly hair, blue eyes, high nose bridge, thin lips, and a very beautifully manicured mustache. He wore a dark red coat with rusted golden threads. It was none other than the former Emperor of Intis, Roselle Gustav.

The moment this Knowledge Emperor stepped into the real world, “He” looked down at the gigantified Amon, and complicated and illusory symbols instantly formed in “His” eyes.

“He” wasn’t worried that Amon would steal “His” attack at all, because “He” had prepared an extremely large amount of useless miscellaneous knowledge. Be it the forceful injection or Amon’s theft of it, “He” could achieve the goal of blowing up the other party’s mind.

Just as Emperor Roselle’s projection was fully formed, another figure appeared from Zaratul’s transparent tentacles.

The figure had a young face, but his long hair was already half-white—pulled back and flailing in the air. In the darkness, half of it was hidden, and the other was prominent.

This was an angel that Klein didn’t know. “He” looked like a man with eyes that were dark and filled with the vicissitudes of life. “His” facial features were considered pretty good, but there was a bunch of thick, short black hair on “His” cheeks. “He” emitted the feeling that “He” was both old and youthful, both rational and crazy.

“He” immediately transformed into a cluster of squirming worms that extended out transparent, smooth tentacles akin to Zaratul’s projection.

Clearly, this was also an angel from the Seer pathway.

At that moment, Klein didn’t even dare to look straight at the situation occurring in midair. However, when his spiritual perception triggered, he had already sensed something familiar.

The second angel that was summoned by Zaratul was the son of an ancient god, the original ancestor of the Antigonus family!

This was the historical projection “Him” before “He” became The

Half-Fool.

Clearly, Zaratul had made sufficient preparations in this period of time.

As Antigonus displayed “His” complete Mythical Creature form, the surrounding environment changed once again. The darkness became even darker, as though it had a life of its own as it surged towards the massive manifestation of the classic black-robed, pointy-hatted, and monocled Amon.

In the area enveloped by darkness, all the monsters instantly turned into marionettes.

Antigonus seemed to have moved a portion of the ancient divine kingdom from “His” memories into the real world, so as to separate Amon from Klein.

This was also a miracle.

When the miracle happened, Zaratul’s transparent tentacles pulled out a third projection from the fog of history.

This was a knight in full black armor. “He” was a demigod from the Fourth Epoch’s Solomon Empire, and had not left an illustrious name in history.

However, “He” had another identity. “He” was a member of the “Red of War” army, and the leader of this army was King of Angels, Medici.

In this division, every member could connect with Red Angel

Medici's mind and become one.

In other words, if Medici could converge their powers, then they too could also transmit their own powers to the collective pool.

The powers of a Scholar of Yore powers couldn't summon anything associated with the Uniqueness. Even if they were to raise their Sequence and receive a qualitative change, it remained the same. However, there was no doubt that Seers would seek ways to push the envelope by attempting to bypass the restrictions and obtain help from the Uniqueness to a certain extent.

Klein had summoned the Goddess's descent vessel to accomplish this point, while Zaratul summoned a powerhouse of the Red of War army.

At this moment, that projection was equivalent to a portion of Medici!

The knight in black armor stepped onto the battlefield. "He" scanned the battlefield in a sluggish manner before laughing out loud.

"Yo, Lil' Raven, have those feathers I burnt recovered?"

Due to the fact that his historical projection had summoned another three angel-level historical projections, Klein suspected that he couldn't maintain it for ten seconds.

If it wasn't for this change, then he would most likely have felt that he had found a way to indefinitely increase his combat strength. That was to summon two angels and one projection of himself every time. Then, he could use his projection to summon two angels and himself again. If this continued, he would have an infinite number of projections available.

At that moment, the ascetic leader of the Church of Evernight, Arianna's body faded and entered a concealed state. Following that, "She" suddenly appeared behind the gigantified Amon, slashing out with the bone sword that was covered in strange patterns.

Taking advantage of the opportunity when Amon was being attacked by the five angel projections' attack, Klein kept converting monsters into his marionettes, getting them to aim at him. He opened his mouth and let out a bang.

Air Cannons whistled towards him.

At the same time, Klein stretched out his hand and easily took out a Flaring Sun Charm that had already been activated and was just short of releasing its effects.

He didn't believe that he would be able to survive such repeated attacks.

Amidst the booms, Klein suddenly heard a "tick-tock" noise.

The entire world seemed to stop for a moment before it returned to normal.

Following that, he saw a huge hole in the dark sky. A ray of pure hot sunlight shone in and lit a golden charm.

It was the Flaring Sun Charm. It had turned into a huge ball of light that was engulfed by countless balls of flames.

However, the target it attacked wasn't Klein. It had made an error and, instead, wrapped around the Red of War demigod.

Meanwhile, the vast amount of knowledge that Roselle Gustav had injected, the miracle created by Antigonus, the destructive sword which Arianna had swung out, the transparent tentacles that Zaratul extended, they all pointed at the same target in an erroneous manner—Medici's black-armored subordinate.

At some point, the projection that consisted of a part of Medici's will first suffered an explosion in "His" mind. Even "His" instinctive reaction seemed to have disappeared. Then, "He" was assaulted by the barrage of heavy attacks, and quickly dissipated in midair.

Wearing a pointed hat and a classical mage robe, it was unknown when Amon had returned to the size of a human and landed at the bottom of the battlefield.

"He" raised "His" right hand and adjusted the crystal monocle as a beam of light lit up.

Behind "His" back, the ancient mottled clock phantom appeared once again. The longest second hand quickly spun half a round at an extraordinary speed.

It took less than a second, but everything on the desolate moors seemed to have lost ten to twenty seconds.

The projection of Antigonus's historical projection disappeared.

Following that, Roselle's historical projection faded away. Finally, it was the historical projections of Zaratul and Arianna.

The amount of time "They" could be maintained had been stolen.

Klein, who was just about to commit suicide for the third time, couldn't believe his eyes.

He had expected Blasphemer Amon to resolve the five angel projections. After all, they were merely projections. A projection was much weaker than the actual body. However, Klein never expected the other party to be so casual about it that he didn't even have a chance to commit suicide.

He had used his trump card in exchange for such an outcome. It was inevitable for him to feel disheartened and despair.

Amon nudged his monocle and took a step forward to appear in front of him. "He" smiled.

"If 'They' were all 'Their' true bodies, it would indeed be more troublesome.

"However, the Historical Void projection has a very huge flaw. And grasping the 'problem' of something is what I'm best at."

Looking at this Angel of Time whose smile remained the same while his expression was one of delight, as though "He" hadn't been in a difficult situation just now, Klein's heart slowly sank, as if he had fallen into an abyss.

His spiritual perception was triggered as scenes quickly flashed through his mind.

After entering the Forsaken Land of the Gods, Amon changed his clothes—going from a dark colored jacket, trousers, and black top hat that met the aesthetic standards of modern times to a classic mage's robe and a pointed hat.

After that, "He" suggested a game of escaping and obstructing;

"He" appeared extremely confident and wasn't worried about any mishaps…

As his thoughts raced, Klein's throat turned dry, and he said in a low and hoarse voice, "You… are the true body…

"After entering the Forsaken Land of the Gods, your true body merged with your avatar?"

He seriously suspected that the person in front of him was Amon's true body, the true Blasphemer, the whole King of Angels!

The corners of the monocled Amon's mouth curled up bit by bit.

"This is very interesting, isn't it?

"The expression on your face after knowing the truth is what I wanted to see in this game."

"He" had clearly admitted that "He" was the main body. "He" was born accommodating the Uniqueness of the Marauder pathway.

“He” was peerless amongst the ranks of those beneath that of deities.

This meant that, unless a true deity descended, no matter how hard Klein struggled, he wouldn’t be able to escape from Amon’s hands. And this was the Forsaken Land of the Gods. The only active deity was the True Creator, and “He” wasn’t too interested in Sefirah Castle.

Although he had suspected that the Amon beside him had swapped with “His” actual body, Klein, who had experienced countless instances of hope, only to have them destroyed, experienced what was the ultimate sense of despair when he was truly certain of it. If it wasn’t for the fact that the Tarot Club involved Miss Justice, Leonard, and company, as well as how he knew that Amon was best at deception, he would’ve admitted defeat and expressed his willingness to become “His” Blessed.

Isn’t it normal to join the ranks of the opponents if you can’t beat them… As he lampooned, a thought suddenly flashed through his mind. He recalled the words that Amon had previously said.

This… His eyes lit up, and he completely calmed down. Looking at Amon, he leisurely stretched his body and said with a smile, “Kill me.”

Chapter 1166: Its Name

Lightning once again lit up the desolate moors that were blanketed with grayish-yellow fog. It illuminated the spot where an angel-level battle had just happened, illuminating the calm smile on his face.

Amon looked at him for a few seconds before nudging his monocle and smiling.

“Can’t you say something else?

“You seem to have found new hope?”

Klein’s smile didn’t change as he clenched his fist to his nose and stuck one hand into his pocket.

“I just suddenly understood something. It turns out that it’s not too demoralizing to play this game with your true body. On the contrary, this shows that you have no way of stealing my destiny.”

“Oh?” Amon smiled as “He” spoke in a tone, as though “He” was looking forward to what Klein would say next.

Klein laughed and said without any hesitation, “Otherwise, once I entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods, you would’ve directly stolen my destiny and become the new owner of Sefirah Castle. Even if you want to play a game of escaping and obstructing, you could’ve waited until the main goal was achieved before doing so. That way, you wouldn’t be taking any risks. And having lost my chance to resurrect and my original destiny, I’ll put in an even greater effort into escaping due to my instinct to survive.

“Indeed, the God of Mischief might do something that disregards danger, doing so in pursuit of excitement, but you’re still the God of Deceit.”

Having said that, Klein looked at the unperturbed expression on Amon’s face and paused.

“I know that you really have the ability to steal the destinies of others, but being capable of doing something doesn’t mean that you’ll do it. This requires a risk assessment, as well as weighing and analyzing the pros and cons.

“I believe that you don’t wish to steal my destiny directly. That will make you bear the burden of everything brought about by Sefirah Castle. You have to resist the trauma of the resurrection of its original owner. Even for a King of Angels like you, this is also very dangerous. If you aren’t careful, you can perish. Therefore, you want to find a loophole—you want to get Sefirah Castle without suffering the negative effects. And this requires my ‘permission.’”

When he said that, Klein thought of the experience of getting hit by computer viruses in his previous life. Those viruses would always pretend to be normal and cheat him into giving him permission.

This was somewhat similar to the current situation.

After hearing Klein’s words, Amon looked at him without a word. Instead, “He” calmly adjusted the crystal monocle.

Klein smiled and continued, “From the moment you parasitized me, you’ve been setting up a huge scam. On the one hand, you’ve given me the option of becoming your Blessed, telling me that your true body can withstand my destiny, causing me to bear a heavy psychological burden.

“In the subsequent journey, you constantly made me see hope before destroying it. From time to time, you’ll give me a time limit, making me unknowingly seize an opportunity and catch my breath. Then, you suddenly shortened the trip, disrupting my plans. Finally, you reveal the card that you’re the true body, sending me into the abyss of despair, so as to destroy my will and dismantle my mental defenses. I would completely break down and choose to become your Blessed, and ‘agree’ to that hidden ‘transaction.’”

After hearing everything in silence, Amon suddenly laughed and raised “His” hands to gently clap.

“Perfect deduction.

“However, you seem to have missed a problem.

“What I said was to see my real body at a sufficiently safe place. Then, your destiny will be taken away. Now that we haven’t reached our final destination, I naturally won’t take the risk.”

Klein’s expression sank slightly before he relaxed again.

“I’m looking forward to how different the developments will be there.”

He responded to Amon in “His” style.

The genuine King of Angels adjusted "His" monocle and pointed to the side with a smile.

"Soon. We'll arrive in less than half a day."

"How long is that exactly?" Klein instinctively lacked trust in Amon's vague descriptions.

Amon scratched "His" chin and chuckled.

"Half an hour."

Klein turned his head to look in the direction where Amon had pointed. He only saw deep darkness, nothing else..

A bolt of lightning streaked across the desolate moors, but even farther away was a thick grayish-yellow fog.

...

Backlund, Empress Borough, in the Hall family's luxurious villa.

After two days of chaos, Audrey's life finally regained some peace. This made her even more curious about the truth behind the king's assassination.

Considering how Mr. Fool had seemingly hinted that the Tarot Gathering would be canceled today, Audrey decided to pray to this existence in advance and establish a connection with The World Gehrman Sparrow to figure out the corresponding situation.

The moment she glanced at Susie, the golden retriever immediately walked out of the room, closed the door with her leg in passing, and sat outside.

Audrey sat down, took on a prayer pose, and recited in ancient Hermes:

“The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

…

Backlund East Borough, inside a two-bedroom rental apartment.

“Do you think there will be a gathering today? There’s no formal notice…” Fors took out her pocket watch for women and opened it.

Xio shook her head.

“I don’t know.”

Fors couldn’t sit still any longer. She left her seat and paced back and forth anxiously as she muttered to herself, “Mr. World didn’t respond, neither did Mr. Fool respond…”

As she spoke, Fors suddenly looked at her friend who was eating some ham. She hurriedly said, “Xio, why don’t you try praying to Mr. Fool and ask if the gathering will be held as scheduled today?”

Xio frowned slightly as she put down her fork and nodded.

“Okay.”

She also found the situation a little strange.

She clasped her hands and held them under her chin. Xio took a deep breath and said in a low voice, “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era...”

...

Backlund, North Borough, underground of Saint Samuel Cathedral, in a room behind Chanis Gate.

Emlyn White woke up, feeling puzzled over the dream he had.

He had apparently dreamed of the Sanguine Ancestor, Lilith!

In his dream, he was trapped in a castle covered in red grapevines, one he couldn’t escape from no matter how hard he tried.

Later, through a narrow window from high above, he saw the crimson moon outside and a pair of bat wings that covered half the crimson moon.

In the legends of the Sanguine, this was one of the symbols of the ancient goddess, Lilith.

Right on the heels of that, Emlyn flew up high in excitement, attempting to open the narrow window. At the bottom of the glass, he found a tarot card.

On the surface of the tarot card was a lad dressed in gorgeous clothes. He was wearing splendid headgear with a stick over his shoulder. There was a bindle hanging on the end of the stick, and a puppy was following behind him.

The Fool card.

At this point in his dream, Emlyn naturally woke up. As a Sanguine Viscount, he had the ability to perform a basic analysis of dreams.

It must be because of my current situation that this dream appeared. That Star actually didn't deliver any human blood to me…

I am indeed the target of the Ancestor's benediction…"She" is hinting to me that if I wish to escape from my predicament, I have to obtain help from Mr. Fool?

What day is it today? Forget it, I'll just pray. That way, I can leave as soon as possible." Emlyn sat up with hope as he piously chanted, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…"

…

Above the gray fog, the three crimson stars that corresponded to Justice, Judgment, and The Moon began to expand and shrink, emitting light to create ripples.

They merged into the dark red "tide" that originally existed, causing the shock waves in the mysterious space to instantly intensify.

Amidst the quake, the “tide” flooded the ancient and majestic palace, lighting up one mysterious symbol after another behind the eight seats on the long bronze table.

This brought a new halo and resonance, accompanied by a buzzing sound.

At the end of the long, mottled table, the back of The Fool’s seat lit up as well. The complicated symbol formed by the Contorted Lines and Pupil-less Eye kept extending outwards, becoming layered and extremely three-dimensional.

The dark red “tide” was attracted over and formed a “figure” on the high back chair belonging to The Fool.

This “figure” wasn’t stable enough. It distorted and scattered from time to time, hardly capable of maintaining its form.

On a desolate moor covered with grayish-yellow fog, Klein paused for a moment and looked up at the lightning that streaked across the sky.

He then retracted his gaze. Holding the lantern in his hand, he followed beside Amon, deep into the endless moors.

The more the man and the King of Angels proceeded, the more ravines the ground had. Similarly, their depths became more and more exaggerated.

About ten minutes later, another bolt of lightning streaked across the sky. Not far away, Klein saw a single-eyed giant with a bluish-black pupil, pacing back and forth. It towered tens of meters.

His body was covered in traces of rotting pus. His eye was sunken and lifeless. It was obvious that he was dead.

However, he continued wandering around. Grayish-yellow gas emanated from his body, interweaving in midair to create the fog over the moor.

The grayish-yellow fog that enveloped the vast moor was actually generated by this bluish-black giant!

“The youngest son of the Giant King Aurmir, the God of Glory, Bladel. ‘He’ publicly cursed my father and was punished to forever roam this area. Of course, ‘He’ has long died in the Cataclysm, but ‘He’ still wasn’t able to free ‘Himself.’” Amon looked at the giant and smiled. “If I hadn’t stolen the corresponding damage dealt to you, you would’ve been contaminated by the fog created after Bladel’s death. You would become a cursed entity that roams this area.”

Do I have to thank you? Suddenly, Klein felt like he had entered a myth.

With him in tow, Amon continued forward. Soon, they approached the bluish-black, single-eyed giant.

There was an extremely deep ravine on the spot where the giant was loitering about. As the lightning flashed, a thick and vast grayish-white building appeared at the bottom.

With just a glance, Klein’s eyelids twitched slightly as he recalled the scene he saw when he was divining the Unshadowed Crucifix.

If he remembered correctly, this should be where the ancient sun god, the City of Silver's Creator, Amon and Adam's father walked out from!

Is this the safe place that Amon mentioned? Klein's heart sank.

At this moment, the pointy-hatted, monocled Amon walked to the edge of the ravine. With "His" back facing the grayish-white building, "He" spread his arms slightly and said with a smile, "This is the holy land where my father was awoken. Buried in it is the history I wish to seek.

"My father told me that this place has an ancient name, called…"

As a streak of silver lightning tore through the sky, the black-robed Amon paused as "He" widened "His" arms, saying with a solemn tone, "Chernobyl!"

Chapter 1167: When the Stars Are Right

“Chernobyl!”

Upon hearing Amon’s words, Klein’s first reaction was one of shock.

Back when they were approaching the bluish-black, single-eyed giant, he had come up with many possibilities, but he never expected to hear such a name.

This was akin to seeing a machine gun appear in an ancient oil painting, or a novel’s plot appearing in a scientific paper. It was filled with unbelievable contradictions.

In the next second, he thought of the funny matter about how the ancient sun god had used “His” rib to create Dark Angel Sasrir, but had named “His” eldest son Adam. He instinctively believed that the current situation was similar, and he couldn’t help but laugh.

To have Amon, who was so powerful that “He” was almost a “bug” in the real world, a King of Angels who always wore a sinister smile on “His” face, speak the name with such seriousness and solemnity, it made Klein unable to hold back his laughter. Besides, he had no intention of controlling himself.

It’s best if “He” gets angry from the embarrassment and kills me… The reason Amon is this way today has largely to do with the ancient sun god’s method of upbringing! The corners of Klein’s mouth curved into a smile, prepared to ruthlessly vent his inner laughter.

At this moment, another bolt of silvery-white lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the deep ravine. It made Klein once again see the grayish-white building at the bottom.

This was a building that was completely different from the current style of the Fourth, Third, and even the Second Epoch.

Thump!

Klein’s heart rapidly contracted before it expanded again. The smile he just made froze on his face.

Thump! Thump!

When he heard his own heartbeat, he suddenly had the common sense he had regarding the present world appear in his mind.

12 months a year, *365 days a year*, *has leap years…*

24 hours a day, *60 minutes a day*, *60 seconds a minute…*

It’s confirmed to be a planet…

There’s a sun and a moon in the sky…

Badump! Badump! Badump!

Klein’s instinct prevented him from thinking any further, but deep in his heart, there was still a “voice.”

Could it be that I've never actually "transmigrated"? I've always been on Earth the entire time, but I've been hanging from the door of light above the gray fog for too long, making me truly not belong to this era...

As this thought formed, many details that didn't catch his attention spewed out like a volcano in his mind.

To the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea, before entering the ruins of the battlefield of the gods, there are rotting and crumbling steel buildings around the ancient well. They appeared to be left behind by humans...

The Northern and Southern Continent are overall very similar in shape to that of North and South America. However, a large part of the isthmus that connects the two landmasses has been wiped away by some kind of power, forming the Berserk Sea with its complicated and winding sea routes... Also, Sonia Island is like the gigantic landmass in the north that drifted south... Midseashire is like the expanded and connected version of the Great Lakes of North America. It's as though it suffered a strike from a massive meteor...

The mountains and rivers on the Northern Continent have changed a lot, but the overall shape is barely recognizable...

In that case... the Western Continent where the elves come from, and the Forsaken Land of the Gods in the Eastern Continent, will correspond to Chernobyl...

In the legends of treasure out at sea, there's a lost civilization called the Newins. It sank somewhere in the Fog Sea...

The Giant King's parents are humans... The Sanguine, elves also seem to originate from humans...

I previously had two questions: Why would Sefirah Castle grab transmigrators from Earth? Why would all of them be people from my era? This can also be explained…

In the short span of two to three seconds, it was as if lightning was constantly exploding in his mind. This caused his lips to tremble slightly, as though he was trying his best to contain the backlash of his revelation.

But the moon in this world is crimson… The constellations are somewhat different from those of Earth… I'm not an astronomy aficionado, so I can't remember clearly. However, the Emperor consumed the potions from the Savant pathway. If the cosmos was completely identical, he would've discovered it a long time ago… The opposing opinion appeared in Klein's mind. They were like a strong anchor, preventing his ship from being blown away from the port in the midst of the storm.

But one second later, he remembered two lines.

One sentence was a terrifying prophecy that he had read online in his previous life:

"When the stars are right, Chaos will rise from underground, and the Great Oldest One will awaken."

The other was:

"Be careful of the moon!"

This… That prophecy wasn't randomly made up? When the stars are right… So, this resulted in the previous discrepancies? Klein almost ignored Amon in front of him. Even his body began to tremble.

He used a great deal of strength before he sighed inwardly.

Perhaps, I've never left my hometown, but I will never be able to return home...

Just as he came to this understanding and realization, the grayish-white fog silently appeared in front of him.

This time, he directly stood in front of the Waning Forest, which corresponded to the end of the First Epoch and the early stages of the Second Epoch.

Unlike the past, the boundless gray fog in front of him was no longer empty. Deep in the fog, in a very far distance, points of shattered light were lit up.

They were like lighthouses, illuminating the path of history. They led Klein forward as they traced back thousands of years, or even further.

Then, he saw the resplendent bluish-black door of light. He saw transparent cocoons hanging above it, and himself in a T-shirt and loose pants.

An invisible wind blew past as the grayish-white fog beneath the door opened, layer by layer, revealing cities.

There were tall skyscrapers with all kinds of cars parked, frozen with pedestrians that walked past.

One by one, these cities were covered in grayish-white dust. Many buildings had collapsed, broken steel bars tearing out of their frames. Some of the cars had caved in, others had broken down. There were even some that had been squashed into metallic pancakes. The passers-by looked lifeless, like wax figures...

Upon seeing this scene, Klein stopped and stared intently.

He knew very well that:

This world was Earth!

At that moment, he completely digested the Scholar of Yore potion.

Suddenly, Klein's consciousness returned to the real world. He realized that his connection with Sefirah Castle had strengthened.

Amidst the buzzing sounds, the resonance generated by the prayers of the Tarot Club members grew in intensity.

Previously, he could use them to vaguely sense Sefirah Castle above the gray fog and see that the Klein at The Fool's seat was trying to establish some sort of connection with the dark red, warping figure that was about to take form.

In an instant, he came to a realization. There was no longer a need for him to chant the incantation or take four steps counterclockwise. With a mere thought, his Spirit Body could enter Sefirah Castle, becoming one with that "figure."

This was undoubtedly the best opportunity for him to escape!

He couldn’t be bothered to marvel at the fact that this world was Earth. Believing that Amon definitely didn’t know of such a development, Klein immediately thought of jumping straight towards Sefirah Castle.

At this moment, the corner of his eye reflected the pointy-hatted, monocled, classic mage-robed Amon curled “His” lips into a smile—one that spoke of endless joy.

Klein’s mind suddenly exploded as all his thoughts were occupied by the crazy raving from Amon.

“You’re right. I didn’t want to steal your destiny, bearing the burden while becoming the new owner of Sefirah Castle…”

“You’re right. This was a scam that has been going on since the beginning…

“However, the core of this scam was to make you think that me giving you hope and destroying it was to break your will and make you agree to become my Blessed…”

“If I hadn’t specially changed my clothes when I entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods, as well as my ‘accidental’ use of ‘Error’ powers, would you have been so sure that my true body was already here?

“Could it be possible that the God of Deceit doesn’t understand that changing one’s image would expose many problems?

“Did you think that I wouldn’t understand what the name ‘Chernobyl’ means?

“I’ve been in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for more than a thousand years. I’ve been searching for the oldest traces of history, the ones that go far beyond the First Epoch.”

“The true goal of this journey was to give you some time and give you some historical knowledge to aid you in digesting the Scholar of Yore potion, so that you can relax your vigilance in this area. Then, when your connection with Sefirah Castle deepens and you attempt to trigger it, I’ll seize this opportunity and use a loophole to steal Sefirah Castle.

“The destiny shall be yours, and Sefirah Castle shall be mine.”

…

Not only did the terrifying ravings from the King of Angels contain the sounds of Amon’s chuckle, but they also wreaked havoc on Klein’s mental state. They were no weaker than Mr. Door’s roar.

The surface of Klein’s skin began to show signs of protruding Worms of Spirit as he was brought to the brink of losing control.

In his body, a twelve-segmented Worm of Time burrowed out, transforming into an Amon phantom wearing a black mage robe and a matching pointy hat and crystal monocle.

“He” had parasitized Klein at a superficial level, not to monitor his thoughts, but rather to take control of the situation at the critical moment through parasitizing him at a deeper level. “He” wanted to seize this opportunity!

In the beginning, Amon had used a “deeper level” of parasitizing with one main goal—to parasitize a Worm of Time at a superficial level, without the saint being able to detect it!

The Amon projection turned back and gave Klein, who was unable to straighten his thoughts after being disrupted by the ravings, a look. It revealed a smile that was identical to its true body.

The corners of “His” lips curled up slightly, carrying a look of endless joy.

“He” turned around and used the invisible connection to leap towards Sefirah Castle above the gray fog.

This was similar to the situation of “Him” parasitizing Derrick Berg and trying to use the crimson star that corresponded to The Sun to infiltrate the world above the gray fog.

But this time, no one was inside Sefirah Castle to purify “Him”—to close the “door,” to stop Amon.

This was a spectacular act.

This was the God of Deceit.

Chapter 1168: My Anchors

In the blink of an eye, Amon saw the grayish-white fog and the ancient and majestic palace above.

“He” just needed to reach out “His” hand and pass through the final obstacle to truly touch Sefirah Castle and directly occupy the place and, in essence, take it away.

But at that moment, a gigantic bluish-black palm suddenly appeared above the Amon phantom, blocking “Him” from entering Sefirah Castle.

Amon’s projection subconsciously turned its head and looked in the direction of the palm. It saw the pus-covered, one-eyed giant who had long since died.

Bladel, who was known as the God of Glory, still didn’t show any signs of life in “His” exaggerated vertical eye. The curse of the grayish-yellow fog kept emanating from “His” body.

However, it was different from before. There were seemingly illusory black tubes behind “His” back. They extended all the way into the infinite distance, a mystery as to what they were connected to.

Boom!

The towering bluish-black giant instantly condensed a broadsword formed from the orange-red light of dusk. Holding it in one hand, “He” cleaved down at the side of the deep ravine where Amon’s body was.

This youngest son of the Giant King, the one who had died due to the curse, suddenly unleashed an unimaginable power after roaming aimlessly for thousands of years.

The “Twilight Sword” tore through the void and jumped out from the spot where the Angel of Time, Amon, was standing. It ripped through everything around it, turning into a storm that could destroy this desolate moor.

Amon didn’t move and remained standing there. No matter how the orange-red “sword” storm raged, it didn’t harm “Him” at all.

“He” seemed to have used some sort of “error” in this world again.

However, in this state, Amon was no longer able to transmit “His” ravings into Klein’s mind, allowing him to finally gain a sliver of peace.

Ignoring how he was about to lose control, he regained his clarity of mind using the clear and real surroundings and the layers of prayer. Then, he immediately resonated with the dark red “figure” sitting at The Fool’s seat above the gray fog, and he established a new connection.

He didn’t hesitate to return to Sefirah Castle!

And at this moment, Amon’s phantom, which was attempting to infiltrate above the gray fog, was obstructed by the bluish-black palm of the God of Glory, Bladel. “He” wasn’t able to instantly break through the titanic obstruction.

The monocled King of Angels, be it “His” avatar or true body, opened “His” mouth and said a name, “Evernight.”

Yes, this was help coming from the Evernight Goddess, but it wasn’t without reason!

Although Klein lacked confidence in this matter, he had always kept it as one of his trump cards. He only believed that it might not be effective and had a very low chance of success. It could only be used as a glimmer of hope at his most desperate hour.

After entering the Forsaken Land of the Gods and obtaining some space to think on his own, he worked hard to find “resources” available to him that could be used. Then, he recalled something:

The matter of the former Chief of the City of Silver!

This Demon Hunter had attempted to switch to Sequence 3 Ferryman of the Death pathway, but he ended up turning into a monster inside the mausoleum he built.

This anomaly was related to illusory black tubes, and such a phenomenon had been seen from the Numinous Sect’s Artificial Death.

In other words, the mutation of the former Chief of the City of Silver was very likely related to Artificial Death.

This indirectly explained something—that for some unknown reason, those that could influence the Forsaken Land of the Gods, other than the True Creator, included Artificial Death who had come to “life” to a certain level.

And now, Artificial Death could be considered the Evernight Goddess in some ways!

Based on this reasoning, Klein suspected that the Goddess could use the Uniqueness of the Death pathway to exert a low level of influence to some degree on certain things in the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

In addition, there were only three people involved in the matter regarding the former Chief of the City of Silver. One of them was the current Chief, Colin Iliad; the demigod Elder, Waite Chirmont, and Shepherd Elder, Lovia. They were either Sequence 4 saints or an important believer of the True Creator. It was impossible for them to be completely unaware that they had been “parasitized” by Amon.

As for the only person who received feedback from the escapade, it was Derrick Berg who was under The Fool’s watch. He wasn’t one of Amon’s “Parasites” either.

In other words, Amon wasn’t aware of the former City of Silver Chief’s abnormality involving the black illusory tubes. That was key.

Therefore, even if “He” was able to guess that the Evernight Goddess had obtained the Uniqueness of the Death pathway, causing the God of Combat to have an intense reaction, there was no way for “Him” to know that this would bring about unforeseen developments to the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

With this knowledge in mind, Klein consciously performed certain tasks, despite not having much confidence.

In the city that believed in the phoenix, he didn’t take away the remaining Death pathway’s Beyonder characteristics, hoping to leave a trail.

After summoning Zaratul's historical projection, he didn't seize the opportunity to commit suicide immediately. On the one hand, he was afraid that Amon would still have the ability to stop him and affect his other arrangements; while on the other hand, he tried to use the summoning of the Servant of Concealment Arianna's projection to inform the Evernight Goddess about the exact situation.

After completing these two matters, Klein had no idea what the final outcome would be. He had mostly focused his attention on the fact that Amon's avatar had been replaced by "His" true body.

When he arrived at his final destination and saw the roaming angel's corpse, he had just thought of something when he was distracted by Amon's introduction. It took him only until now to realize that the Goddess had long gained some rudimentary control of this Giant King's youngest son through the Death pathway's Uniqueness. "She" had been patiently waiting for an opportunity to use this cursed angel.

And the concealment forces that filled the Forsaken Land of the Gods helped "Her" conceal the illusory black tubes very well.

Suddenly, in the ancient palace above the gray fog, at The Fool's seat situated at the end of the long, mottled table, the dark red figure that kept warping and scattering took the form of the scholarly Klein with his black hair and brown eyes.

With just a thought, Klein's consciousness and Spirit Body had returned to Sefirah Castle!

Following that, he used the close connection between his body and Sefirah Castle, together with the prayers of the Tarot Club members, to amplify the resonance effect. He then saw himself —glazed eyes, on the brink of losing control. He saw Amon's projection which had circled around the bluish-black palm using an "error."

The monocled Amon raised "His" head, making eye contact with Klein, who was seated at The Fool's seat.

Klein beckoned for the Sea God Scepter and raised it.

The entire gray fog boiled as the entirety of Sefirah Castle quaked.

A vast amount of terrifying power gathered over, transforming into a torrent of lightning. The blue gems that lit up at the same time sent an illuminating light that surged down like a torrent, drowning Amon's avatars and his own body.

A deep rumble of thunder echoed as the terrifying silver lightning tore everything it enveloped apart.

Amon's projection disintegrated, and Klein's body was destroyed.

He had finally succeeded in committing suicide.

After completing this attack, Klein, who was high above the gray fog, immediately cut off the connection between Sefirah Castle and the real world, so as to prevent Amon's true body from creating any new accidents.

Right on the heels of that, he began to wait for the "miracle" and waited for his "resurrection."

Beside the deep ravine which had grayish-white buildings at the bottom, Amon's true body adjusted the crystal monocle, stealing the curse that kept Bladel "existing."

The bluish-black giant immediately began to rot, quickly being reduced to bones. The illusory black tubes didn't persist, and they instead shrank back into the depths of the darkness.

Dressed in a pointed hat and a classic black robe, Amon stood there. "He" raised "His" head and looked into the sky silently for a few seconds, as though he was looking at Sefirah Castle through the fog of history.

Finally, "He" pinched the crystal monocle and muttered to "Himself" as the corners of "His" mouth curled up.

"Interesting."

…

In the ancient palace, at the end of the long, mottled table, Klein sat at the seat belonging to The Fool. He carefully looked down at the grayish-white fog.

He discovered that the Beyonder characteristics that had been destroyed with his body had unknowingly entered the Historical Void. It fused with the Worms of Spirit from the past, turning them corporeal.

As long as Klein willed it from Sefirah Castle, these Worms of Spirit would immediately be able to escape the fog of history and reform his body in the real world.

The miracle of “resurrection” was essentially a deeper use of one’s strength from the past.

“Miracles” happen using the past and future? Klein frowned slightly as he attempted to analyze how the “Miracle” in Miracle Invoker came about.

After thinking for a few seconds, he quickly pulled his attention back and attempted to revive himself in Sefirah Castle. Then, he discovered a problem:

His body could only be revived in the real world. Furthermore, it had to be within a certain range of his remains. As for his Spirit Body, it could be reborn above the gray fog, but Klein’s Spirit Body hadn’t been destroyed—it was sitting on the high-back chair of The Fool.

Obtaining help from the past works. The number of resurrections I’m using now is depleting the number I’ll have after I become a Miracle Invoker… From the looks of it, there’s only one chance now. Tsk… Amon should be guarding my “corpse” now. I have to think of a way to get out of this predicament…”His” sense of time is different from a human’s. He’s a very patient God of Mischief… Yes, my current state can only be maintained for three days. After that period of time, I won’t be able to borrow powers from the past to resurrect… If it really doesn’t work, I’ll just abandon my body and become an undead! Klein’s mind raced. Although he was somewhat vexed, he was in his most relaxed state over the past few days.

He finally got out of that nearly hopeless situation.

He looked at the high-back chairs that had symbols light up on their backs, as well as the burgeoning and contracting dark red stars. Klein exhaled and relaxed as he leaned back into his chair. He couldn’t help but reveal a smile.

“These are my anchors.”

Author’s Note: This arc has finally come to an end. The whole story’s origins was when I was reading the Cthulhu myth. When I saw the line about the stars being right, I suddenly thought of this: We often say that Cthulhu will awaken soon, but what happens if Cthulhu has already awakened…? For those who don’t know much about Cthulhu, it doesn’t matter. Just treat this name as an evil god. After all, the corresponding deities were completely reconstructed by me.

Chapter 1169: Klein's Plan

The flashing dark red glow slightly warmed Klein's heart. He felt that he wasn't that lonely, and that someone still remembered him.

As the illusory, overlapping sounds of prayers became clearer and clearer, turning increasingly real, noisy, and chaotic, he realized that Sefirah Castle was summoning him, and the resonance between the two was growing stronger.

After all the members of the Tarot Club had completed their prayers, Klein had a vague feeling that he could enter Sefirah Castle at any time, allowing his consciousness to manifest there instantly. However, he was still obstructed by that one last obstacle.

This problem was finally resolved after he completely digested the Scholar of Yore potion.

It was also because of this that he had the opportunity to return to Sefirah Castle before Amon broke past the obstruction from the God of Glory, Bladel.

In just two short days, all the members of the Tarot Club have prayed. Generally speaking, there shouldn't be a coincidence like this... Some aren't problematic, but there are some that seem to have been affected by the Goddess and Will... I was lucky enough, so I naturally had a good "development"... After careful thought, he realized how unreasonable certain parts were, but this was something that could be explained, and there was no need to pay too much attention to it.

After changing his seating posture slightly, Klein's gaze gradually darkened.

Although he felt that he might not be able to return "home" the moment he saw the door of light and cocoons, he still felt that his hopes were completely destroyed upon confirming that this world was his former hometown. The light of dawn was swallowed by the darkness.

Back then, using "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era" as an honorific name might be a revelation given to me by my spiritual intuition… In the deepest part of my heart, I might've sensed something… Yes, I remember that I transmigrated while I was sleeping. But why was I wearing a T-shirt and loose pants while hanging in the cocoon? Klein frowned slightly as he cast his gaze at the grayish-white fog under Sefirah Castle.

As he searched for the reason for the fragments of light in the fog of history, he tried hard to recall every detail of that fateful night.

Finally, he found the corresponding historical segment:

Zhou Mingrui, who was wearing a t-shirt and loose pants, set up the luck enhancement ritual before dinner. He took four steps counterclockwise and recited incantations like "The Immortal Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

In his memories, nothing had happened back then, but the scene in history wasn't like this!

After Zhou Mingrui finished his four steps and completed the ritual, his face turned pale and his eyes glazed over.

Following that, he ate his meal in a daze. He read books, watched dramas, and fiddled with his phone as if he was completing a predetermined program.

Finally, Zhou Mingrui came to the sink and looked at his lifeless eyes in the mirror. He brushed his teeth, washed his face, and went to bed.

During this process, he didn't change out of his T-shirt and loose pants. He covered himself with the blanket and closed his eyes.

Before long, an intense light and violent shaking ended the corresponding historical scene.

Klein couldn't help but raise his hand and rub his temples. He gave a self-deprecating laugh.

So the idea of there not being any changes and everything being normal after the luck enhancement ceremony was simply what I concluded. In actual fact, my body had already experienced certain anomalies…

If it were in the past, he would definitely feel horrified and scared about the truth of the matter. However, after suffering from shock so many times, with his world view nearly collapsing just moments ago, such a "trivial matter" was unable to generate any intense ripples in him.

However, after discovering this, combined with the Emperor's "transmigration"—a result of buying a mysterious silver plate—as well as one of the hanging Spirit Bodies in the transparent cocoons actually having a cell phone on them, Klein quickly had some guesses about what had happened back then.

It should be the owner of Sefirah Castle affecting reality, disseminating the luck enhancement ritual, mysterious silver plate, mutated cell phones, and other things. Anyone that obtains them and performs some required procedure would end up being pulled above the gray fog at some point, hanging by the door of light…

This was a random selection. It didn't point to a specific target. I don't know if I'm lucky or unlucky.

However, why was it named "Quintessential Divination and Arcane Arts of the Qin and Han Dynasty"? Was it randomly made up by the influenced humans, or was it really passed down from the Qin and Han dynasty era?

It's not that it's impossible. If the "when the stars are right" prophecy is true, and if it corresponds to the Creator—the Oldest One—then "He" has always been in a deep slumber underground. "He" was like that in ancient times, a time that was far more ancient than ancient times. As for Sefirah Castle, it's said that it was a manifestation of parts of "His" body… This isn't a sanctuary or escape pod…

In the beginning, the Oldest One was, on the one hand, waiting to awaken and destroy the world. On the other hand, "He" was trying to influence reality with a tiny amount of constant fluctuations. By disseminating the ritual and making other arrangements, wouldn't that be somewhat contradictory?

That prophecy must've been made by the humans that were influenced by "Him"…

Klein stretched out his right hand and lightly knocked on the edge of the long mottled table, stuck in a conundrum that was temporarily impossible to answer.

Soon, he remembered a sentence and some things.

That statement was:

“Whatever separates will definitely converge, and whatever converges will definitely separate.”

Those things were:

The ancient sun god, Amon and Adam’s father deliberately separated “His” negative personality;

Beyonders who were close to the ground or encountered some corruption would gradually form a brand new self;

After reaching the moon, Emperor Roselle’s personality had changed a little without him realizing it;

Many of the twenty-two Beyonder pathways were conflicting, just like Demoness and Hunter.

Perhaps the Creator—the Oldest One—was an amalgamation of contradictions, and “He” could only relieve this problem by sleeping… Klein had a certain guess, but he was unable to verify it.

He wasn’t even sure if the Oldest One, who would awaken when the stars were right, as spoken of in mythical legend in “his previous life,” was the Creator of all things who splintered into everything in present-day myths.

This required more clues and more evidence to confirm. He couldn't just rely on his own guesses and imagination.

It's not like I'm a Visionary, Klein thought in a self-deprecating manner. He then cast his gaze upwards. It was almost comprised solely of gray nothingness there, with some grayish-white clouds floating there.

There are still many things I need to confirm. For example, is that so-called "Chernobyl" a sanctuary created by humans after the awakening of the Oldest One? Or did the Beyonder characteristics of the twenty-two Beyonder pathways really originate from the Oldest One? Another would be the positions of the constellations. Is it actually normal, or is it abnormal now? Does the 1368 apocalypse correspond to the moment when the stars are right? And finally, the origins of the first Blasphemy Slate and what exactly is on the moon…

Thinking of this, Klein suddenly stopped tapping his fingers and softly said, "For example, the hometown of the Elves, the legendary Western Continent, whether it exists or not, and why can't anyone go there…"

The answer to his question was a long period of silence. He slowly leaned back and rested his arms on the armrest.

After a few minutes, Klein closed his eyes and had an idea. Or rather, he decided.

After he successfully revived, he planned on staying in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for some time to seek out some questions.

Just as Emperor Roselle had said, many of the answers were in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Blasphemer Amon had wandered here for more than a thousand years to explore the history that surpassed the First Epoch.

Furthermore, if he kept heading east in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, he might reach the legendary Western Continent... Klein cast his gaze outside the ancient palace as he looked into the distance.

To him, staying in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for some time was also a type of strategy. At the very least, this would attract the attention of Amon, making “Him” not need to mobilize “His” avatars in the outside world to search for Gehrman Sparrow in Loen or Backlund. That would bring great danger to the people that he knew.

Thankfully, the avatars of Amon who knew that I’m soft-hearted had been wiped out. The corresponding information was also not propagated because of the existence of concealment... If not for that, Amon might end up directly using the lives of Benson, Melissa, Leonard, and Miss Justice to threaten me... I don’t even dare to think of the outcome... Heh heh, the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck has finally shown its powers... Phew, even if I want to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods, I don’t have a solution now. I have to barge into the place where the Dark Angel is sleeping... Klein shook his head and felt that even if he could resurrect, he would be facing all kinds of dangers.

No matter how he thought about it, a Scholar of Yore wouldn’t last long if he were tracked by a King of Angels!

The key to the matter was that the Evernight Goddess was still digesting the Uniqueness of the Death pathway. “She” could only spare a limited amount of power for infiltrating the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Once the Angel of Time, who wielded the authority of “Error,” was prepared, it was nearly impossible to accomplish what had happened today.

On the one hand, I have to seek help from other possible existences. When I successfully revive, I will attempt to use my marionette to recite the honorific name of the Lord of Storms, Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom. Let's see if "They" have any means to descend into the Forsaken Land of the Gods. "They" had fed on the ancient sun god back then, so 'They' definitely do not wish for Amon to obtain Sefirah Castle…

On the other hand, since the Scholar of Yore's potion has been completely digested, I'll have to consider becoming a Miracle Invoker. As long as I have an angel's status and become a complete Mythical Creature, my situation will be much better. At the very least, I'll be able to withstand a wave of Amon's ravings when facing "His" true body… Klein decided to use the medium to spy on the terrifying maggot cluster on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range once his Spirit Body recovered. From there, he could obtain the knowledge corresponding to a Miracle Invoker.

It was highly likely that it was The Half-Fool of the Antigonus family!

After considering his future plans, he looked around and answered the crimson stars one at a time.

"The Tarot Gathering will proceed as usual today."

He wanted to see if Ma'am Hermit, Mr. Hanged Man, and the others could provide him with inspiration and allow him to be revived far away from Amon.

Of course, it was necessary to use an ingenious excuse.

After responding, the world above the gray fog became extremely quiet again. Klein sat at the seat of The Fool, temporarily with nowhere to go.

After a moment of silence, he leaned forward slightly and used his right hand to support his head, looking straight ahead.

On the long, mottled table, a variety of delicacies and exquisite candles appeared. As for the high-back chairs around it, they became even closer in style to the current times.

One figure after another appeared. One of them was an elderly man with a loud voice and silver strands in his black hair. Another was a woman who was nearly fifty years old. She had an Asian face with short hair that only reached her ears. Some of them were young men who were playing with their phones and enjoying the sumptuous food, while others were young ladies who were laughing and joking...

Behind them, new figures appeared one after another. It was the gray-eyed Dunn with a receding hairline, and Daly with her blue eyeshadow and blush.

With a smile on their faces, they surrounded the long, warm table surrounded by candlelight above the grayish-white fog. They chatted happily and commented on the delicacies from time to time.

Klein maintained his expression and posture as he propped his hand on the side of his face and silently watched this scene in stillness for an extended period of time.

Chapter 1170: Ritual

Backlund, North Borough.

Leonard, who had just arranged a mission for his team, saw the boundless gray fog and heard Mr. Fool's response.

He let out a long sigh of relief and said in a low voice, "Seems like there are no more problems."

Since Mr. Fool was able to provide feedback, as per normal, and convene the Tarot Gathering, it meant that "He" had already won the battle against Amon.

This way, Klein was likely able to escape from his predicament.

In Leonard's mind, Pallez Zoroast's slightly-aged voice scoffed:

"Don't count your chickens until they've hatched. After you enter Sefirah Castle, observe if The Fool is wearing a monocle on 'His' right eye."

"Are… Are you saying that the present Fool might be Amon in disguise?" Leonard's eyelids twitched as he hurriedly asked.

Pallez sighed and said, *"You can't eliminate this possibility. Amon can really do such a thing."*

"…I will take note." Leonard's relaxed state of mind instantly tensed up again.

…

On the Future, in the Sonia Sea.

Mr. Fool actually responded after so much time… Does this mean that The World Gehrman Sparrow’s disappearance had something to do with “His” plan? I can’t be sure. Perhaps Mr. Fool’s lack of response during this period of time was to save Gehrman Sparrow. And now, “He” has succeeded… “He” didn’t directly mention this matter. “He” is planning to let The World tell the story at the Tarot Gathering? After hearing Mr. Fool’s voice, many thoughts instantly flashed across Cattleya’s mind.

From Queen Mystic’s letter, she suspected that George III’s death was due to Mr. Fool’s interference. The disappearance of The World Gehrman Sparrow was also an extension of this matter.

Cattleya’s first reaction was to write to Queen Mystic Bernadette and tell her that Gehrman Sparrow has been found. However, after some thought, she suppressed her urge, and she prepared to participate in the afternoon’s gathering. She wanted to know the details and figure out what she could and couldn’t say before sending Queen Mystic feedback.

Regardless, it seems like the matter has been resolved. The Admiral of Stars exhaled and sat by the window in peace as she took in the blue sky.

…

In the periphery of a primitive forest on Sonia Island.

Alger Wilson stood on a thin tree branch, looking at the port and the blue skies not far away.

The strong winds around him swirled without dispersing as they affected the trees nearby.

As the illusory grayish-white fog appeared, Alger was first delighted before he felt a little terrified.

Mr. Fool only responded after quite some time… This means that "His" previous state was indeed a little abnormal.

However, *"He" has already recovered…*

"He" didn't respond to my loan request regarding The Sun's Unshadowed Crucifix. He discovered my test and discovered a hint of my hidden thoughts…

I can't do such things again in the future! Mr. Fool has only issued a simple warning this time. "He" might punish me directly next time.

Thou shalt not test God. Thou shalt not test God.

As his thoughts raced, Alger lowered his head and piously said, "Thank you for your kindness and forgiveness."

…

Backlund, inside the Hall family's luxurious villa.

Mr. Fool didn't pass on my question to Mr. World... Is this because the Tarot Gathering will proceed as normal in the afternoon, and there will be time for us to communicate? Audrey realized certain problems from the delay in the response. *Generally speaking, Mr. Fool's reply is very timely. It was more than fifteen minutes this time... "He" was handling other matters—very important matters? Is it related to George III's death?*

Regardless, a fifteen-minute delay wasn't too serious a problem. Audrey quickly retracted her thoughts and felt much better.

I'll know the truth from Mr. World later.

I hope that this incident won't have any more serious consequences, other than a full-scale war. At the moment, war is already unavoidable...

...

North Borough in Backlund. Beneath Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Mr. Fool didn't say that "He" would help me... Emlyn White held a cup of red liquid and frowned slightly.

He then interpreted the symbolic meaning of the response from another angle:

Mr. Fool specifically emphasized that the Tarot Gathering will proceed as normal in the afternoon. He wants to tell me that the opportunity to escape from the predicament lies with a member? Could it be The Star?

Uh, in short, I should be able to leave this week.

Emlyn had been taken into protective custody and kept behind Saint Samuel Church's Chanis Gate, so no matter what happened in the outskirts of Backlund, it was unlikely for it to affect him. Furthermore, it was impossible for him to suddenly escape from prison and head to places like the Blood Emperor ruins. Therefore, when Klein hinted to the other members last week, he hadn't been involved.

…

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

Upon hearing Mr. Fool's response, Derrick jumped up from bed, the excitement from his face was overflowing.

Mr. Fool hasn't disappeared! Mr. Fool hasn't forsaken the City of Silver like the Creator did!

He paced back and forth a few times, feeling the urge to immediately rush out of the room and head to the twin towers where he could tell the Chief the good news.

However, having had more than a year to mature, those experiences had left a clear mark on him. Finally, he calmed down and decided to attend the Tarot Gathering and obtain the promise of receiving the blessings before he sought the Chief again.

Perhaps, the lack of response during this period of time was a test of me, the Chief, and the City of Silver, one set by Mr. Fool. "He" wanted to see if we would rapidly lean towards the Fallen

Creator… It was unknown when Derrick's thought processes had a hint of The Hanged Man's colorful thoughts.

Of course, he didn't have any other thoughts because of this. From what he knew, it was very normal for deities to test their believers. Back then, the Creator had left behind many similar legends.

Despite being done with his contemplation, Derrick still couldn't sit still, and he continued pacing back and forth in his room.

He had never felt such anticipation towards the Tarot Gathering in the "afternoon."

In the City of Silver, in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, the "afternoon" was a relatively abstract concept. As there weren't enough labels to confirm the time, they could only use the frequency of the lightning to define day and night, without going into any finer details.

…

Backlund East Borough, inside a two-bedroom rental apartment.

"Ha." After receiving Mr. Fool's response, Fors couldn't help but laugh out loud.

As a best-selling author, she had a rich imagination. Before Mr. Fool responded, she had already come up with one terrifying story after another:

Mr. Fool had exchanged "His" death for George III's failure;

Mr. Fool’s ploy was discovered by the deities and was besieged;

Mr. Fool’s old injuries relapsed and “He” fell into a deep sleep. Without “His” blessings, The World Gehrman Sparrow was being pursued by “His” enemies...

These stories didn’t develop in the same way, but the end was very similar. Fors would once again succumb to the full moon’s ravings, eventually losing control and becoming a monster.

Phew... Fors exhaled and said to Xio with a beaming smile, “I just realized today that Mr. Fool is the most important man in my heart. Uh, a ‘Him.’”

“More importantly, you have to become a demigod as soon as possible and completely escape the curse of the full moon,” Xio replied seriously.

After joining the Tarot Club, she had learned of her friend’s true situation.

“Yeah!” Fors nodded and said with a smile, “In short, I need to drink a glass of wine to celebrate!”

...

Above the gray fog, inside Sefirah Castle.

After calming down, Klein used Cogitation to restore his Spirit Body state.

When I first learned Cogitation, I was required to imagine something that doesn't exist in this world so as to replace what's on my mind. That way, I can truly enter Cogitation. At that time, my first reaction was to outline an intercontinental missile from Earth, but I didn't succeed… Heh heh, I didn't think too much about it back then. Now, in hindsight, this might've already spelled certain problems… It's not something that doesn't exist in the world, but one that has been snuffed out in the fog of history… Klein rubbed his temples and naturally recalled a matter of the past.

He immediately focused his mind and planned on obtaining the Miracle Invoker potion formula before the Tarot Club.

At that moment, Amon was patiently guarding the spot where he had died. He could only stay in Sefirah Castle, so there was nothing else he could do.

After some consideration, he grasped towards the exterior of the ancient palace and pulled an item from the gray fog's Historical Void.

It was a black notebook bound with a hard-paper cover. paper.

The Antigonus family's notebook!

Sure enough… It's not a manifestation of the Uniqueness. It's just that there are some powers left behind by The Half-Fool of the Antigonus family… Klein sighed and threw the notebook onto the long bronze table in front of him.

This was because the content of the notebook might be problematic. He didn't intend to decipher the formula of the Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker through it. He was only using it as a medium for divination.

Following that, Klein conjured a pen and paper and wrote a divination statement:

“The original owner of this notebook.”

Putting down the pen, he picked up the paper and notebook, leaned back in his chair, and repeated the words he had just written.

After repeating it seven times, he entered a hazy dream. He saw a mountain peak that reached into the clouds. At the top of the mountain, there was a dilapidated towering palace that was separated from reality.

In the palace, there were many places covered with moss and weeds. At the very end of the hall was a huge stone chair. Its surface was inlaid with dull gemstones and gold. In the middle, countless transparent maggots were huddled into a cluster as they slowly squirmed and grew, extending out like slippery tentacles covered in patterns.

Unlike before, this time, Klein saw the “monster” directly and clearly saw “His” actual appearance.

The palace above the gray fog suddenly began to shake violently, and Klein’s figure was hoisted up in midair.

In the next second, his Spirit Body collapsed into numerous squirming Worms of Spirit that crawled all over the ground.

Sefirah Castle immediately quaked, and everything returned to its original state. Klein’s Spirit Body took form once again.

He sat at The Fool's seat and rubbed his temples before saying with a wry smile, "It really is The Half-Fool with the Uniqueness…"

After he muttered to himself, Klein did a slight recollection before picking up the pen and began to write down the knowledge he had obtained from prying into the secrets of the Mythical Creature.

"Sequence 2: Miracle Invoker

"Main ingredients: One heart of the Dark Demonic Wolf (God of Wishes) or the Beyonder characteristic of another Miracle Invoker.

"Supplementary ingredients: 300 ml of Dark Demonic Wolf's blood, one Worm of Time, one Worm of Star.

"Advancement ritual: Return a piece of history that has been left behind to the present era."

Chapter 1171: The Third One

Let a piece of history that has been left behind return to the present era… Return, not reappear… The meaning of the two are completely different. It's not sufficient for me to write the true history of the Fourth or Third Epoch and disseminate it to complete the ritual… Klein's right hand, which was holding the fountain pen, paused. He instinctively analyzed the contents of the Miracle Invoker potion.

After some thought, he found something that perfectly matched the ritual's requirements.

That was to let the people of the City of Silver escape the Forsaken Land of the Gods and return to the Northern and Southern Continents, allowing this history that had been left behind for two to three thousand years return to the present era!

This isn't any easier than escaping Amon's pursuit. The only way to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods is to enter the Giant King's Court and open the palace where Dark Angel Sasrir is in deep slumber. This is the ancient sun god's negative personality. It's ranked first among the Kings of Angels and is known as the Left Hand of God, the deputy of Heaven. "He" might even be stronger than the current Amon… Besides, "His" current state is being watched by the various deities… Yes, the more controllable aspect of this compared to my escape from Amon is that I can make sufficient preparations… Klein slowly exhaled and felt that there was a certain chance of completing the ritual.

In fact, he knew very well that, even without him, the City of Silver would make repeated attempts to open the door to the Giant King's residence and find a way to leave this forsaken land. It was as if they were moths darting towards the flames, even at the cost of death.

No matter what, with my "participation," the chances of success will definitely be higher than what it is now... Klein subconsciously wanted to open the door to the Dark Angel's slumber ground to attract Amon, creating chaos to offset the damage caused by the Dark Angel's awakening.

This was a tactic he was rather familiar with.

However, he eventually rejected this idea because it was too dangerous.

After spending some time with Amon and finally seeing the level of a King of Angels, Klein instinctively began to fear these terrifying existences. He no longer wanted to use the conflict between them to create chaos.

Just "Their" existence alone could cause irreparable damage to the surrounding Beyonders and the entire region!

Under such circumstances, trying to rely on "Them" to create a chaotic situation was no longer tottering on the edge of the abyss—if one wasn't careful, they would fall into the abyss and into eternal damnation. Therefore, it was best not to try.

Unless he had no other solution, to the point of escaping being just his wishful thinking, Klein didn't want to make such an attempt.

Indeed, a portion of a Miracle Invoker's Beyonder powers comes from history, which is why there's a ritual requirement like this... How did the other Scholars of Yore complete it? Looking at the parchment on the long bronze table, he thought of a possible solution from another angle. *If it were me, the only solution I can think of is to isolate some people or history from reality. Only when they are forgotten will I allow them to return to the present* *era. This might take centuries, or even longer… What an evil act… Heh heh, it reminds me of The Peach Blossom Spring… Those people living in utopia away from the outside world share some characteristics…*

After some thought, Klein believed that the difficulty of this ritual for Scholars of Yore was whether they could survive until the ritual was held. Furthermore, there were too many accidents that could interrupt self-isolation like that.

The Forsaken Land of the Gods has perfectly resolved these issues, but it also brings with it greater problems… Dark Angel Sasrir… What is the condition of this Heaven's deputy right hand now? Is it related to the resurrection of the ancient sun god… The level involved in such a matter has already reached the ceiling of this world… Why am I always involved in such matters… Klein gave a self-deprecating laugh. He could roughly guess that this was due to the destiny Sefirah Castle brought him.

After all, Blasphemer Amon was unwilling to shoulder such a destiny.

Retracting his wandering thoughts, he focused his attention back onto the Miracle Invoker potion formula.

The Worm of Star is from the Apprentice pathway? The supplementary ingredients contain three high-grade spiritual materials of the three neighboring pathways… I've already made the Worms of Time into Fate Siphon charms. There's no way to restore them. Let Leonard's grandpa 'lend' me another one? How can that be called 'lending'? I'm going to use the upgraded version of a Yesterday Once More charm to exchange for it!

Where should I find the Worm of Star…? There aren't many demigods from the Apprentice pathway that live in the real world… The Aurora Order's Saint of Secrets, Botis? However, I'm *stuck in the Forsaken Land of the Gods and can't deal with him... All I can do is ask Ma'am Hermit and Queen Mystic for help. At the same time, I have to urge Miss Magician to become a Traveler as soon as possible... Yes, I can also get her to ask her teacher where Worms of Cosmos might be...*

There's actually only one main ingredient. It's either the heart of the Dark Demonic Wolf or the Beyonder characteristic produced by other Miracle Invokers. It's no longer two as one...

Yes, that also means that, at this level, there are very few scattered characteristics. They've all gathered...

The Dark Demonic Wolf is also known as the God of Wishes. That's a standard angel, a subsidiary god. If I can't find any materials that can be used, wouldn't I be slaying a god?

The level of an angel can already be considered a hidden existence. There's a fundamental difference from being a Sequence 3...

Just thinking about it makes me scared...

After making a list of helpers that he could rope in, he felt a lot more at ease. He had a feeling that he no longer feared his debts when they reached a significant amount.

He lifted his right hand that was holding the fountain pen, and he continued to record what he had previously learned.

Most of this was something he already knew, and he could only use it as a reminder.

Finally, he wrote down incomplete information in the corner of the parchment.

"Sequence 1: Attendant of Mysteries

"Main ingredients: One Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic."

This piece of information meant that Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics were difficult to obtain through other means, with only three to choose from.

One of them is on The Half-Fool on the main peak of the Hornacis mountain range. It's with the Uniqueness. The other is with Zaratul. There's still one more. According to what Leonard said, the True Creator has clues to its location. Where could it be… Yes, Little Sun and the rest had hunted Shapeshifters in the northern city ruins, Nois. There seems to be a high-level existence of the Seer pathway lurking there. I wonder if it corresponds to Miracle Invoker or Attendant of Mysteries… Klein gradually had a thought, and he planned on visiting Nois for a preliminary investigation after he resurrected and escaped Amon.

After digesting the knowledge he had gained, he summoned his golden pocket watch from the junk pile and opened it to check the time.

Before he destroyed the Blood Emperor's ruin, he had sacrificed many things that he didn't need in battle, above the gray fog to prevent any damage.

Despite that, he still lost quite a bit after the battle and his eventual suicide. Furthermore, they were all extremely valuable. Just the thought of it made him almost lose control.

Groselle's Travels, Death Knell, Creeping Hunger, Fate Siphon charm, Flaring Sun Charms, Marionette Qonas and his equipment, Marionette Enuni and his two rings, and the adventurer's harmonica... No, I can't think about it anymore. Thankfully, I had thrown Azik's copper whistle above the gray fog ahead of time. Thankfully, I can still summon the Historical Void projections of these items. They're just accompanying me in a different form... Uh, probably not for Groselle's Travels... Klein's temples throbbed as he couldn't help but feel heavy.

He sighed and seriously mourned over the items, especially the mystical item that had accompanied him for a long time: Creeping Hunger.

After a long silence, Klein forced his attention back to the present. As he waited for the Tarot Gathering to begin, he casually thought about the ancient sun god and the other matters such as Chernobyl.

Suddenly, he frowned slightly.

Since this is my hometown, there have never been transmigrators. They're all ancient humans that were released by Sefirah Castle. Then, do places like the Chaos Sea also have similar existences? Was Chernobyl converted into a sanctuary?

According to what Amon said, and what I saw in my divination, the ancient sun god had indeed woken up in Chernobyl. Then, is he a "transmigrator" released from Sefirah Castle, or a survivor of a sanctuary?

If it's the latter, who's the third person inside the cocoon...

Upon thinking of this, Klein was alarmed as his pupils dilated slightly.

He already had a certain guess about the history of the elves. It likely had nothing to do with Sefirah Castle.

This way, he still couldn't find the correct corresponding identity of the third, or more correctly, the first "transmigrator."

This "transmigrator" didn't seem to leave behind any traces in history!

Without any hesitation, Klein's consciousness sank into the grayish-white fog. With the power of Sefirah Castle, he came directly to a certain part of history that was relatively distant.

It was made up of many fragments of light, and the clearest one was the suspended Zhou Mingrui above the door of light.

And beside Zhou Mingrui, the corresponding fog of history was instantly lit up due to his sufficient knowledge of Roselle. He saw a young man who also had his eyes tightly shut in the cocoon.

There was no need to verify it. Through that sense of familiarity and spiritual intuition, he confirmed that this was the former incarnation of Emperor Roselle Gustav, Huang Tao.

Without bothering to appreciate the Emperor's true appearance, Klein turned his gaze to the other side.

There was a transparent cocoon there, and the figure inside could vaguely be seen.

As he had already seen the other hanged figures, he had lit up many fragments of light in the fog of history. They interweaved and stimulated each other, barely allowing him to see the fuzzy area.

The figure inside was obviously a woman.

Female… A thought came to his mind as he realized that he had missed a direction when he analyzed the “transmigrator.”

“Transmigrators” had an objective mindset. They could completely control themselves and not leave any traces that exceeded the times, but there was one thing that couldn’t be avoided.

It was very obvious that Sefirah Castle was related to the three pathways related to the Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder. After the birth of a “transmigrator,” they had to quickly make a connection with one of these three pathways.

Not only was Klein involved in the case brought about by the Antigonus family’s notebook, but he also quickly had the opportunity to choose the Seer potion.

In Intis where Roselle was active, there was the Secret Order, and he got to know Zaratul early on.

According to this logic, the ancient sun god with the Marauder authority was indeed one of the reasonable suspects.

Klein immediately conjured a pen and paper and began listing the corresponding names he knew at the moment. For example, Fourth Epoch people from the Antigonus, Zaratul, and Abraham family, or the Kings of Angels surrounding the ancient sun god.

Before long, Klein’s gaze stopped on a few names.

The first person was none other than the ancient god, Flegrea, who clearly had the authority of Seer. Behind him was “His” subsidiary god.

The God of the Dead, Salinger, and the Goddess of Misfortune, Amanises.

The latter was also known as the Evernight Goddess.

Chapter 1172: “Unperturbed”

Klein stared at the parchment in front of him for a long time without moving.

After a while, he gently tapped the edge of the long mottled table, causing all the items that he conjured to disappear.

He summoned his golden pocket watch and opened it to take a look. He sent a message to Little Sun, informing him to prepare to participate in the Tarot Gathering.

About a thousand heartbeats later, dark red beams of light rose from the two sides of the long bronze table, condensing into different figures on different high-back chairs.

Without any gaps in time, all the members of the Tarot Club looked at the figure sitting at the very end who was shrouded in gray fog.

Seeing that Mr. Fool wasn’t wearing a monocle, Leonard inwardly heaved a sigh of relief. Then, he turned around and looked at the bottom of the long, mottled table to confirm the situation of The World Klein Moretti.

Similar to him, Cattleya, Audrey, and Fors instinctively turned their attention to The World Gehrman Sparrow after seeing Mr. Fool.

One of them knew that The World was in a dangerous situation and could only seek Mr. Fool’s blessings. Another had failed to receive any feedback for two days, and she suspected that

Gehrman Sparrow had really been embroiled in the matter regarding George III, with something definitely having happened during that time. The final one knew that George III's matter was extremely risky, and was a little worried that Mr. World would suffer serious injuries.

Seeing that The World Gehrman Sparrow was perfectly fine without any abnormalities, Audrey retracted her gaze, curtsied, and bowed towards the end of the long bronze table.

“Good afternoon, Mr. Fool~”

With the world situation becoming even more chaotic, she felt a little comforted by the fact that the Tarot Club could still maintain its original state. This significantly improved her mood.

After the Tarot Club members bowed under Miss Justice's lead, The Fool Klein nodded slightly, indicating for everyone to sit down.

Then, he slowly surveyed the area and smiled.

“It seems all of you were very concerned whether today's Tarot Gathering would proceed as usual.”

Upon hearing this, Alger's heartbeat sped up as he heard thumping sounds.

Without a doubt, he believed that Mr. Fool was referring to him, and was giving him a gentle punishment.

In other words, “He” had given him a chance to repent.

Alger lowered his head and said with a trembling voice, “We weren’t pious enough and thought too much.”

Uh… Why is Mr. Hanged Man apologizing on my behalf… Fors, who had instructed Xio to ask Mr. Fool if the Tarot Gathering would proceed as scheduled, was stunned for a moment before she gave up on thinking. She then turned to the end of the long bronze table and lowered her head. She repeated, “We weren’t pious enough and thought too much.”

So I wasn’t the only one who prayed to Mr. Fool over the past few days… Mr. Hanged Man claims to have overthought things because there was a possibility that the Tarot Gathering would be canceled, causing him to have some unnecessary speculations? But Fors shouldn’t have thought of that… Audrey looked across the table and then to her sides, feeling enlightened.

The Fool nodded and looked around again.

“Such concern is considered normal.”

He laughed and sighed.

“I’ve recently used The World’s body to play a game with Amon in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Thankfully, we didn’t have to skip this Tarot Gathering.”

Everything he said was the truth, but what the others would decipher from this information was definitely far from the actual situation.

And this way, even if the news of The World Gehrman Sparrow being equal to The Fool was released, the members of the Tarot Club would only sneer in their hearts that Amon was trying “His” deceitful tricks again. To have a period of time that The World was equal to The Fool didn’t necessarily mean that The World was always equal to The Fool. A portion of the truth was also a lie.

Played a game with Amon… Old Man’s guess was right. Mr. Fool was deliberately using Klein to bait Blasphemer Amon… From the looks of it, “He” had obtained a rather satisfactory outcome, allowing Amon to suffer a terrible loss… Leonard, who had long come up with speculations, felt that this was completely in line with his expectations and didn’t doubt Mr. Fool’s words at all.

Mr. Fool didn’t reply for fifteen minutes because “He” was in a critical moment battling Amon? “He” has already recovered to such a state? Audrey was pleasantly surprised and shocked when she heard that. For some reason, she felt a strong sense of honor.

Alger could also tell from Mr. Fool’s words that “He” had taken another step towards “His” recovery. He was actually able to hold the upper hand against a King of Angels.

This made him even more frustrated at himself for having doubts and testing The Fool.

Mr. Fool had hinted in advance that the Tarot Gathering might be canceled because “He” had long predicted that there would be a conflict between “Him” and Amon? In fact, it’s even possible that “He” had taken the initiative to create this episode by setting up a trap for Amon? Alger instantly made many connections and felt that there was no way he could hide his thoughts in front of such a high-level existence.

He warned himself once again: *I can't do such things again!*

So Mr. World didn't provide any feedback because his body was being used by Mr. Fool to resist Amon… That King of Angels, Amon, is truly powerful. Mr. Fool actually needed to personally take action… Fors and Xio exchanged looks, not having any more doubts about their previous questions.

Cattleya roughly understood the reason why The World had disappeared. She also guessed that the messenger who had the contractual ties with The World likely wasn't able to enter the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

At the same time, she was surprised by the appearance of a King of Angels appearing on-stage in the present times. She felt that this was one of the signs of the apocalypse.

Emlyn wasn't aware of what happened recently. He merely looked at everyone with a somewhat blank look. For some baffling reason, he felt that he had been locked behind Chanis Gate for far more than a week or two. Perhaps it had been a month or two, to the point that he felt like he no longer had a grasp over the current situation.

Mr. World has come to the Forsaken Land of the Gods… Did Mr. Fool use his body to engage in a battle with that terrifying Amon? Derrick was first alarmed before he felt a strong sense of joy.

This meant that the City of Silver's next exploration would receive tremendous help!

He immediately looked towards the end of the long bronze table, and he blurted out, "Honorable Mr. Fool, the Chief wishes to receive your blessings for a ritual. Are you agreeable to such a request?"

Having long learned of this from his prayers, Klein nodded slightly and said, “Sure.”

After receiving his promise, Derrick couldn’t help but smile. For a moment, he didn’t know how to express his gratitude.

Two seconds later, he lowered his head and said loudly, “My faith lies only with Mr. Fool!”

The Fool nodded and turned to look at Ma’am Hermit. He warmly said, “What questions do you have this time?”

Uh, the Queen didn’t say anything in her letter… Cattleya was taken aback as she decided to first ask something she wanted to know. After all, she could still ask several questions.

She deliberated for two seconds before saying, “Honorable Mr. Fool, what’s the truth behind George III’s death?”

The moment The Hermit said that, Justice Audrey and company immediately focused their attention.

This was exactly what they wanted to know.

Amongst them, The Star Leonard had a certain level of understanding over the matter. He was more concerned about the deeper reason behind this incident.

And among the members of the Tarot Club, the only one who was more confused about the situation was Emlyn. His mind was filled with thoughts like, “what?” and “what happened?”

He hadn't even read the newspapers recently, so he didn't know that King George III had been assassinated.

As for The Sun, although he wasn't sure why George III died for no reason, he didn't care at all.

The Fool Klein smiled and said calmly, "George III wanted to become the Black Emperor. And for this reason, he dug up the Tudor ruins, engaged in human trafficking, and created the Great Smog of Backlund. He initiated a war, allowing the Feysac airships to bombard Backlund. Unfortunately, he failed at the final ritual, and the secret mausoleum he needed for the ritual was destroyed."

He briefly described the entire incident in the calmest tone he could make, doing so without mentioning what he had done.

It would be beneath Mr. Fool to explain the situation on "His" own accord.

The Great Smog of Backlund... The airship raid... This was all done by George III to become a god? Audrey's eyes widened as she instantly recalled the two things she had experienced before.

Suddenly, she understood why The World Gehrman Sparrow wanted to stop George III from becoming a god.

She knew that he was a gentle and kind gentleman, and he would definitely not allow the culprit behind these two tragic cases to go scot-free.

If it were me, I would also have thought of doing so, but I would hesitate and be stopped by the possibility of ill developments... As *for Mr. World, he is firm and decisive... This is a matter that involves the deities. Yes, there should also be the will of Mr. Fool in this matter...* Audrey glanced at The World Gehrman Sparrow, who was sitting silently at the other end of the long, mottled table. She nodded slightly to express her agreement.

Black Emperor... George III wished to become a god? This... Yes, Mr. Fool has the Black Emperor Card of Blasphemy. Gehrman Sparrow was previously investigating the matter of the Great Smog and human trafficking... Indeed, all of these are connected together. There was actually such a secret hidden behind it... From the looks of it, Mr. Fool's goal has been achieved. "His" plan has succeeded... Therefore, "He" has taken one more step towards "His" recovery. "He" can now face off with a King of Angels head-on... The more Alger thought about it, the more fearful and spirited he became. He felt that, despite knowing of some clues ahead of time, he was completely unaware of Mr. Fool's setup.

Amidst the shock experienced by Leonard, Fors, and the other members of the Tarot Club, Cattleya, who already had a premonition, suppressed her emotions and decided to ask another question:

"Honorable Mr. Fool, what's the attitude of the seven deities regarding this matter?"

Chapter 1173: Advice

Good question… The Fool Klein inwardly praised her, and he explained by using the Red Angel evil spirit's explanation in his own words:

"The seven deities wish to have a Black Emperor, but 'They' are not unanimous in their candidate for the Black Emperor.

"When George III successfully obtained the ticket to becoming one through secret preparations, the seven deities had no choice but to accept it, regardless of whether they approved of 'Him' or not."

So that's the situation… Apart from The Moon Emlyn and The Sun Derrick, the other members of the Tarot Club were enlightened. They roughly understood why the Churches acted in a rather contradictory manner when faced with the tragedies of the Great Smog of Backlund, the deaths caused by the Feysacian air raid, and George III's assassination.

Following that, they suddenly had a question:

Since George III had already made preparations and had reached the final step of carrying out the ritual while obtaining the tacit approval of the seven deities, why would "He" fail?

They immediately thought of an answer:

Because Mr. Fool didn't agree to it.

Hmm… In the destruction of George III's Black Emperor ritual, the Churches probably didn't do anything to stop it. Perhaps, they even provided some help to Mr. Fool's subordinates… Did the Church of the Lord of Storms make use of this chaos to secretly do something? No, they likely wouldn't conceal it too much… Leonard recalled all the details he had previously discovered, and he was confident of his grasp over the overall situation.

The seven deities' tacit approval… Mr. Fool vetoed it and sent The World and other Blessed to secretly destroy George III's apotheosis ritual… But what has this got to do with the Queen? Why did she discover that Gehrman Sparrow has gone missing? Hmm, Black Emperor… The Queen might've participated in the operation led by Mr. Fool, and later, discovered that a participant had gone missing… Cattleya made a guess at the truth through her rich knowledge and insight.

And at this moment, Emlyn had just managed to make heads and tails of the discussions that had just been discussed, and he managed to understand the developments outside during his time in protective custody.

George III had secretly plotted to become a god and received the seven deities' tacit approval. In the end, Mr. Fool's Blessed destroyed "His" ritual, causing him to die on the spot!

Seeing that everyone was silent, The Fool Klein looked at The Hermit Cattleya and said, "Any other questions?"

"There's nothing else this time." Cattleya bowed her head even lower. She was more respectful than before towards the mighty figure at the end of the long bronze table.

Although she had long known that Mr. Fool had the Snake of Fate, Death Consul, and Ancient Bane under "Him," and was in secret control of the Life School of Thought, she still never expected that the powers Mr. Fool could mobilize in the real world were able to destroy a king's apotheosis ritual. Furthermore, "He" had foiled a plot of a King of Angels, the son of the Creator.

Mr. Fool's hidden forces are more exaggerated than I imagined… What effect do the members of the Tarot Club exert on "Him"? A backing faction? Individual growth? Or is it just a backup plan? Cattleya instantly thought of many things and momentarily forgot that she was already a Sequence 4 demigod. No matter which organization she was in, she was considered a member of the upper echelons.

Just the feats displayed by Mr. Fool is enough to make a saint lack confidence… Justice Audrey only took a glance at Ma'am Hermit before she interpreted her mental state.

At this moment, The Fool Klein nodded.

"You may begin."

Upon hearing this, Leonard immediately turned to the other end of the long, mottled table and said to The World, "How's your situation now?"

Fors, Xio, Audrey, and the other members of the Tarot Club also cast their gazes over, expressing their concern for The World Gehrman Sparrow's situation.

From their point of view, Mr. World, who was stuck between Mr. Fool and Angel of Time Amon as a combat tool, was probably in a bad situation. His survival meant that he was already considered lucky enough.

Feeling the varied concern, Klein controlled The World and chuckled hoarsely.

“Not too bad, but not too good either.

“It’s all thanks to Mr. Fool’s grace that I finally obtained a secret from Amon, but I haven’t completely escaped from ‘His’ grasp”

Without waiting for everyone to respond, he continued, “I’m currently in a rather sticky situation.

“I relied on Mr. Fool’s powers to enter a certain concealed state and temporarily extricate myself from Amon’s grasp. However, if I were to dispel this state and return to the real world, I’ll only find myself back where my body is. And it’s very likely that Amon is still loitering nearby.

“I would like to make an attempt at finding a solution. I wonder what your opinions are regarding this matter?”

The meaning behind The World Gehrman Sparrow’s words was very clear. He wanted to rely on himself first, leaving Mr. Fool’s help as a last resort.

And his actual meaning was essentially the same: Find a way to bypass the restrictions first. And in the case that his solution didn’t really work, then he would consider living in the state of being undead.

Solution? Alger and company were suddenly a little excited because the suggestions they provided would be used to fight against a King of Angels.

If they were employed and were of use, then this would be a proud moment in their life, one that would remain for the rest of their lives!

Audrey was just about to speak in excitement when she retracted her words. This was because she knew that she couldn't give random suggestions; otherwise, it could lead to Mr. World getting caught by Amon.

Xio thought about it seriously and realized that she couldn't come up with any useful suggestions. She could only choose to observe and learn.

"Must it be where your body originally was? Do you have any blood or hair that was kept elsewhere?" Alger thought for a moment and gave a suggestion using a question.

The Fool Klein thought for a moment and made The World shake his head.

"No."

Compared to his original body, a single tube of blood was too little.

Thinking of this, Klein suddenly had an idea:

Perhaps he could use those two tubes of blood as ingredients, combining them with other methods, using Alchemical Life to create a new body!

There are two problems. Firstly, Alchemical Life requires the Spirit

Body's involvement; otherwise, the final product might not be considered my body. Secondly, I don't know any demigods who can complete Alchemical Life. The only one barely related to them is Frank Lee… Will I end up becoming a mushroom man? Then, I'd be better off as an undead… As Klein thought about it, he nearly shivered.

After The Hanged Man's suggestion was rejected, The Hermit Cattleya set off from her knowledge of mysticism. She deliberated and asked, "Do you have a Sequence 3 Sealed Artifact?"

"Why do you ask?" The World asked.

"A Sequence 3 Sealed Artifact can respond to prayers within a certain range. You can make use of that," Cattleya explained simply.

Klein roughly understood what Ma'am Hermit was thinking.

"You're talking about 'descent?'"

"That's right. Get someone to set up a descent ritual at the periphery, and you should be able to respond to it in your own concealed state." Cattleya first glanced at The Sun and described the specific plan. Then, she realized something as she asked, "Do you really have a Sequence 3 Sealed Artifact?"

She originally wanted The World to seek Mr. Fool's bestowment.

"I'm already a Sequence 3 Beyonder," Klein replied simply as he controlled The World.

“…” The members of the Tarot Club were momentarily speechless.

They knew very well that Mr. World must’ve advanced to Sequence 4 at the end of June to become a demigod.

And now, it was December of the same year!

The Queen once said that using the blood of the Snake of Fate to advance would make it easier for me to become a Sequence 3 Clairvoyant than others… Besides, the Tarot Club has given me plenty of precious mysticism knowledge. It has greatly helped me digest the potion… But even so, I still need another half a year before I have a chance of attempting to reach Sequence 3… The Hermit Cattleya subconsciously looked around and discovered that the other members wore stupefied and envious looks.

She sighed silently and said, “Is my suggestion useful, Mr. World?”

The World Gehrman Sparrow shook his head.

“There is a huge restriction when responding in that state.”

Once he chose to descend, it would mean that he would begin the rest of his life—no, afterlife—as an undead.

Perhaps, I can combine the two methods… Yes, I can use the method of praying to The Fool, Sea God, or Protector of magic and drama performers to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods, but that’s not urgent. It’s too easy to reveal the truth… The Fool Klein made The World look at The Star Leonard while in thought.

Leonard instantly understood what he meant. He tersely acknowledged.

"I'll go back and do some research to see if there are any other ideas."

Clearly, his true intention was to ask Old Man when he was back. "He" was an angel who knew Amon rather well. Perhaps, he could come up with suggestions that no one else could think of.

This was the answer that Klein wanted. He immediately made The World say, "Okay."

After the discussion of how to escape his predicament came to an end, The World Gehrman Sparrow looked at Fors.

"Help me ask the Abraham family if they still have any Worms of Cosmos that have yet to lose their spirituality. If there are, what will be the price for the exchange."

A Worm of Star was a high-level spiritual material. Most of the time, it didn't contain any Beyonder characteristics. Therefore, their spirituality would suffer an irreversible loss. Without any special methods, it would be difficult to preserve it for too long.

Worms of Cosmos… Fors was taken aback before she nodded.

"Alright."

After receiving an answer, Klein made The World cast his gaze at The Hermit Cattleya.

“If Miss Magician isn’t able to exchange for a Worm of Star from the Abraham family, I would like to entrust you with a mission.”

“What mission?” Cattleya asked with interest.

The World said with a smile, “Hunt the Aurora Order’s Saint of Secrets, Botis.”

Chapter 1174: Joint Operation

The Aurora Order's Saint of Secrets, Botis... Mr. World wants to hunt him? Fors's first reaction was that she had heard wrongly. After all, Gehrman Sparrow had no connection to the Saint of Secrets.

However, she quickly had a rough idea from the Worm of Star that had just been mentioned.

This made her suddenly excited and thrilled. This was because she also wanted to hunt the Saint of Secrets, Botis, to avenge her teacher's family. However, due to her lacking strength and the inability to pay for it, she had kept this thought to herself.

Although it sounds like Mr. World doesn't plan on personally taking action, Ma'am Hermit is also a Sequence 4 demigod, and she has the support of that Queen Mystic behind her... I can provide the utmost support within my abilities! As her thoughts raced, Fors cast her gaze at The Hermit beside her, waiting for her reply.

After some thought, Cattleya said, "Botis is very likely a saint of the Apprentice pathway. It's very difficult to hunt him. Besides, he has the Rose Redemption backing him and the True Creator's protection. With my current level, it's almost impossible for me to complete this mission solely on my own."

"You can seek the help of Queen Mystic. I will also arrange for other partners for you." Klein made The World Gehrman Sparrow reply in a low and hoarse voice, "The reward is the right to choose the spoils of war first, and mysticism knowledge that will allow you to digest the potion within this year."

It's December… Cattleya's heart palpitated when she heard that. She deliberated and said, "When the time comes, I will try, but I cannot guarantee success."

No matter how difficult the mission of hunting the Saint of Secrets was, it couldn't be as dangerous as accepting the knowledge injection process from the Hidden Sage. And as for the mysticism knowledge provided by the latter, they didn't necessarily aid in digestion. There was a high probability that it included mathematics, machinery, and literature.

"No problem. As long as you do it seriously, I'll still compensate you with the mysticism knowledge even if you fail in the end." The World nodded and confirmed the deal.

At this moment, Fors finally couldn't help but speak out:

"Mr. World, Ma'am Hermit, can I join this mission? I might be able to provide some help."

Even if you didn't, I would've gotten you to… The Fool Klein secretly laughed and made The World nod gently.

"There's a spot reserved for you in this mission."

Fors wasn't surprised at all. She asked curiously, "What can I do? What do you need me to do?"

Gehrman Sparrow replied in an extremely calm tone, "Bait."

"…" Fors opened her mouth, momentarily at a loss for words. She had a feeling that she knew that this would happen.

The World Gehrman Sparrow continued, “Similarly, you also have the right to choose the spoils of war. You’ll be just after Ma’am Hermit.

“Also, during this period of time, I can help you record Beyonder powers like ‘Traveling.’”

Fors had never expected a reward, as it was her greatest reward to be able to exact revenge successfully. In the future, she might even receive additional rewards from her teacher. Without any hesitation, she nodded and said, “Okay.”

The World immediately cast his gaze towards Miss Justice.

“How’s the digestion of your Dreamwalker potion?”

Thanks to the expedition into Groselle’s Travels and the persistence she had put into her acting, the speed at which she digested the potion was very fast. Her eyes darted around as she thought for a moment.

“I’ve already concluded the acting principles. In another two to three months, I should be able to completely digest it.”

It’s a little slow… Klein mumbled inwardly as he made The World say, “Create more opportunities to act.

“If you can digest the potion before Ma’am Hermit attacks the Saint of Secrets, I can give you Hvin Rambis’s Beyonder characteristic ahead of time as payment so that you can join in on the operation.”

Klein believed that he would have to stay in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for a very long time. Most of the matters in the outside world could only be interfered with through the members of the Tarot Club. It was also beneficial for him to increase their strength as soon as possible.

Furthermore, he wasn't directly giving it to her. The difficulty of hunting the Saint of Secrets Botis was just as Cattleya had said. It was rather difficult.

"Alright!" Audrey was just fretting over how she could accumulate more credit with Mr. World. Therefore, she naturally agreed without any hesitation when she heard his offer.

In her heart, the members of the Aurora Order were lunatics and destructive maniacs. There was no need to find a reason to deal with them!

In addition, Audrey had previously been troubled by her lack of experience as a Beyonder. This gave her a chance. Although it was rather dangerous, it was still an opportunity.

Gehrman Sparrow sure is generous... To provide the knowledge that can help a Mysticologist digest the potion and a Sequence 4 demigod characteristic... This shouldn't only be for the Worm of Star. It sounds like a supplementary material... He's helping the members of the Tarot Club improve as quickly as possible according to Mr. Fool's will, so as to be effective in the future? Alger listened to The World's conversation with the other members and vaguely grasped a certain truth.

This made him rather vexed. He suspected that if he hadn't lacked faith and had other thoughts, to the point of foolishly testing Mr. Fool, he might've already been "assigned" a mission that could aid him in pushing open the door of godhood.

At that moment, Justice, who had agreed to the request, glanced at The Magician and said with a faint smile, “I’m looking forward to the Abraham family not having any Worm of Star.”

“Me too.” Fors nodded seriously, indicating that she had the same thoughts.

Seeing that The World was done speaking, Cattleya thought for a moment and said to Judgment, “Do you want to join this mission? Do some intelligence gathering on the periphery. Your ability in this area left a deep impression on me.”

Even without Ma’am Hermit’s invitation, Xio wouldn’t refuse in helping her friend. She nodded gently and said, “I don’t have a problem if the operation is in Backlund. If it’s somewhere else, my role would be greatly discounted.”

A Sheriff and their own area of jurisdiction were always connected. The more familiar they were with the place, the better they could showcase their abilities. Once they exceeded that range, they could only rely on their Beyonder powers.

“Your reward is being third to choose the spoils of war.” Cattleya looked at The Star once again. “If there’s a need, I hope you can allow the official factions to appear at the right moment.”

Leonard chuckled.

“I hope you don’t have to go that far.

“My reward shall also be a spoil of war.”

…If my dear poet friend here wasn't invited in the end, then the mission of hunting the Saint of Secrets would've nearly become a sorority for the female members of the Tarot Club… The Fool Klein muttered inwardly as he made The World Gehrman Sparrow finalize the matter. All that was left was to wait for the Abraham family's feedback.

Following that, Alger and Derrick reached a rental arrangement for the Unshadowed Crucifix.

Just as they entered the free exchange segment, Emlyn couldn't help but look towards the end of the long bronze table.

"Honorable Mr. Fool, can you give me a hint? How should I escape protective custody?"

The Fool, who was shrouded in the gray fog, nodded slightly and said simply, "This week."

His answer was said with great confidence, but it wasn't a prophecy, but a judgment of the situation.

The current situation had Feysac and Intis attacking Loen, while Feynapotter was attacking Loen"s allies—Lenburg, Masin, Masin, etc. The three Churches definitely didn't wish to suffer any damage the Sanguine could bring while already having existing enemies. Therefore, Emlyn would be released very soon, but it was hard to say for Father Utravsky.

Similarly, the Sanguine's focus would definitely be shifted to the global situation. It was unlikely for them to have the motivation to continue probing Emlyn and his other "partners."

In addition, in the past two days, the one whose reason for praying was the most forced—apart from Xio—was Emlyn White. Klein suspected that he had been locked in the basement of Saint Samuel Cathedral all this time because it was convenient for the Goddess to exert "Her" influence on him. Now that the matter had ended, he was no longer of any use.

Combined with the three factors, it wasn't difficult to conclude that Emlyn would be free in no time.

The only exception was that if this fellow had really been forgotten. Be it the Church of Evernight or the Sanguine, they had forgotten that there was such a fellow locked behind Chanis Gate. If that was the case, Klein would get The Star Leonard to provide him with some assistance.

Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief and sincerely thanked Mr. Fool.

At the end of the free exchange, The World Gehrman Sparrow suddenly looked at The Hanged Man.

"You said that you've already arrived on Sonia Island and are inside the primitive forest?"

"Yes," Alger replied in puzzlement.

Gehrman Sparrow pondered for a moment.

"You can try to seek out an elven ruin. Perhaps you might chance upon some sort of opportunity."

Alger suddenly thought of the Book of Calamity and the scenes he had seen in his dream. He nodded thoughtfully and said, “Alright.”

After another round of exchanges, the Tarot Gathering came to an end. Audrey and company stood up and bowed before leaving the world above the gray fog.

…

After returning to his body, Leonard immediately lowered his voice and described Klein’s predicament. Finally, he said, “Old man, do you have any good suggestions?”

“*My suggestion? I think it’s better to ask The Fool for help*,” Pallez Zoroast replied without any hesitation.

“…” Leonard coughed lightly and said, “Aren’t you going to use this opportunity to make things difficult for Amon?”

Chapter 1175: Ideas Are Very Important

"Making things difficult for Amon?" Pallez Zoroast chuckled. *"What benefits can there be? Otherwise, forget it."*

Leonard was momentarily at a loss for words. After a few seconds, he said, "At least it can make you feel good."

Pallez chuckled.

"I will feel better if you don't bring this topic up."

Without waiting for Leonard to respond, this Sequence 1 angel from the Marauder pathway sighed with "His" slightly-aged voice.

"Doesn't your former colleague have a Deceit Charm? Perhaps he can use this to come up with a solution."

After getting rid of the Amon avatars in Backlund, Pallez had given the godhood symbols and magic labels needed to make four charms—Deceit, Parasite, Deprivation, and Aging—to Leonard. Leonard had passed on this knowledge to Klein, and the latter had used the knowledge and the Worms of Time to create one Deceit, Parasite, and Deprivation bullet each. Later on, he had used them to deal with Qonas Kilgor, but Leonard wasn't aware of this.

Leonard whispered thoughtfully, "Old Man, are you saying that by using the Deceit charm, you can mislead Amon and cause him to misidentify the location, preventing him from influencing Klein's escape?"

In his mind, Pallez Zoroast snapped back, *"Do you think it's possible to use a Deceit charm in front of a Marauder pathway's King of Angels?"*

It's impossible… Leonard laughed dryly and pressed in a thick-skinned manner, "What do you mean then?"

Pallez Zoroast's voice suddenly sounded more spirited:

"Deceive the rule that one can only return to where one's body is!"

"Deceive the rule? That works too?" Leonard asked in shock.

Pallez gave a self-deprecating laugh and sighed.

"Compared to deceiving Amon, deceiving a rule is much easier. After all, underneath this world is madness and chaos."

This sentence made Leonard speechless for a moment. On the one hand, he wasn't experienced enough. He didn't know that orders and laws could be deceived, and on the other hand, he never expected that, in Old Man's heart, Amon was even more terrifying than the laws of nature and the order of the world.

After nearly ten seconds, he spoke again, "With this method, how high is the possibility of success?"

"It's very, very low," Pallez said with a sneer. *"However, the probability of deceiving the order of the world like this with a Deceit charm made from a Worm of Time from Amon's avatar is very, very low. Therefore, my suggestion is still to get him to make a request to The Fool for help. Don't waste any more time. When*

fighting Amon, the longer the delay, the more dangerous it will be.”

Leonard pondered for a moment before nodding in agreement.

“I understand. I’ll also advise him to do so.”

Of course, he wouldn’t forget mentioning the highly improbable method that Old Man had suggested.

“It’s good that you understand. Seriously, disturbing an old man’s reading…” As Pallez mumbled, “His” voice gradually lowered and disappeared from Leonard’s mind.

In 7 Pinster Street, the newspaper that was placed on the coffee table suddenly flew up and automatically spread open over the sofa.

…

Using a Deceit Charm to deceive the requirement that I can only resurrect where my original body is? Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, Klein reconstructed Pallez Zoroast’s “suggestion” in his own words.

As soon as he finished speaking, he recalled the animal hide lantern that kept burning: Amon had deceived the laws of nature, allowing the candle to remain in a magical state and continue burning for a week without needing any fuel.

His eyes lit up as he whispered, “This line of thought is something only an angel from the Marauder pathway can think of immediately…

“It might not be impossible!”

Like Pallez, he did feel that, compared to dealing with Amon, it was much easier to deal with the laws of nature.

After seeing hope, he immediately analyzed the possible outcome:

Although I’ve already used the Deceit Bullet, I can summon it from the Historical Void. After all, before the effects end, I’ll definitely reform my body and successfully resurrect…

The laws of nature are truly pitiful. Not only will they be deceived, even the item used to deceive it is fake…

The only problem is that the bullet might not be able to deceive the mysticism law. It was already a little difficult to deal with Qonas Kilgor back then…

Amidst his thoughts, he slowly surveyed the area and gradually gained inspiration.

That was to use Sefirah Castle!

After gaining initial control of Sefirah Castle, he could already mobilize the power of a Sequence 2 angel here.

And many of the things he had come into contact with previously had explained that the authority of Sefirah Castle had a high probability of spanning over the three pathways of Seer, Apprentice, and Marauder. It could generate a convergence effect on the corresponding Beyonders, and it had clearly attracted the attention of Amon.

That was to say, Klein suspected that Sefirah Castle had the power of these three pathways at the same time. However, as a Seer, most of the power he could stir was concentrated in this domain.

With the help of the medium known as the Deceit Bullet, I might be able to stir the other powers of Sefirah Castle… Since I'm already capable of using some miracles in the Seer domain, having power from the Marauder pathway at the angel level is a highly reasonable deduction. The only problem is that there must be a medium of a sufficient level… This way, I don't have to worry about not being able to deceive that rule… As his thoughts brightened up, he seriously began to formulate a plan.

He used the mysticism laws as his target and attempted to formulate a "scam."

In order to reduce the difficulty, it's best to have additional preparations. I can't deceive something out of nothing, at least unless I'm Amon's true body…

Yes. I'll bestow a tube of my blood to Little Sun. I'll create a fake respawn point that exceeds the range.

And then, using the Deceit Bullet as a trigger, stir the corresponding angel-level powers contained within Sefirah Castle, "misdirecting" that rule and making it view the fake respawn point as the real one, while the real one becomes the fake one…

He outlined the details bit by bit, and when his thoughts finally took form, Klein immediately used the mysticism connection between himself and the spot he died, to observe the actual situation with his “true vision.”

He saw that the grayish-yellow fog had thinned a lot, and the deep ravine that hid Chernobyl was no different from before.

It was unknown where Amon, who was wearing a pointed hat and a monocle, had stolen a rock from and had placed it on the spot where Klein had passed away. “He” sat on it and patiently played with a human-skinned glove.

“He” occasionally bent the human-skinned glove’s finger and stretched it at other times, as if “He” could pass a hundred years doing that.

About a kilometer away, in a certain spot in the grayish-yellow fog, three Amons in black classical mage robes crouched around a rock as “They” seriously played poker cards that “They” had stolen from somewhere. From time to time, “They” would nudge their monocle.

Elsewhere in this extensive moor, Amon would be either alone or in groups, strolling leisurely, writing in thought, or discussing all sorts of questions with one another.

In the dark and dangerous Forsaken Land of the Gods, it was such a harmonious scene. It would’ve been better if the young men weren’t all the same—wearing classic black robes, pointed hats and monocles, with similar black hair, black eyes, broad foreheads, and thin faces.

Just as Klein was about to make a further observation, the Amon sitting on the rock suddenly raised “His” head. “He” nudged his crystal-carved monocle and looked at him.

Across the moor, all of the Amons looked up at the highest point of the fog of history.

Klein immediately retracted his gaze and cut off the connection.

...

In the City of Silver, Derrick Berg arrived at the top of the spire and met Chief Colin Iliad.

“Your Excellency, I’ve already received the promise of blessings,” Derrick said frankly and directly.

With white hair and an old scar on his face, Colin Iliad was visibly relieved. He slowly nodded and said, “That’s good. That’s good.”

He had repeated the sentence in a rare instance.

As an excellent Demon Hunter and the City of Silver’s Chief, he had always been patient, never taking unnecessary risks. Therefore, with the sudden lack of a response from The Fool, he didn’t immediately turn to the True Creator, and he decided to wait patiently for another month.

For the City of Silver, which had been waiting in the Dark Ages for more than two thousand years, a month was something that could be accepted.

Without waiting for Derrick to reply, Demon Hunter Colin left the window and calmly said, “Head back first. I’m going to start preparing for the advancement ritual.”

Derrick glanced at the Chief and said sincerely, “You’ll definitely succeed!”

He didn’t stay any longer. He immediately left the spire and returned home.

After setting up the ritual again and placing the six powerful corpses that he had hunted to the correct position, Colin Iliad began to concoct the potion.

After all of this was done, the City of Silver Chief closed his eyes and lowered his head, chanting in Jotun, “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era, the mysterious ruler above the gray fog; the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck…”

Above the gray fog, Klein saw ripples of light emanate as he heard a slightly illusory prayer.

He immediately summoned a paper figurine and combined the power of Sefirah Castle with it. He threw it into the prayer circle and conveniently marked the City of Silver’s Chief.

At the same time, with the help of this prayer circle, he observed the situation of the entire spire and the City of Silver. He confirmed that there was no sign of Amon’s parasitic existence near the Chief or Little Sun.

I have to seize this opportunity! Klein immediately conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him pose as he prayed.

At this moment, Colin Iliad saw the light.

In the holy light, a holy angel with twelve pairs of illusory wings suddenly descended. As clean, white feathers fluttered down, the Demon Hunter was embraced by these wings of light.

This was a blessing from Mr. Fool.

Chapter 1176: Plot

In the face of the angel's embrace, Colin Iliad wasn't astonished. He accepted everything with a calm expression, as though he was already prepared.

The ritual began. He took a step forward, picked up the Silver Knight potion, and poured it into his mouth.

Without a sound, this Demon Hunter's body swelled up, turning into a grayish-blue giant with bluish-black veins covering him. He stood several meters tall, with black cracks on his forehead.

Every inch of this giant contained the indescribable power of mystery and terror. Apart from his head which still retained the appearance of a human, the rest of his body was akin to a Mythical Creature that exerted a strange mental influence.

In the next second, the skull underlying Colin Iliad's head seemed to soften as it sank inwards. With the black crack as its core, his head slowly squirmed, as though it was forming a nebulous vortex.

Such pain made the City of Silver's Chief, who had killed many powerful creatures, unable to restrain himself. He let out a series of howling cries that could make the minds of ordinary creatures split apart.

If it wasn't for the fact that Colin Iliad had already evacuated the members of the spire in advance, leaving behind only the demigod-level Waite Chirmont to watch over him and prevent any accidents from happening, many Beyonders would've definitely lost control.

The remains of the six powerful living creatures that were situated in different spots floated up under the invisible power of the ritual, circling the mutated Colin Iliad, using some sort of mysterious connection to awaken some of the memories of this peerless Demon Hunter.

It was the experience of hunting “demons.” It was him painfully ending the former Chief’s attack with his own hands. It was his life of defeating powerful monsters again and again.

These manifestations appeared like painting on an altar. Sometimes, they would be integrated into Colin Iliad, and sometimes they would be extracted from him, helping him define himself. He maintained a certain level of clarity during the extreme pain and changes.

Only at this moment did Colin Iliad finally understand the essence of the ritual.

As a Sequence 4 Demon Hunter, the hunting of every powerful creature was a battle of intense mental catharsis. It left a deep impression in his life.

With these powerful mental imprints, he was able to locate himself after consuming the potion, and not be lost in pain and madness.

This made Colin Iliad recall a term recorded in some of the books in the City of Silver: “Anchor”!

At Sequence 3, he was considered a deity in a certain sense. He could respond to prayers within a certain range, so an anchor was required.

As this wasn't the level of an angel, an anchor didn't necessarily need to be a believer. It could be replaced by other things, such as the clear marks in one's life that had meaning in mysticism.

In the memories that had been awakened, Colin Iliad slowly regained his self-awareness. He felt his body again and grasped its changes.

Right on the heels of that, a layer of wings formed from illusory light extended out from behind him. They fused with the surrounding "paintings" as they constantly shrank inwards. The surface of Colin Iliad's body collapsed into a silver armor that was firm and beautiful, but it didn't possess any weight to it.

After the Demon Hunter advanced to a Silver Knight, due to the difference in the deity's blessing, there would be minute differences between Silver Knights. Previously, the leader of the King Court's Chasers, Light Culler Murskogan, had received blessings from the Giant King. Therefore, the various aspects of the Silver Knight domain were much stronger.

On the other hand, Colin Iliad could occasionally make his body condense a Silver Rapier that could teleport. While in combat, it would appear at random during an attack, with beneficial tendencies, bringing about unpredictable changes.

In addition, he could also obtain a certain uniqueness when using Mercury Liquefaction.

As the silver armor finally took form, Colin Iliad had completed his advancement. Apart from not having a single vertical eye on his head, he was equivalent to a Mythical Creature.

At this moment, he raised his right hand and waved it to the side.

At a small hill outside the City of Silver, a silver beam erupted out of thin air. It tore apart everything around it, splitting the small hill into two halves.

…

During Colin Iliad's advancement to Silver Knight, Derrick Berg completed the bestowment ritual and obtained a small metal tube.

Seizing the opportunity of the City of Silver's Chief creating abnormalities and drawing away most of the attention, Klein suddenly reached out while in the ancient palace above the gray fog. He had summoned a bullet and Death Knell from the Historical Void.

Right on the heels of that, he did a divination in advance, confirming that there weren't any signs of Amon's parasites around Little Sun. Without any hesitation, he opened the revolver's cylinder and stuffed the Deceit bullet into it.

Pa!

With a shake of his right hand, he closed the cylinder and used the mysticism connection to aim at the spot where he had died.

Bang!

He calmly pulled the trigger and fired the only bullet.

At the same time, taking advantage of this Beyonder effect, he willed Sefirah Castle's powers into mobilizing.

The gray fog boiled once again, including the space around them. A majestic but slightly dark energy surged out like a tidal wave, wrapping around the bullet, passing through the gap and shooting towards the real world.

The light in Sefirah Castle suddenly dimmed. Suppressing his fear and horror, Klein used Death Knell's historical projection to simulate the feeling of a sudden descent. He "leaped" towards the crimson star representing The Sun and leaped towards the tiny tube of his blood.

On the barren moors of Chernobyl, all of the Amons wearing pointed hats raised "Their" heads and looked at the lightning that streaked across the sky. "They" looked at a deep and quiet swath that even the lightning couldn't illuminate.

The Amons nudged "Their" monocles, and after a moment of silence, "They" laughed.

"He doesn't seem like someone who can come up with such a solution…

"Pallez?

"'He' joined this organization codenamed the Tarot Club?"

…

In the Berg household in the City of Silver.

The darkness in front of Derrick suddenly turned dark, as if the candles in the room had been burned to ashes.

To the residents of the City of Silver, this wasn’t a good thing. Derrick’s eyes immediately lit up with the light of the sun.

At that moment, bits of light burst out from the deep darkness like transparent squirming worms.

The metal tube that Derrick had received shattered automatically as fresh red blood floated out from it and suspended itself in midair. It didn’t spread apart but instead merged with the fragments of light.

In just two or three seconds, these “light fragments” condensed into one, forming a huge ball of light.

The spherical light ball stretched out and changed, quickly forming a figure.

The figure had a deep outline and a cold expression. He wore a silk half top hat and a black coat while holding a black iron-black revolver. It was none other than Gehrman Sparrow.

Having successfully deceived the laws of mysticism, Klein used the help of his old blood to complete his resurrection!

Without needing any introduction, Derrick had already recognized the visitor through his special temperament. After being stunned for a moment, he instinctively revealed an uncontrollable smile.

“Mr. World?”

Klein raised his head slightly and looked at Little Sun, who seemed to have grown taller. He subconsciously reached out and pressed down on his top hat.

He then nodded gently and said, “I will be in the Forsaken Land of the Gods during this period of time.

“However, I have to leave now. I can’t lure Amon into the City of Silver.

“If there’s a chance in the future, I will cooperate with you.”

Having understood what Mr. World meant, Derrick nodded heavily and said, “Alright!”

Just as Klein raised his right hand and was about to snap his fingers to leave with Flaming Jump, Derrick looked at him and suddenly pointed to the storage cabinet in the room.

“Mr. World, do you need to bring some food with you? There are mushrooms that can produce milk!”

“…” Klein controlled himself, not letting the corners of his mouth twitch. He maintained his cold attitude and said, “I don’t drink milk.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he snapped his fingers, causing a scarlet flame to fly out of his pocket, wrapping around him like water.

The fire quickly dissipated like falling stars, and Klein’s figure disappeared from Derrick Berg’s room.

Outside the City of Silver, in a deformed forest, flames flashed continuously, extending all the way to the moors leading to the north.

After he truly left the City of Silver did Klein slow down his “footsteps” and summon a lantern from the Historical Void.

He had long expected that the revival process would go so smoothly. After all, once he found the correct solution, there was no way that Amon could stop him.

In the City of Silver, Amon only had a few avatars at the Sequence 4 or 3 level, so Klein could use his “true vision” to locate them and eliminate them ahead of time.

And if they could form an avatar at the Sequence 2 level, Klein, who had gained initial control of Sefirah Castle, could stir powers at the power of an angel, allowing him to easily fight such an avatar while being above the gray fog, and would stay undefeatable since he couldn’t be attacked. He had the confidence to defeat his opponent.

If Amon moved “His” true body to the City of Silver, then Klein could choose to revive at his original spot.

Of course, Amon could create an avatar that was almost at Sequence 1 and send “Him” to the City of Silver. However, under the premise of the conservation of Beyonder characteristics, how many avatars could “He” create?

Not more than two!

As for Klein, he could split his remaining blood into multiple portions. He could use the bestowment ritual to send them to Mr. Hanged Man, to Ma'am Hermit, and to The Star Leonard. There were too many spots where he could revive, so there was no way that Amon could guard all of them.

This was an "above board" plan based on his own level, Beyonder powers, and the special ability of Sefirah Castle. Before he attempted to revive himself, Klein was already quite certain of the outcome. The only thing he was worried about was that "Deceit" would be detected by Amon ahead of time, allowing "Him" to interfere in a timely manner, causing his respawn location to change.

Fortunately, his divination had confirmed that the level of danger wasn't high. This was one of the reasons why he dared to try.

Phew, I've really escaped from Amon… As he advanced amidst the dim yellow light, Klein felt the presence of his body, and he heaved a sigh of relief.

Of course, he knew very well that he was going to encounter the relentless pursuit of Amon's main body and various avatars!

Chapter 1177: Substitute

On the desolate moors filled with deep ravines, Amon stood in different spots. “They” opened “Their” mouths and chanted in Jotun, “The Blessed of the spirit world and Sefirah Castle…”

“The Mystery stemming from ancient times;

“The witness of an extended history;

“Protector of Backlund magic and drama performers;

“The great Gehrman Sparrow…”

These voices were layered as they bored into the void, as though they extended to an infinite distance.

Ten seconds later, all of “Them” adjusted “Their” crystal monocles in different manners and chuckled softly.

“He changed it really quickly.”

If Gehrman Sparrow was still automatically responding to this honorific name, “They” could then use this opportunity to determine the other party’s location and create an “error” to appear directly beside “Their” target.

…

In the darkness that was illuminated by lightning from time to time, the hatted and coated Klein proceeded north at a moderate pace while holding a lantern.

There's a prayer… Amon is using Gehrman Sparrow's honorific name… This means that a number of Amons aren't too far from me… But the City of Silver doesn't have 'His' parasites… They're in the surrounding patrol teams, or in some unexpected creatures? As he walked, Klein suddenly turned his head and listened carefully for a few seconds.

Regarding this matter, he was rather glad that he was cautious enough. He had changed the honorific name that allowed default acknowledgement while above the gray fog. It went from the "Protector of Backlund magic and drama performers" to "Protector of all poor children in Backlund." This came from the Loen Charity Bursary Foundation he had set up.

Yes… Amon is a Cryptologist. It's very likely that he can "interpret" this honorific name from all the information regarding Dwayne Dantès… No, I don't even need an automatic response… As Klein looked at the faint yellow light emitted by the lantern, he quickly made a decision.

He made every Worm of Spirit only capable of listening to prayers, without having the ability to autonomously respond unless they had been given permission from the main body.

This way, frequent prayers would severely affect his daily life, but it wasn't a big problem. This was because, other than Amon's vile harassment, no one else would pray to Gehrman Sparrow since he hadn't spread the word about his honorific name.

After settling this matter, Klein thought of all of Amon's terrifying aspects. He suddenly had some doubts about what to do next.

His original plan was to stay far away from the City of Silver and head to the Nois ruins in the north to investigate the situation there. He wanted to see if he could obtain the main ingredients needed for the Miracle Invoker potion. However, after connecting that ancient city ruins with Amon, a problem was revealed:

Klein could already confirm that the upper levels of neighboring pathways also followed the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence. Since Amon had been wandering around the Forsaken Land of the Gods for more than a thousand years and had come near the City of Silver, how could “He” not be attracted to the Nois ruins in the north?

For the Chief of the City of Silver to not dare to enter, it means the power in Nois City has definitely reached the level of an angel. Amon wouldn’t ignore it… “He” probably doesn’t dare to directly eat such a high-level Beyonder characteristic of a neighboring pathway, but that doesn’t prevent “Him” from setting up a trap… Even if “He” hadn’t done so in the past, “He” would definitely be rushing over there now… Of course, I can’t exclude the possibility that Amon has yet to discover it because, during the City of Silver Chief’s first visit, the Nois ruins weren’t as dangerous. Perhaps that power at the angel level came to the Nois ruins later… “He” has been constantly migrating “His” believers to avoid Amon? Amidst his thoughts, Klein felt a little afraid about heading northwest for the ancient city.

He decided to first see if there were any other ways to obtain the main ingredient of the Miracle Invoker potion before considering if he should head to the periphery of the Nois ruins to observe and gather some intel.

With this in mind, he walked towards the wreckage of a tall tower in his black coat and half top hat, guided by the occasional lightning.

Along the way, in the dangerous darkness outside the dim yellow light, monsters lined up and silently followed him.

They were already his marionettes.

Compared to them, the saints of the Seer pathway were even more bizarre and terrifying.

As they walked, one of the monsters that looked like a fish with limbs suddenly chanted in Jotun, “The Sun that is Eternal;

“You are an Inextinguishable Light;

“You are the Embodiment of Order…”

The moment it finished reciting the three-lined honorific name, the monster collapsed to the ground and lost its life.

The honorific name of deities often wasn’t limited to three lines, but when chanting, one could choose any three. For example, the Eternal Blazing Sun’s complete honorific name was “Eternal Blazing Sun, Inextinguishable Light, Embodiment of Order, God of Contracts, Guardian of Businesses.” And just now, Klein had used the first three.

With this method, he prayed to the Lord of Storms, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, and the Evernight Goddess, hoping to receive a certain response.

However, there was no change in his surroundings fifteen minutes later.

It’s useless to pray to a Sequence 0 true deity in the Forsaken Land of the Gods? Unless the target is the True Creator, or is an existence that wields things like Sefirah Castle or the Chaos Sea?

That’s not right. In Afternoon Town, that clergyman had the Goddess’s true name concealed when saying it. When he mentioned the fourth King of Angels, he suffered “immolation” due to the involvement of deities… Perhaps it’s because there’s still all kinds of divine power in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, not only concealment and degeneration. And the true names of the different deities each have special meaning in mysticism, allowing it to stir the corresponding powers?

This way, it would explain why the City of Silver has been teaching the two true names of Badheil and Herabergen, but they didn’t end up establishing any connection with the God of Combat or the God of Knowledge and Wisdom… The prayers in the Forsaken Land of the Gods are not heard by the true deities, or even if “They” can hear them, “They” are unable to respond… This also means that there are no remnant powers of the God of Combat or the God of Knowledge; otherwise, there would have been certain anomalies…

Yes, it’s also possible that it’s not because there are no anomalies, but that the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, uh—god-level Sealed Artifacts—in the City of Silver have eliminated them…

In that case, if I were to directly chant the true name of the Goddess, would I cause the surrounding darkness and concealment to stir? If this kind of power can be controlled, I’ll have an additional effective trump card when being tracked by Amon… The probability isn’t very high. Directly chanting the true name of a deity is an act of blasphemy, and it will result in the corresponding backlash, just like Afternoon Town’s clergyman…
Based on his logic and the phenomenon he had seen, Klein came up with a theory on the present situation. He was eager to try reading out all the true names of the deities he knew, one by one, and checking their effects.

Finally, he restrained himself and didn't blindly make the attempts.

I'd better go above the gray fog to do a divination first. Otherwise, who knows if there will be an unbearable accident… Hmm, divination involving deities might not give a clear revelation… After muttering inwardly for a while, Klein scoffed at his impulsiveness. *My previous plan was akin to: I haven't been courting death for two days. I shall do it seriously today!*

At that moment, he had already arrived at a collapsed tower. He sat beside a wall that had only been cut down by half. He reached out to take out a paper crane from the Historical Void, and he ignited it.

He wanted to see if he could contact the Snake of Fate Will Auceptin Ceres if there was a medium. He wanted to know where he could obtain the main ingredients of the Miracle Invoker potion.

Under the illumination of his third summoning of the lantern, Klein fell into a deep sleep, but he didn't dream of anything.

Indeed, it doesn't work… After he woke up, Klein shook his head and let his body enter a Historical Void.

Following that, he took four steps counterclockwise and arrived above the gray fog.

Sitting at the seat belonging to The Fool, he beckoned for a small paper box from the junk pile. Inside was a stack of paper cranes.

These were personally folded by a certain baby.

At the same time, The World Gehrman Sparrow was conjured. He prayed to Mr. Fool in a grayish-white region and requested “Him” to forward his request to Miss Justice, saying that this act could allow her to make contributions to her exchange for the Manipulator potion formula.

Of course, Klein had already revealed that the potion needed to be consumed while amidst a huge emotional resonance.

…

Backlund, Empress Borough, Inside the Hall family’s luxurious mansion.

Audrey returned to her bedroom once again and set up a bestowment ritual to obtain the paper crane.

She picked up a thin pencil and wrote on the paper crane’s surface:

“Dwayne Dantès has requested you to meet with me.”

After finishing her preparations, Audrey followed Mr. World’s instructions and placed the paper crane under her pillow before lying down to sleep.

Soon, she saw a pitch-black desolate plain. As a Dreamwalker who had given herself hints in advance, she maintained her consciousness and walked towards the black steeple in the middle of the plains with strong curiosity.

As soon as she arrived at her destination, Audrey’s spiritual perception was triggered. She raised her head and looked at the top of the steeple.

At some point in time, there was a giant silver snake coiled there.

This gigantic snake didn't have any scales. Its body was covered with symbols and patterns that formed wheels that were connected to each other, with different labels.

At that moment, the gigantic snake was staring at Audrey with its bright red and cold eyes. It said in a low voice, "What does Dwayne Dantès want?"

This is the angel of the Fate pathway that gave Ma'am Hermit a drop of blood? Audrey controlled her thoughts and calmly looked at the gigantic snake. She said in honesty, "He wanted me to ask you where he can obtain the main ingredient of the Miracle Invoker potion?"

The gigantic silver snake suddenly fell silent for a few seconds before saying, "The number of Sequence 2s in different pathways differ in numbers. Under the situation of the quota of Attendant of Mysteries being filled, there can only be a total of six Miracle Invokers."

A Miracle Invoker is the name of a Sequence 2 potion... Mr. World is going to become an angel? Or is he making preparations for his partner? No, if it's a companion, he can get them to ask "Him" themself... Audrey was first alarmed before she began to look forward to the mysterious serpent's answer.

Chapter 1178: I Have a Blessed

The gigantic silver snake looked down at Audrey and opened its blood-red mouth.

“The Sequence 1 potion that Zaratul, the leader of the Secret Order, consumed came from an Attendant of Mysteries. In other words, ‘He’ possesses an extra Miracle Invoker characteristic.

“Similarly, it was the same for the ancestor of the Antigonus family back then. Of course, if they were interested in something, or if they had a candidate who had won the favor of the family to the point of them being willing to nurture them, then an angel with sufficiently high status can separate the extra Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic to the other party.

The third Miracle Invoker’s Beyonder characteristic had combined with a characteristic of mysterious origins. It has become Sealed Artifact 0-05, also known as the Magic Wishing Lamp… A true deity once attempted to destroy this item, to separate the characteristics and allow them to converge automatically, but eventually failed.

“The fourth and fifth Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristics are in the form of a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact that exists in the Churches of the Eternal Blazing Sun and Lord of Storms. One of them is named 0-13. It comes from the Third Epoch’s Creator, designated as ‘The Last Banquet.’ The other is codenamed 0-32, a product of the War of the Four Emperors, designated as ‘Theater With Curtains That Never Draw.’

“The sixth Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic might be in the Forsaken Land of the Gods. During the Third Epoch, there was a remnant Dark Demonic Wolf who occasionally appeared.

After the Cataclysm, ‘He’ vanished without a trace.”

Audrey listened attentively and thought carefully for a moment before saying, “You’re saying that, under the situation where the Attendant of Mysteries spots are filled, there are only six Miracle Invokers. And now, you only mentioned the Secret Order’s leader, Zaratul, and the ancestor of the Antigonus family, but the spots don’t seem to be filled.

“In such a situation, there might be an extra Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic.”

This wasn’t information that The World Gehrman Sparrow had informed her of in advance. Instead, it was a question that Audrey had come up with on her own accord from the details of the answer and her knowledge of mysticism.

The eyes of the giant silver snake moved slightly.

“Indeed. There should be three Attendants of Mysteries.

“But in the Second Epoch, in the era when the ancient god, Flegrea, still lived, the third set of the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic seemed to have disappeared without a trace. No one knows where it is. Likewise for the corresponding Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic. Perhaps it has already combined together and has found a sufficiently concealed method to hide itself.”

Audrey nodded gently and said, “I understand. I’ll pass on the information to Mr. Dwayne Dantès.

“Oh… He even asked me to ask you if there’s anything you need his help with?”

The giant silver snake slithered up and a third of its body stood up.

“No.

“A small matter.

“Yes, I have a Blessed who is an outstanding gourmet. He has a desire to taste ice-cream from the various noble families, so as to determine the most delicious one.”

…This request… Mr. Snake, uh—maybe it’s Ma’am Snake—is really nice to her Blessed… “His” tone is as if he can’t wait… Hmm… This is too simple. I can agree to help on Mr. World’s behalf and complete it on my own. I’ll just treat it as accumulating the sufficient contributions needed to exchange the potion formula… Audrey said thoughtfully, “No problem.

“But how do I send him the ice cream?”

The giant silver snake slowly coiled and said, “Sacrifice it to him. He’s already a Sequence 3 saint and can accept sacrifices in the same city.

“His honorific name is ‘The Embodiment of Luck; The Clairvoyant Monster, The Calamity that Spreads Misfortune, The Witnesses of all Fates in Backlund, the Keeper of Chaos and Madness.”

There’s a difference between this honorific name and a normal

Sequence 3's. There's no name at the end... Audrey's eyes darted around slightly, but she didn't say anything further and nodded in agreement.

...

Keeper of Chaos and Madness... Will's last honorific name is quite interesting... This shouldn't be the honorific name of the Snake of Fate, but something that "He" used when "He" was at Sequence 3. Some tweaks were made later on... The Monster pathway's watches over chaos and madness? Or could it be said that in this world, even for Fate, those at the lower Sequences are in chaos and madness? Monsters are working hard to resist all of this, making everything seem normal? After Klein heard Miss Justice's answer, he didn't find it odd for Will Auceptin to request for ice-cream. Instead, he found the honorific name of the Life School of Thought president rather interesting.

Heh, having a Blessed... That's like saying "I know someone"... Did Will learn this from me? No, I have a real Blessed, Danitz! Later on, I'll have this fellow sacrifice something for me to eat. I can't really eat those mutated monsters or summon projections from the Historical Void, right? Yes, if I have a chance, I'll invite Little Sun to try them together. I can't let him be obsessed with Frank's mushrooms... Uh, the number of Blessed serving Will definitely won't be less than mine. There might even be more. "He" has the huge Life School of Thought... Klein conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and made him reply to Miss Justice, indicating that the ice-cream contributed plenty.

After completing all of this, he rapped the edge of the long mottled table and seriously considered the problem with the main ingredient of the Miracle Invoker.

There's no need to think about the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic with Zaratul. It's impossible for "Him" to separate it to give it to me. "He" only wants to turn me into "His" *marionette…*

It's not like there's zero hope with Antigonus's two portions, but if that's the case, I'll have to request it from the Goddess again. I can't offer something equivalent… I'm afraid… Besides, the Goddess might not be able to provide it. The reason why "She" wants to seal The Half-Fool, who has lost control, is probably because "She" is unable to kill "Him." Once "He" is killed, "He" will be able to escape his current predicament and revive elsewhere—just like how I escaped from Amon. Under such a situation, the Goddess has no way of getting Antigonus to separate a Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic…

Even a true deity can't shatter 0-05, so there's no point targeting it. It's useless even if I have it… This Sealed Artifact's origins are truly mysterious. There's something very fishy about it…

The Church of the Eternal Blazing Sun's 0-13 is called "The Last Banquet." It comes from the City of Silver's Creator… Why does this person always like to use the names that have dangerous implications… The Church of the Lord of Storms's 0-32 is "Theater With Curtains That Never Draw"… Just the sound of it allows me to imagine what it's like… The chances of obtaining these two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts are very low, but it's not impossible. It just depends on whether the Eternal Blazing Sun and Lord of Storms are willing to support my growth so as to contain Amon…

Yes. Up to now, "They" have yet to show any kindness. I can't find a suitable way to interact with the right person. I can't possibly use divination to spy on the Eternal Blazing Sun again and communicate with "Him" through space, right? If that happens, wouldn't it be better if "He" directly invades Sefirah Castle and takes control of this place?

If I were to nurture Mr. Hanged Man and wait till he has the qualifications to come into contact with a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, I'll most likely have become Amon…

The True Creator knows a clue to the third characteristic of the Attendant of Mysteries... "His" divine kingdom and holy residence are in the Forsaken Land of the Gods... These two might be related somehow...

The two sets of Miracle Invoker characteristics and an Attendant of Mysteries characteristics are highly likely to be in the Forsaken Land of the Gods... I wonder which one is in the Nois ruins?

Yes, the True Creator should only know a clue, and not its exact location. Otherwise, "He" would've obtained that Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic before the War of the Four Emperors and effectively increased "His" subordinates' strength...

In other words, the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic is something even a true deity can't obtain quickly, and it's necessary to search for it. It might not be so easy for Amon to come across it, allowing "Him" to set up a trap... If the danger within the ruins were only recently found—having just been transplanted—it would match this trait...

From the looks of it, I still have to make a trip. However, I have to be careful enough. The danger comes from Amon and also from the ruins. Hmm, I'll do a divination first, then I'll observe and gather intelligence from a distance. I won't enter blindly and will be patient enough.

Klein conjured a pen and paper and was about to write the corresponding divination statement when he suddenly thought of something and decided to make another confirmation.

He drew a complicated symbol that was a mixture of concealment and mystery prying. He threw it into the crimson star representing The Magician. With Gehrman Sparrow's image and tone, he asked her to question Arrodes.

…

Backlund, East Borough. Fors, who was about to move houses, drew the curtains and lit a candle. She set up a mirror and found Xio to act as a bystander.

She then drew the symbol that Mr. World had given her.

In the room, the environment gradually turned dark as cold winds stirred, causing the two to tremble.

The surface of the mirror suddenly rippled, forming ancient dark red Feysac text:

“You have summoned the great Arrodes. You have to abide by the corresponding rules:

“You have to answer a question for every question asked. If you lie or refuse to answer, you will be punished.”

“Alright,” Fors, who had been warned, calmly replied.

Following that, she asked curiously, “Where can one obtain the main ingredient of the Miracle Invoker potion?”

On the surface of the mirror, dark red words appeared one after another as other lines vanished. They answered the question in detail:

It’s basically the same as Will’s answer… Above the gray fog, through the crimson star representing Miss Magician, Klein watched the specific process and nodded in disappointment.

After Fors memorized the answer, she said nervously, “It’s your turn to ask.”

The dark red words changed and formed a new sentence:

“Have you had an erotic dream in the past year?”

Phew… Thankfully, it’s still okay… Fors heaved a sigh of relief and said, “Yes.”

This was human nature. She didn’t feel that there was anything to be ashamed of.

Following that, she raised the second question:

“Do you have any suggestions on the matter regarding obtaining the main ingredient of the Miracle Invoker?”

Arrodes dispersed the dark red text and used silver colors to form new words:

“The Abraham family still holds the Apprentice pathway’s Sequence 2 Planeswalker potion formula, as well as the corresponding powerful Sealed Artifacts. A total of two of them.

“The Aurora Order also has one.”

This… Klein’s eyes lit up as he thought of a new possibility.

“Is that so…” Fors frowned slightly and said, “It’s your turn to ask a question.”

The silver color on the surface of the mirror faded away as dark red colors formed a sentence:

“Other than you, who else was the star of your erotic dream?”

Fors gaped as her face flushed red.

Chapter 1179: Preparations Both Ways

At that moment, Fors felt her cheeks burning as she stiffened. She didn’t even dare to turn her head to look at her friend.

She realized that she had severely underestimated the bottom line of the magic mirror!

After stuttering for a moment, Fors recalled Mr. World’s reminder and closed her eyes.

“I choose to accept the punishment.”

A silvery-white bolt of lightning fell from the air in the room, but the moment it appeared, the lightning vanished without a trace like it was a hallucination.

The dark red words on the surface of the mirror were dyed silver as they were quickly replaced with new content:

“The question and answer game will end here today. Goodbye!”

Without waiting for Fors to open her eyes and before Xio could react, the rippling light in the mirror instantly calmed down. The gloom and darkness in the room shattered as they were swallowed by the light of the candle.

Wasn’t there supposed to be a punishment? Fors waited for a few seconds before opening her eyes slightly. She looked at the mirror that had returned to normal and then at Xio, who was watching by the sidelines.

Xio pointed at the top of her head and said, “There was lightning that smote at you, but it disappeared halfway. Also, the magic mirror had already left.”

“…The magic mirror was only joking? That’s not right. The warning I received was that the questions would be rather embarrassing, and the punishments would be rather heavy… Could it be that Mr. Fool protected me?” Fors rubbed her right cheek as she made a guess.

“Perhaps.” Xio nodded in agreement with her friend.

Just as Fors heaved a sigh of relief and rejoiced, she suddenly realized that Xio was looking at her earnestly.

“W-what’s the matter?” Fors’s heart skipped a beat.

Xio asked thoughtfully, “In that erotic dream of yours, who was the main lead?”

“…Haha, who would remember such a dream from so long ago? Besides, aren’t dreams blurry and unclear?” Fors forced a smile.

Xio tersely acknowledged.

“If that’s the case, why didn’t you answer with that just now?”

“…I was nervous. I was too nervous.” Fors glanced at the luggage that she had finished packing and said, “It’s time for us to move. I miss having a fireplace!”

As she spoke, she walked towards her luggage.

It was only at this moment that she realized that, at times, the outcome was similar whether she answered the magic mirror's question or not.

Is this the "social death" that was mentioned by Gehrman Sparrow? I really want to bury my head into the ground! Fors continuously took deep breaths in an attempt to calm her burning face and embarrassed heart.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein threw the Sea God Scepter back into the junk pile and scoffed at Arrodes's act.

Despite knowing that I was the one who sent someone to summon it, it actually dared to raise such a question. Only when I stopped the punishment did it hurriedly change its attitude and leave in a panic… It sure had fun…

However, its answer has given me a new train of thought. I really don't need to restrict myself to the path of a Miracle Invoker…

The second Blasphemy Slate is most likely from the City of Silver's Creator, and is now in the hands of Adam… Although Amon and "His" brother are mutually staying away from each other's affairs and aren't on especially good terms, "They" have worked together before. I don't believe that "He" has never seen that Blasphemy Slate… If that's the case, "He" is definitely aware of the Miracle Invoker's ritual and can guess that I'll be bringing the City of

Silver out of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. When that happens, "He" wouldn't even need to put much effort into tracking me. "He" just needs to wait at the Giant King's Court…

Yes, I can't go according to the enemy's expectations, especially since this is a God of Deceit and the God of Mischief. Countless accidents will happen… If it's because of my participation that the City of Silver's thousands of years of hope ends up being destroyed, then it'll be completely contradictory to my original intentions…

The problem with a Planeswalker is that I might hear Mr. Door's ravings, and will suffer the scrutiny and corruption from the cosmos that's worse than Sequence 2 angels from other pathways. Of course, this isn't completely unacceptable…

Also, will I need to pay back the two resurrection chances that Sefirah Castle gave me? That's still fine since I'll definitely transfer back to being an Attendant of Mysteries at Sequence 1 because Mr. Door has already blocked off the advancement path of the Apprentice pathway. "He" is at least in control of the Uniqueness and two sets of Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics—perhaps even all three…

It's not necessary for me to switch to Planeswalker, but I have to make the necessary preparations. When my options increase, even if Amon tries to stop me, the difficulty of burying a trap in advance will increase significantly. Only then can I become an angel while under the pressure of a King of Angels!

Yes. I'll stay on the fence for now. I'll prepare for the Miracle Invoker advancement while preparing for the Planeswalker advancement. I'll determine which pathway to take based on the actual situation when the time comes.

Having come to a decision, Klein felt refreshed. His mind was abnormally active, and he quickly came up with a preliminary plan.

I'm not in a hurry to ask Miss Magician's teacher about the Planeswalker potion formula and the corresponding Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. This will scare the Abraham family, making them suspect that Miss Magician worships some evil god and has joined some terrible organization…

With their current situation, there's a high chance that they won't reply. They will change their identities, move, and sever all ties…

Yes, the head of the Saint of Secrets, Botis, will make a fine gift. Regardless of whether the Abraham family gives the Worm of Cosmos, this matter will have to be placed on the agenda… I hope Miss Justice can digest the Dreamwalker potion as soon as possible. I hope that Ma'am Hermit will be prepared. I also hope that the two ladies, Miss Magician and Miss Judgment, will be able to improve before the operation…

Right, according to what Miss Magician said, Saint of Secrets Botis is a defector of the Abraham family, and the Aurora Order holds a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact of the Apprentice pathway. That's interesting… Perhaps I don't need to contact the Abraham family. I might be able to get what I want from the Saint of Secrets. Uh, I have to remind Ma'am Hermit that Botis might be carrying a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, so confirmation has to be made before the operation…

If that Grade 0 Sealed Artifact isn't in the hands of the Saint of Secrets, then I'll probably have to face the Angel of Fate Ouroboros to get it… No, Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts are terrifying to begin with. It's one of the sources of danger…

Phew, I'll first wait for Miss Magician's teacher to reply and see if the Abraham family is averse to any mention of the Worm of

Cosmos…

As he thought of this, Klein suddenly felt a hint of self-deprecation. He felt that he and the Aurora Order appeared to be destined enemies. They often had all kinds of interactions.

When the operation begins, the Aurora Order will definitely shout in their hearts:

"Why is it you again? Why is it us again?"

After letting out a breath, he gathered his thoughts and conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow. He replied to Miss Magician who had reported the answer.

Following that, The World prayed once again, requesting Mr. Fool to forward his request to Danitz.

…

On a certain island in the Fog Sea, Danitz, who was waiting for the Golden Dream, turned his head to look at Anderson and chuckled.

"I'm going to summon Gehrman Sparrow's messenger."

Anderson pricked up his brows and scoffed.

"You're qualified to consume the Conspirer potion."

“You were the one who made it too obvious. Even I could sense that you were afraid of that messenger.” Danitz felt even more pleased with himself as he said humbly.

Anderson suddenly guffawed.

“Why do you not suspect that I’m pretending to be afraid? I’m just trying to find a reasonable excuse to avoid hearing things I shouldn’t be hearing.”

“...Dogsh*t, do you think I’ll believe the lies you came up with in a hurry?” Danitz was almost convinced.

Anderson spread his hands and walked to the door.

“You’ve gathered all the materials of the Conspirer potion. Remember to remind Gehrman to not forget my Iron-blooded Knight potion formula.”

Danitz waved his hand impatiently, indicating that he hadn’t forgotten.

After Anderson walked out of the room and closed the door, Danitz immediately set up a ritual and summoned the messenger holding four blonde, red-eyed heads.

Seeing the eight eyes look over at the same time, Danitz’s chest immediately retracted.

He forced a smile and handed out a gold coin.

"Ma'am, Gehrman Sparrow wants me to tell you that he's fine. He's now in the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

…*Wait, what did I say? The Forsaken Land of the Gods?* As a crew member of Vice Admiral Iceberg, Danitz's knowledge of mysticism was still adequate. After a momentary pause, his pupils clearly dilated.

"Alright…" Reinette Tinekerr bit down on the gold coin and answered immediately.

Then, "She" entered the void and vanished from the room.

After reporting this to Gehrman Sparrow, Danitz received the Iron-blooded Knight's potion formula and new orders.

Prepare some local delicacies and sacrifice them to Sea God Kalvetua… Isn't this mission a little odd? Danitz muttered to himself, but he didn't dare to raise any questions.

He quickly tidied up the altar, found a parchment, and wrote down the supplementary ingredients and corresponding ritual in the Iron-blooded Knight potion formula.

Following that, he opened the door and handed the parchment to Anderson.

"Form a team of at least thirty people… The stronger the team's strength and chemistry, the better the ritual's effects…" Anderson unfolded the parchment in front of Danitz and read it. As he read, his brows gradually furrowed. "If the team's chemistry is to build upon the idea of killing me—the captain—the ritual is rather simple…"

Without waiting for Danitz to mock him, a burning white flame appeared from his fingertip and burned the parchment.

Anderson chuckled.

“I need to go back to my homeland to find an opportunity. That place is currently being invaded by Feynapotter, and war is always the best place for building up and training a team.”

With a pause, he looked at Danitz and said with a smile, “I’ve prepared some questions for you. They’re in my room. Once you become a Conspirer, you can try doing it and see if your intelligence has improved.”

“...Dogsh*t! Are you trying to trick me into reading all the books in your room?” Danitz was almost moved, but he immediately understood that something was wrong.

No matter how high his intelligence was, he wouldn’t be able to solve the questions if he hadn’t read the textbooks!

“Not bad. It only took you three seconds this time to grasp the crux of the matter. If it were in the past, heh heh, you would’ve really believed me.” Anderson praised with a smile as he turned around and left the inn.

Chapter 1180: Different Effects

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, at night when the frequency of lightning had dropped to a very low frequency.

Two slices of white bread and a piece of barbecued meat is pretty good after all… The sweet and sour desserts from the Fog Sea are better than I had expected… After swallowing the last mouthful of food, Klein sighed in amazement from the bottom of his heart. He then threw the remaining packaging into the darkness—after all, there was no concept of environmental protection here, nor was there a rubbish bin.

Of course, he had removed his connection with those items ahead of time, just like how he would head over to Sefirah Castle to perform “sterilization” every time he abandoned a marionette. This was to prevent Amon’s avatars from locking onto him with them.

Hmm, lifeless objects won’t be transferred into a concealed state by the darkness here… Klein raised the lantern that Danitz had sacrificed, and he illuminated the abandoned items.

It was only after he filled his stomach that he was in the mood to try out the dangerous things he had previously divined.

Amidst the flickering dim yellow light, Klein reached his right hand out into the air and dragged out another projection of himself.

It was another version of him from the Historical Void, one who was also holding onto a lantern.

Klein entered the grayish-white fog one second later, allowing his projection's consciousness to awaken.

The projection was surrounded by a group of monsters. Amidst the endless darkness, it opened its mouth, planning to recite the name, "Amanises."

"…"

He didn't manage to make a single sound, as though the words he wanted to say had been concealed.

"Indeed, it's as I expected." Wearing a silk half top hat and a black trench coat, Klein slowly took a deep breath.

Looking at the lantern that emitted faint yellow light, he suddenly chanted in Jotun, "Leodero!"

Before he could finish his sentence, more than a hundred lightning bolts warped as if they were responding to being summoned. They instantly blanketed the area.

There was no time for him to dodge. Even if he had switched places with a marionette, he would still be within the attack range.

Amidst the brightening of silvery-white light, he collapsed to the ground. His body was charred as he convulsed violently, as though he had become a gigantic piece of coal.

Then, his figure rapidly dissipated as the illusion vanished.

Wearing a real top hat, clothed in an Intis-styled windbreaker and carrying a simple lantern, Klein immediately “returned” to reality and continued proceeding forward as if nothing had happened.

After walking for a while, his figure suddenly turned blurry and clear.

Following that, Klein opened his mouth again and read out a name in Jotun:

“Au…”

Just as he produced the first syllable, a transparent flame burst out from his body, instantly reducing him to ashes, not giving him a chance to switch places with his marionette.

Klein’s figure appeared once again. He pressed his hat and walked calmly on the hill filled with strange plants.

“Herabergen.”

…

“Badheil.”

…

“Omebella.”

…

There's nothing out of the ordinary. There are no traces of the corresponding divine powers left in the vicinity of the City of Silver…

Medici, Ouroboros, Sasrir… These are of no use, neither one of "Them" are deities… I thought that the situation at Afternoon Town and the Giant King's Court was due to special circumstances. Using Sasrir's true name outside can activate the powers of degeneration from the Forsaken Land of the Gods… As a King of Angels with the Uniqueness, Red Angel is also considered half a true god. Yet, there aren't any traces left of "Him." How shameful for a person—no, shameful for a King of Angels! As Klein walked down the hill, he followed his spiritual intuition and headed northwest where the city ruins of Nois were.

He would occasionally take a detour, occasionally using Flaming Jump, and he didn't follow the route that the City of Silver had used to explore to reach their destination.

…

Backlund, late at night.

Feeling that she had digested the potion a little more, Audrey very eagerly used Dream Traversal to leave her mansion and to enter the various dreams of the surrounding area.

Knowing what the current situation was like, she had a strong desire to become a demigod.

Just like that, she suddenly saw someone familiar.

This was a noble lady who had a good relationship with her. She was 29 years old and had married a viscount two years ago.

At this moment, the lady's room was filled with rose petals. The bed was white, and there was a heart-shaped ring placed on it. And she could hear knocking sounds from the outside.

With flushed cheeks, the lady quickly walked over and opened the window.

A man wearing a black iron mask and a dark cloak leaped in. He hugged the lady and whispered, "I'll take you away from your suffering."

Then, the two of them started to wrap their bodies around one another as they rolled into bed.

As a Dreamwalker who was working hard to digest the potion, Audrey had long seen similar scenes. She had experienced the phase of feeling embarrassed, and she sighed at how everyone's dreams were full of imagination. At that moment, she didn't lose her composure at all. She maintained the etiquette of a Spectator, as though she was witnessing an overly intense play.

After a brief examination, she discovered a problem:

The man wearing the black iron mask wasn't the wife's spouse, but more like a particular playboy in the aristocratic circles.

Is this a reflection of what's hidden in her heart? Audrey muttered to herself in an academic manner while analyzing the dream.

Following that, she "traversed" into the dream beside her out of curiosity.

This dream corresponded to the noble wife's husband, the viscount.

In the dream, this viscount was busy attending a discussion at the House of Lords. Later, he was chased by an earl with a revolver. The latter claimed that he had tricked his daughter.

After escaping to a safe zone, the viscount found his female secretary to vent his fear.

Audrey couldn't help but leave the dream, wanting to see the state the viscount and his wife were in.

In the bedroom under the illumination of the crimson moonlight, the viscount was hugging his wife on the huge white bed. His wife was hugging him and sleeping in a very intimate manner.

Yes, I have to realize that everyone has a dark side to them. It's just a dream that they've had. If "conviction" for a mere instantaneous thought was carried out, then everyone would descend into hell, and no one will be spared, including myself… I can control my dark side, preventing it from ever being realized in the real world. To most people, that's already considered excellent… Audrey increasingly felt that acting as a Dreamwalker was a way to question and hone one's mind and body.

She entered the dreamscape again and "traversed" to another area.

Not long after, she arrived at a warm "room."

There was a dining table placed over a thick carpet. At the seat of honor was a white-haired old lady.

To her sides were a middle-aged couple and three children who were not of age. They were all enjoying the delicious food, chatting and laughing.

It was dark outside the room. The strong winds made the glass groan and thump as they seemed to brew a horrifying sensation before the disaster struck.

What is the owner of this dream bothered about? Audrey retreated from the dream and tried to find an answer from the real world to verify her hypothesis.

She then saw a small bed and the white-haired old lady.

There were photo frames on the bedside table of the old lady. They were either wrapped in black cloth or white flowers—consisting of a middle-aged couple and three underage children.

Audrey silently turned her head to look out the window, only to see that there were ruins nearby, ones left behind by an explosion.

The young noble lady pursed her lips and suddenly returned to the old lady's dreams.

She didn't stop the disaster that might happen. She only conjured a chair and sat on it. She looked at the happy and warm family in a solemn manner.

Amidst the howling wind and glass, the room was brightly lit. There was the fragrance of food and laughter everywhere.

Audrey had already concluded one of the acting principles of Dreamwalker:

“A traveler of a dream enters, takes in the sights, and records—never interfering. That was a Spectator.”

…

In Saint Samuel Cathedral, having been summoned by Bishop Anthony Steven, Leonard slowly walked up the spiral staircase under the sunlight that shone in through the stained glass.

Suddenly, he said with a suppressed voice, “Old Man, that secret gathering is about to begin again. Are you really planning to attempt to enter the treasures left behind by the Jacob family at the end of the month?”

“I’m not sure yet, but this is an opportunity. At the very least, Amon’s main body is being tied down by the matter regarding Sefirah Castle. “He” won’t suddenly appear.” In Leonard’s mind, Pallez Zoroast replied with a slightly hoarse voice, “However, I’m more inclined to reveal the news of the treasure trove. I want the people at the gathering to adventure and explore it. We’ll stay in the vicinity and observe the situation, taking what I need from their hands.”

Leonard was taken aback as he whispered, “Old Man, isn’t that too sinister?”

This was using the members of the Hermits of Fate as tools to step into a trap.

"Heh, naive, childish. You can tell them all the details and let them decide whether they want to go on their own." Pallez scoffed.

Leonard didn't mention it again. Instead, he asked, "Old Man, when can I become a demigod?"

Pallez chuckled.

"If you can obtain a spirit at the level of your former colleague's messenger, you'll be able to digest the potion by the beginning of next year. However, heh heh, it's better to act according to my instructions. Engage in a deeper level of acting. Wait till the second half of next year, you'll have the qualifications to try for Sequence 4. Of course, I'm not sure if the Church of Evernight will give you the potion and hold a ritual for you. That high-ranking deacon named Cesimir Crestet, had to wait several years before he truly became a demigod when war truly broke out, didn't he?"

Leonard nodded and asked thoughtfully, "Old Man, can you act as a spirit to help me digest the potion?

"Your level should be higher than Klein's messenger…"

Pallez Zoroast fell silent for a few seconds before he chortled.

"What a great idea.

"How about I help you digest the potion?"

“How?” Leonard knew that Old Man was mocking him, but he couldn’t help but ask.

“I’ll deeply parasitize you, gaining full control over your body,” Pallez snapped back.

As he spoke, Leonard came to the door of the Backlund diocese’s archbishop.

He immediately shut his mouth and raised his right hand to knock on the door.

“Come in.” Anthony Steven glanced at Leonard who had opened the door. “You can release that vampire behind Chanis Gate.”

Chapter 1181: Nois Ancient City

Upon hearing the bishop’s instructions, Leonard was first taken aback before he inwardly sighed.

Mr. Fool’s prophecy was really accurate…

No, it’s not a prophecy. “He” was already aware of everything.

Leonard quickly reined in his thoughts and followed the procedures to get Bishop Saint Anthony to give him an official document. Then, he returned underground and brought two members into Chanis Gate.

After waiting for the Keepers to check the documents, he came to Emlyn White’s room which was illuminated with shining silver candles that were covered with engraved patterns. He opened the heavy stone door with a brass key.

Ghostly blue light entered the cell, “stabbing” Emlyn White’s eyes to the point of him instinctively closing his eyes.

His face was much paler than before, and his body was much thinner. He exuded a feeling that a gust of wind would lift him up at any moment.

Thinking of Mr. Fool’s answer, Emlyn suddenly felt confident in his current situation. Without opening his eyes, he slowly stood up and chuckled.

“I knew you would take the initiative to send me out.”

Would you be disappointed if I said that it was just a routine investigation? Leonard lampooned inwardly and replied without any expression, “I’ll give you thirty seconds. If you don’t leave Chanis Gate within this period, I’ll take it as you voluntarily choosing to stay behind.”

As a slightly more senior Nighthawk and a captain of a Red Gloves team for several months, Leonard had rich experience in dealing with prisoners.

Emlyn’s expression froze. He opened his mouth, wanting to say something, but he ultimately maintained his silence. He walked past Leonard and his two teammates and walked out of Chanis Gate.

Outside, he suddenly shuddered, as if he wanted to purge the chill in his body.

“Once you return, getting some sunlight would fix you up. Oh, the sun is a rare commodity in Backlund’s winter, and you vampires don’t enjoy sunbathing... Aren’t you an Apothecary? You can concoct some medicine from the Sun domain yourself.” Seeing this, Leonard casually reminded him.

Emlyn’s condition wasn’t the best. On the one hand, he hadn’t drunk any spirituality-containing human blood for days. He could only rely on the blood of animals as a substitute. On the other hand, it was because he had stayed behind Chanis Gate for too long. The power of Evernight that supported the seal had eaten into him a little, making him require the effects of medicine from the Sun domain to remove the residual effects.

As a Potions Professor, Emlyn was aware of his physical and mental condition. He didn’t retort or nod. He only emphasized the word “Sanguine” before asking, “Where’s Father Utravsky?”

"He still needs to stay a little while longer. I hope this bloody war will end soon. Don't worry, we'll let him come out twice a week to get some sunlight. As for which days they'll be, it'll depend on the weather in Backlund." Leonard gave a simple response before sending Emlyn White to the ground and onto the streets.

Emlyn hesitated for a moment before asking again, "Where's the nearest hospital?"

"What do you want to do?" Leonard asked in a professional manner.

"Get a blood transfusion." Emlyn raised his chin slightly, trying his best not to change his expression.

Blood transfusion… more like drinking blood… Leonard didn't call him out. He pointed in one direction and gave him the address.

After watching the Sanguine Viscount leave, he returned underground and began to discuss a recent case with his team members.

…

After several days of traveling, Klein finally arrived near the Nois City ruins in the north.

This was equally a desolate plain. The dried riverbed left traces of itself on the ground.

Looking at the dark, shadowy city that was filled with a thin fog, he was in no hurry to get close. Instead, he found a hidden spot and muttered the honorific name of Mr. Fool.

Following that, he took four steps counterclockwise and recited the incantation before entering the world above the gray fog. To return to Sefirah Castle with just a thought, he needed the prayers of the Tarot Club members to stack together, forming a strong and firm anchor. That way, it would provide The Fool with the sufficient summoning power.

With the help of the prayer light, Klein used his “true vision” to check the situation of the Nois ruins from afar. He discovered that the thin fog was slowly dissipating, but it couldn’t completely dissipate. On the surface of the city, there wasn’t a single Spirit Body Thread. The people who were dressed in linen robes or animal hides were lying in different spots on the streets. They weren’t as lively and busy as the time the City of Silver’s expedition team visited.

After the angel or Sealed Artifact that occupied this city discovered that “Their” whereabouts were exposed, they chose to migrate? As Klein made a guess based on the situation in front of him, he retracted his gaze and looked at the grayish-white fog that held up Sefirah Castle.

He was trying to prevent the Miracle Invoker, or Attendant of Mysteries, or the corresponding Sealed Artifact from hiding in the Historical Void and ambushing the Beyonders of the ancient Nois City. He didn’t wish to directly encounter a cluster of translucent maggots that twisted into a huge vortex when he leaped into the fog of history, nor did he wish to be pursued by those terrifying tentacles.

The ambush that Zaratul had laid for him still left Klein feeling a lingering sense of fear. From time to time, he would have nightmares, hoping to seek Miss Justice for another round of treatment for psychological trauma.

This stimulus was worse than seeing his marionette, Enuni, wear a monocle in front of him while his body remained completely immobile. This was because he had implicated the Hounds of Fulgrim.

After confirming that the Historical Void was safe, Klein returned to the real world. He stretched out his hand, grabbed, and pulled out his former self. This former self was also wearing a silk half top hat, a black trench coat, and holding a simple glass lantern.

In the next second, he “jumped” into the grayish-white fog and followed the illuminated spots in the Historical Void, running all the way to a period before the First Epoch, in that city of a long-dead civilization.

To him, this was a very ingenious “safe house.” This was because, aside from him, no Scholar of Yore could trace back to this lost piece of history.

Of course, to him, coming all the way here had required him to expend a lot of his spirituality. He could only stay there for another fifteen minutes at most, and that was only if he didn’t make any burdening attempts at summoning Historical Void projections.

After hiding his true body, Klein’s projection in the real world moved forward, quickly arriving outside the Nois ruins.

He didn’t blindly approach or enter. After circling to a small mound opposite the dried riverbed, he raised his right hand and summoned his original marionette—the cold Earl of The Fallen Qonas Kilgor with dark blue eyes.

Qonas’s body squirmed and instantly transformed into Gehrman Sparrow. Then, he reached out and took out a lantern from the

Historical Void.

The historical projection who summoned a historical projection had “Disordered” the distance under the dim yellow light of the lantern. In a few steps, he arrived outside Nois City, alone.

With the lantern in hand, he passed through the rotting buildings and passed through the thin fog before entering the ruins.

Compared to using his “true vision” above the gray fog, actual contact made him discover more details.

The humans and monsters lying in different spots had signs of decay, as though they had been abandoned for some time.

Some of them sat on chairs under the eaves of the house, others slumped beside stoves. Some held moldy bread while others held hands. There were some leaning against the walls and sitting on the ground, their lips pressed against a bone flute…

This allowed Klein to imagine the situation in the city back when they were “living.”

Some of them were slacking off and resting. Some were baking food, and others were shopping along the streets. Others were focused on music as some came and went, laughing nonstop. There were also others fighting monsters in an arena…

This was such a lively and bustling scene, but in reality, everyone had already died and were no longer in possession of their souls. They were only repeating predetermined actions.

And one day, this strange scene froze with time, and everyone collapsed without any warning.

A city formed by marionettes, the most realistic theater… Back then, the foggy town was in a similar situation… Although I'm also a Seer, I still have to say that, in terms of horror, terror, and bizarreness, our pathway is definitely ranked amongst the top three… Could it be that I'll be acting in the same manner in the future? Attendant of Mysteries? With the lantern in hand, Klein walked through the streets that were littered with corpses. He followed his spiritual intuition and headed for the ancient Nois City's center.

The situation here made him believe that the person who had once ruled the Nois ruins definitely had enough intelligence. After the City of Silver's expedition team broke the peace and serenity here, the entity didn't choose to kill or destroy any clues. Instead, this place was abandoned without hesitation before the entity migrated elsewhere.

The reason why the City of Silver wasn't silenced probably had to do with an Amon parasite following behind. Yes, it could also be because of the True Creator… As he casually let his thoughts wander, Klein quickly arrived at a relatively intact cathedral.

Inside the cathedral stood a statue of a demonic wolf with eight legs. It was covered with short and dark hair.

There was a tuft of grayish-white fur at the top of the statue head. Its pitch-black pupils covered at least three-quarters of its eyes.

It's not Flegrea… The Dark Demonic Wolf that occasionally appeared in the Third Epoch, the God of Wishes? "He" has been in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for thousands of years and has finally found that Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic? Just as this thought flashed through his mind, Klein suddenly heard footsteps coming, resounding one after another.

Standing sideways, he immediately cast his gaze outside the cathedral. He saw a figure slowly walking through the thin fog before its outline quickly formed.

He was nearly 2.3 meters tall, with a slight hunch to his back. With grizzled hair, wrinkles at the corners of his eyes, and a scar at the corners of his mouth, he looked like an old priest or bishop while donning a long black clergyman's robe.

His dark brown eyes were calm, unlike the monsters deep in the darkness who were bloodthirsty and zero intelligence.

However, in the long, quiet night of low-frequency lightning, this clergyman didn't carry any animal hide lanterns or have any fire lit. He just quietly walked through the thin fog.

Chapter 1182: The Holy Word

Although it had been less than a week since he entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods, Klein had long gotten a good understanding of the place through Little Sun. He knew that normal humans, even saints, had to use fire to create light in the darkness. Otherwise, it was very easy for them to encounter dangerous monsters lurking in the depths of the darkness, or be secretly devoured, disappearing without a trace, never to be found again.

And at that moment, the elderly clergyman wasn't carrying any animal hide lanterns. Instead, he passed through the fog in the darkness and slowly entered the cathedral that was illuminated by the dim yellow light.

If it wasn't for his deep and calm eyes that didn't show any signs of madness, Klein's first reaction would've been that he had encountered a special monster.

Of course, having a normal person's state of mind and being immersed in darkness were contradictory traits. Any living creature with any semblance of normal intelligence could easily come up with a conclusion that this person might be even more terrifying than special monsters.

Klein had only met one person who could pass through the darkness without being affected by it while having sufficient intelligence:

Blasphemer Amon!

Sensing that the faint yellow light was reflected on his face, the tall black-robed clergyman with a slight hunch to his back stopped in his tracks. Looking at the demonic wolf statue, he hoarsely asked, “Where did the owner of this city go?”

Klein was the kind of person who would try his best to resolve a problem peacefully if a fight with a stranger could be avoided. As he raised his guard, he calmly replied, “I don’t know where either—I just entered the city—who knows where the owner went.”

Just as he said that, the entire cathedral dimmed. A thin fog surged in like a tidal wave from the outside, drowning the interior.

The lantern in Klein’s hand failed miserably at illuminating the windows and the situation at the door. It was dark outside, and nothing could be seen.

In the blink of an eye, the cathedral that worshiped the demonic wolf statue seemed to be isolated from Nois City. It was unknown where it was located.

Klein’s pupils dilated slightly as he looked at the clergyman with wrinkles and white hair. He asked in a deep voice, “Who are you?”

The hunched clergyman replied in a condescending manner, “I’m an attendant by the Lord’s side. I’m the Angel of the Holy Word, Steph. I walk this land of the past that the Lord had passed on, doing so on ‘His’ behalf in search of the ‘Blasphemer’ hidden in the darkness.”

As he spoke, the elder’s figure expanded to a height of four meters tall. Behind him, black illusory feathers appeared. Their shadows intersected and formed four pairs of gloomy but holy wings.

Angel of the Holy Word, Steph… An attendant by the Lord's side… Land of the past… This is the Blessed of the True Creator, the Angel of Fate's subordinate, a member of the Rose Redemption? It's no wonder that "He" can walk in the darkness; "He" has the power of degeneration protecting "Him"… That evil god is still searching for the Beyonder characteristic of the Attendant of Mysteries? Klein had no choice but to raise his head and lock eyes with this clergyman who, despite wearing a black robe, had four pairs of angel wings on "His" back. This high-level existence angel's form remained wrinkled with grizzled hair. There was a sense of contradiction in everything about "Him."

Pretending that he had never made an enemy of the Aurora Order, he calmly said, "That Blasphemer has long fled. I'm also searching for 'Him.'"

After staring at Klein for two seconds, the Angel of the Holy Word asked in a low voice, "Who are you?"

It won't be convenient saying it out directly… Klein sighed and smiled.

"I'm a lonely traveler."

After he gave this reply, he suddenly felt an extreme sense of darkness developing within him. It then sank down and merged with the shadow created by the lantern.

The pitch-black figure abruptly warped and came to "life," stretching itself out to become another Gehrman Sparrow—one with sinister and ferocious eyes and a solitary demeanor.

This… Klein's pupils constricted. Without any hesitation, he reached out his right hand and grabbed outward at thin air.

At this point, if he hadn't guessed that Steph was using his "answer," he should've joined the Aurora Order and made the True Creator his god.

At this moment, he already knew what it meant by "Angel of the Holy Word."

This was clearly the Angel of the Evil Word!

By using a person's reply, "He" could extract a portion of the ambiguity or expand on it to create the effect of spirit language!

When Klein said that he didn't know where the owner of the city had gone, Steph extracted the words "I don't know where I went," trapping himself and isolating himself from the outside world.

When this angel revealed "His" identity, every word was enhancing "His" level and strength.

When Klein answered who he was, it ended up separating "a lonely traveler" from him.

From the moment "He" appeared in Nois City, there was a strong sense of malice in the black-robed Steph!

And just as Klein was attempting to summon a particular image from the Historical Void, the sinister Gehrman Sparrow seemed to share the same thoughts as he did. He too grabbed at the same projection, canceling each other out.

Seeing that his powers as a Scholar of Yore had been restrained, Klein's eyes narrowed. Without any hesitation, he opened his mouth and said a word in Jotun.

But in the next second, the word was stolen.

Standing at about four meters tall, the stooped Angel of the Holy Word, Steph, had at some point in time grown a head covered in blood on "His" left shoulder. It looked very similar to "Him," but was much younger—a person who was approximately in the forties.

Around the head were two skinless arms that had mangled flesh. They had "Grazed" different souls and had used Beyonder powers that could steal thoughts.

At the same time, another bloody head grew on Steph's right shoulder, one that looked to be in "His" twenties.

Amongst the three heads, one "Grazed" souls and stole Klein's thoughts, while the other was staring coldly at the target, deepening the self-awareness of the lonely traveler. The last one opened "His" mouth and said, "You lie!

"You are the person who destroyed the son of God's descent ritual and interfered with the Lord's descent twice!

"You are one of the targets I'm looking for!"

The corners of Klein's mouth twitched as he calmly said a word in Jotun, "Leodero!"

This was the true name of the Lord of Storms!

The reason why this thought wasn't stolen was because he had lined up his subsequent actions. The lineup was filled with the same content. It didn't matter if the first thought was stolen, as it didn't affect the subsequent thoughts.

This was a precious experience he had gained from fighting Amon.

Of course, if he were to meet Amon again, he suspected that such a method might not work. Once the God of Mischief was prepared, "He" would definitely come up with something new.

As soon as he finished speaking, the eyes of the Angel of the Holy Word Angel, Steph, lit up with bolts of silver lightning.

They covered the entirety of Nois City, and they tore through the darkness that enveloped the cathedral. They tore apart all the corruption, concealment, darkness, vileness, and evil.

Inside, Klein and the sinister Gehrman Sparrow were situated at the eye of the lightning storm. Without even a grunt, they dissipated.

Then, the terrifying, silvery-white, twisted electric bolts snaked the area and swallowed the demonic wolf statue as well as the Angel of Holy Words, Steph.

Amidst the dull rumbling sounds, the ancient city of Nois completely collapsed, becoming a true ruin.

At the opposite side of the dried-up river bed, Klein's historical projection quickly faded away, returning to the real world.

Right on the heels of that, Klein immediately used Flaming Jump to distance himself from the Nois ruins. During this process, he pulled out a few paper figurines and made them into "angels" to cover his tracks.

The desolate plains returned to its state of dead silence once again. After an unknown period of time, the ruins where the cathedral stood shook. Steph slowly stood up amidst crumbling dust and rock.

"His" completely white hair had thinned again, and "His" deep-black clergyman's robe became tattered.

The Angel of the Holy Word left Nois ancient city in silence, got "His" bearings, and walked deep into the darkness.

Half a day later, a figure approached the city's ruins from another direction. It was none other than Klein who had made a huge detour.

He hadn't had the chance to check the ancient city of Nois previously, and his return this time was motivated by the hope of finding actual clues of that existence.

At a relatively far distance away, Klein repeated his observations above the gray fog, summoned the historical projection, and hid in ancient times, using the projection to summon another historical projection.

After finishing his preparations, he stepped into Nois once again and returned to the cathedral in absolute silence.

Along the way, the corpses that had been lying dead on the ground had either turned to ash or turned to charred remains, devoid of that creepy and harrowing feeling.

That fellow named Steph didn't die… From the looks of it, the remnant divine powers of Storm here can only injure an angel… Klein stopped in front of the ruined cathedral and muttered to himself wistfully.

Of course, he only found it a little regretful. He didn't expect to finish off an angel so easily.

As he swept his gaze, he saw a few pieces of the demonic wolf statue.

The surface of it was dark black, and the insides were dark red—nothing like commonly seen stone.

These stones must be extraordinary for them to be used by that Dark Demonic Wolf for "His" statue. Furthermore, they don't look like something produced in the vicinity… Perhaps I can seek out the area the Dark Demonic Wolf hid prior to Nois City by investigating them… As a Miracle Invoker, or even an Attendant of Mysteries, that Dark Demonic Wolf must be good at covering "His" tracks. It'll be very difficult to track "His" whereabouts directly, but if I can find most of the areas "He" had hid previously, I should be able to gain insight into "His" habits and style…

Once I know a person's past, I can predict his future! As he thought, he took two steps forward, bent down, and attempted to pick up a fragment of the statue.

At that moment, a charred hand suddenly reached out and blocked his finger.

From the corner of his eye, he saw a charred corpse standing up!

The charred corpse's other hand held onto a crystal monocle and wore it on its left eye.

Amon! Left eye… Klein's heart tightened at first before a strong sense of doubt and suspicion surfaced within him.

In the next second, the charred corpse smiled and said, "Sorry, I wore it on the wrong side."

As it spoke, it took off the monocle and moved it to its right eye.

Chapter 1183: Klein's Advantage

"..." Once again, Klein understood why Amon was the God of Mischief.

At that moment, he didn't even have the desire to lampoon. All he wanted was to immediately end the historical projection and escape from the Amon—no, Amons—in front of him.

The charred corpse that had been "Parasitized" wiped the soot from its face. Before Klein disappeared, it said with a smile, "There's no rush. You are just a projection from the Historical Void. I can't really parasitize you, and you should know very well that I'm not alone. It's difficult for you to launch an effective counterattack."

With a simple lantern in hand, Klein thought silently. He picked up a piece of the black sculpture fragment that had red insides, and he cautiously asked, "What exactly do you want to say?"

At that moment, Amon had already changed back into "His" appearance. The only problem was that "His" skin remained darker.

"He" adjusted "His" crystal monocle and chuckled.

"You know that I'm aware that you're searching for that Dark Demonic Wolf in an attempt to obtain the Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic from 'Him.' I happen to be very interested as well. Why don't we play another game and see who can get to it first?"

What's the point of that? It's not like I won't pursue it or think of snatching it if I don't play this game. After two seconds of silence, he shook his head.

"I refuse."

He had no intention of listening to what conditions Amon would offer. The more he heard from a top cheat, the more he would suffer.

Amon shook "His" head without a hint of anger.

"You'll regret this. I had originally planned to use a Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic to exchange for Sefirah Castle with you, and also give you a period of time to transfer the secret gathering you organized.

"And now, I can only consider stealing your fate directly. I will carry the burden of the corrosion from the source. Yes, although it's dangerous, it's still thrilling enough. I'm already prepared to accept it and see who will eventually control the flow. With my father's experience, I believe I won't perform too poorly."

...*What? Corrosion from the source? The experience of the ancient sun god?* Klein originally didn't wish to continue discussing the topic of the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic and Sefirah Castle, but when he heard that, his heart stirred.

He recalled Amon's description and couldn't help but ask, "The source refers to the Oldest One, the first Creator?"

He desperately wanted to know what sort of unbearable fate Sefirah Castle would bring him.

Amon pinched the edge of his monocle and looked at him for a few seconds before suddenly smiling.

"It's better if I don't answer this question directly, as you won't believe every word I say."

Tell me, I'll determine its authenticity! Klein suppressed the urge to blurt out and calmly replied, "Maybe it's just because you haven't made up the reason yet."

Amon didn't mind at all as "He" smiled and said, "You can think of it that way too.

"Heh heh, at times, the truth that you discover for yourself is definitely more agreeable than what others tell you. If you have the time, you can wander around the Forsaken Land of the Gods. This should provide you with more clues. Of course, if you have the guts to enter Chernobyl, then you would know more."

"..." Klein didn't pursue the matter any further. After staring at the collapsed cathedral that was bathed in a faint yellow light, he casually said, "Did the Dark Demonic Wolf hurriedly migrate because of the discovery of your existence?"

Amon nodded slightly and said, "It wasn't just me. 'He' also sensed The Hanged Man's gaze. 'He' has been hiding in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for thousands of years. 'He' is very sensitive to such matters."

A Sequence 2 angel, perhaps even a Sequence 1 angel, can only play hide and seek in the Forsaken Land of the Gods and live such an abject life... Isn't the environment here a little too harsh? Klein sighed inwardly before saying, "You must've left more than one avatar in the City of Silver. Why didn't you try to stop me from reviving there?

“Why didn’t you send more powerful avatars over?”

Amon nudged the bottom of “His” monocle with “His” right index finger and laughed.

“If that happens, you’ll choose to revive in the outside world. This will cause quite a bit of trouble for my follow-up tracking.

“And if I—if we were to relax a little, due to the existence of the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, you would most likely be resurrected here. In the following game, the only things that we need to consider are The Hanged Man and Ouroboros.”

Just as I thought… Klein said after some thought, “Even in the same region, as long as you exceed a certain distance, your true body and avatars have no way to instantly merge or switch locations?

“Back when you first entered the Forsaken Land of the Gods, you were able to transform back into your true form because the anomalies with Sefirah Castle had similarly interfered with the area here, allowing your true body to sense something. You went to the entrance in advance to wait?”

After hearing what he said with a smile, Amon asked without answering, “What’s your guess?

“Why don’t you guess if I’ve turned back into my original form?”

Klein raised his right fist and covered his mouth. After pondering for a few seconds, he revealed a smile.

"I guess your other avatars are setting up a corresponding ritual to allow your true body to descend directly…"

Before he could finish his sentence, his figure rapidly turned incorporeal and dissipated.

The Historical Void projection was dispelled.

In the wilderness outside the ancient city of Nois, the air around the hiding Klein suddenly stirred. In midair, there were a series of illusory monocles.

They stared at Klein's figure, as if saying that they had finally found him.

However, Klein's figure rapidly faded away.

Back when Amon moved the monocle to "His" right eye, Klein had already returned from ancient history to the real world. With the help of Paper Angel, he had used Flaming Jump and other Beyonder powers to quickly leave.

The reason why his historical projection was able to speak to Amon rather normally was because he was essentially a marionette. It was Qonas Kilgor in the form of Gehrman Sparrow. He had a Worm of Spirit that came from history inside him and was controlled by Klein's projection outside the city.

Meanwhile, in the process of escaping far away, Klein frequently entered the Historical Void, allowing the projection outside the city to intermittently regain consciousness and maintain control of his marionette.

This caused the person who had spoken to Amon to fall into deep thought from time to time. He would either stare with a focused look for a few seconds or seemingly need time to recall what Amon had said.

Against the God of Deceit, Klein didn't dare to be careless!

After leaving Nois City, he circled around two more times and used his true vision to inspect his surroundings above the gray fog. Only then did he slow down.

The corrosion that comes from the source... I wonder if Amon is bluffing me... Indeed, I'll have to enter Chernobyl one day to take a look, but I have to become a Miracle Invoker—doing so after I have self-preservation abilities to a certain degree; otherwise, I'll just be knocking on death's door... With the lantern that Danitz had sacrificed, Klein casually proceeded in the dark environment of the weeds.

Thanks to this experience, he finally had a deeper understanding of the danger in the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

Extremely harsh and warped environment, crazy cultists, fallen angel, groups of Amons wandering about, and Mythical Creatures lurking in the darkness. Somewhere here, there are evil gods watching everything. I can stir remnant divine powers that others can as well... As expected of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. The danger level far exceeds my imagination... As he sighed, he turned his attention back to the Dark Demonic Wolf.

To be frank, he didn't think he had any advantage in tracking this Mythical Creature. Be it his understanding of the Forsaken Land of the Gods, or his confidence in the target's situation, he was far inferior to Amon, who had been exploring the area for more than a thousand years, as well as the True Creator's Blesseds who had the benefit of this place being their home ground.

My only advantage is that I share the same Seer pathway as the Dark Demonic Wolf. Furthermore, I have Sefirah Castle. There is a strong inclination for Beyonder characteristic convergence. This will have a certain effect on fate and judgment… However, Amon is a King of Angels of a neighboring pathway. There is also the law of Beyonder characteristic convergence between "Him" and the Dark Demonic Wolf. The effects won't be any weaker than mine… Klein considered carefully for a moment when he suddenly had an idea. He found his best advantage.

The advantage was:

He was very weak!

Compared to Amon, the True Creator's attendant, and the Dark Demonic Wolf, he was very weak!

Under normal circumstances, this was a disadvantage, but at times, it was possible that it could bring him something that he wanted.

My level is low, and I'm weak. That means that I can become the hunting target of the Dark Demonic Wolf instead… It's very difficult for me to find "Him," so why don't I get "Him" to come and find me instead! A Scholar of Yore might not necessarily interest the Dark Demonic Wolf, but if this Scholar of Yore can still trigger Sefirah Castle, that's a whole other matter… I can stir Sefirah Castle from time to time, leaving behind traces of the gray fog's aura as bait for the Dark Demonic Wolf… The more he thought, the more viable he believed it was.

Of course, this was definitely very dangerous. If he wasn't careful, he might accidentally bait Amon or even the True Creator. And the

Dark Demonic Wolf might very likely choose to observe first before suddenly launching an attack and not giving him a chance to prepare.

Before taking this approach, I have to make sufficient preparations… There's no need to rush it… Taking a deep breath, Klein reached out his hand and pulled out the black demonic wolf sculpture's fragment that was red on the inside.

Although he had failed to obtain the item due to Amon's obstruction, this didn't stop him from taking it out from the Historical Void. This was because he had already seen it and had touched it. And the item itself wasn't at a high level.

At this moment, he wanted to use the fragment to search for the hiding spot of the Dark Demonic Wolf by analyzing it in reverse and figuring out its modus operandi.

In the wilderness ruled by darkness, Klein lifted the lantern that emitted a faint yellow light. He got his bearings and changed directions before slowly entering.

…

Backlund, Hillston Borough.

Fors, who had gone out "Traveling" once, finally received a reply from her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham.

Chapter 1184: “Record”

There are no Worms of Star at the moment… He wants me to take note of what else the person who’s seeking to purchase a Worm of Star needs… Fors read the letter from her teacher and silently heaved a sigh of relief.

However, when she thought about how she was about to begin hunting the Saint of Secrets, she felt a pang of nervousness. After all, he was a demigod, a saint who had reached Sequence 4 about one or two years ago. It was unknown if he was already at Sequence 3 now.

Although the mastermind behind the operation is Ma’am Hermit, as the bait, I still need to worry about my own safety… Besides, the Aurora Order still has Rose Redemption backing them, as well as angels and a King of Angels… Fors didn’t regret agreeing to Gehrman Sparrow’s request. This was something she had wanted to do in the first place. However, due to the high risk involved, it was inevitable for her to feel flustered and uneasy.

This made her think of another possibility:

If Mr. World could participate in the operation and lead it, I’ll definitely feel less nervous and worried.

It wasn’t that Fors didn’t believe in Ma’am Hermit’s strength and experience, but that the results from The World Gehrman Sparrow were laid bare for all to see. His hunts didn’t include one or two demigods, so having him run the operation would make one feel at ease.

Xio, who was sitting beside the fireplace, glanced at her friend and asked, “Is the hunt about to begin?”

“Yes.” Fors nodded solemnly before saying, “It won’t be too soon. Everyone needs some time to prepare.”

Hunting a demigod wasn’t akin to fox hunting in the suburbs during autumn. Setting off wasn’t as simple as bringing the equipment and gathering friends. This required a precise and meticulous plan. Fors believed that Ma’am Hermit had to come to Backlund personally, or live in another kill box that she had decided on for some time. Only by figuring out the exact situation could she come up with an effective plan.

As for Miss Justice, she was still speeding up the digestion of her Dreamwalker potion. This might take another one to two months or even longer.

For Fors, she could afford to wait. She also wanted to finish digesting her Scribe potion, set up the ritual, and become a Traveler before the actual operation began.

The only thing she wasn’t sure of was whether The World would rush them.

I will try my best to convince him—no, let Miss Justice convince him. That’s what a Spectator is best at… Just as Fors mumbled, she saw Xio turn around and hesitantly say, “The liaison officer from MI9 suggested that I should officially join them today. And they said that, with the new king in place, there are many matters from the past that I don’t need to worry about. People like me and him have the chance to have importance placed on them again.”

Fors listened attentively and said after some deliberation, “That isn’t some sort of investigation that’s targeted at us, right?

"This will likely make them discover that there's a faction behind you."

Xio nodded and said, "They believe that I was abandoned after that incident. Also, they suspect that that faction belongs to a Church—the Church of Evernight."

Xio believed in the Evernight Goddess, so mentioning the Church was undoubtedly referring to the Church of Evernight. However, considering that her good friend was a believer in the God of Steam and Machinery, she made an emphasis to prevent any ambiguity.

"Heh heh, that's what Mr. World told us to disguise ourselves as," Fors stroked her hair with a relaxed expression and said with a smile.

She then made herself look serious and mature.

"Xio, this is an opportunity for you. 'Acting' as a Judge clearly requires the support of the officials. Your current strength and level aren't enough to be a Judge in the underground world in Backlund. You also lack sufficient support.

"If you can really enter a court of law, rotate between the different courts, and serve in a criminal court for a few months, your potion should be completely digested. Oh right, I heard that MI9 has a 'Paranormal Court' within it, one which specializes in Beyonder cases. If you become a Judge there, you might be able to attempt to be a Disciplinary Paladin by February or March next year."

Seeing Xio clearly being moved by her speech, Fors hurriedly added, "Once you make enough contributions, you might be able to restore your father's reputation to a certain extent. Anyway, George III is already dead. As long as it doesn't affect his reputation, Jevington II might not stop it."

Jevington was the eldest son of George III. He had worn the crown as Balam's emperor and was now the new king of Loen.

Xio fell silent for a while before she slowly nodded.

"I'll give it a try."

"Yes, after things settle down, you can bring your mother and brother to Backlund. Although the situation is tense now and food prices are rapidly rising, you definitely get food rations from MI9. You can provide for them!" The more Fors spoke, the more she felt that joining MI9 was a good thing.

After persuading Xio, Fors entered her bedroom and prayed to Mr. Fool, asking "Him" to forward her message to Mr. World.

Immediately following that, Fors extracted the important points of her teacher's reply and described her thoughts, hoping that Gehrman Sparrow could be more patient.

Just as she finished her prayers and was about to leave the room, her vision suddenly blurred. She saw a crimson tide surge out of the void, instantly drowning her.

Fors immediately discovered that she had arrived in the ancient palace and was sitting on her usual high-back chair. However, there was no towering figure that was shrouded in gray fog at the long, bronze table's seat of honor.

At that moment, there was only her and The World Gehrman Sparrow around the long mottled table.

"…" Fors's mind suddenly tensed up as her thoughts raced suddenly. "Mr. World, I meant, just now, that it's best if you have some patience. This will make things simpler. It's actually fine if you don't. We will begin hunting as soon as possible."

Klein let out a soft chuckle.

"Don't worry, I'm not in a hurry."

When his ultimate goal had become an angel-level potion formula and Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, he had enough patience regarding this matter.

Phew… Fors secretly heaved a sigh of relief and asked curiously, "Then why did you look for me?"

Klein replied calmly, "Didn't you wish to digest the Scribe potion as quickly as possible?

"Apart from the customs of different places, I think you still need to record all kinds of Beyonder powers. The higher the corresponding level, the better the digestion's effect."

Fors's eyes lit up when she heard that.

"Yes… Yes!"

After blurting it out, she found her attitude highly questionable.

She hurriedly and fearfully added, “Is this the advance payment you mentioned before?”

Klein nodded slightly and said, “Let’s begin. Be prepared. I’ve borrowed a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact from Mr. Fool. It corresponds to the level of a saint.”

To a Sequence 6 Scribe, the chances of successfully recording an angel-level Beyonder power was extremely low—nearly impossible. Therefore, Klein didn’t attempt to summon Miss Messenger and Mr. Azik from the Historical Void to showcase their “skills.”

Fors sat up straight and nodded heavily.

“Yes.”

In the next second, she saw The World Gehrman Sparrow raise a white bone scepter covered in blue gems.

Amidst the bright light, bolts of lightning leaped out of the void and interwove together, forming a forest of lightning that emitted an aura of destruction.

Fors’s eyes turned silvery-white as her body and mind were left in awe.

After the Lightning Storm calmed down, she was stunned for two seconds before timidly saying, “It failed…”

“Again,” Klein calmly replied.

"Lightning Storm" descended again and again in the ancient palace above the gray fog. After an unknown period of time, Fors exhaled and leaned back in her chair. She couldn't hide her joy as she said, "It's a success! It's a success..."

She had finally "Recorded" Lightning Storm once.

It's finally over... Fors immediately relaxed. Then, she heard The World say without emotion, "Alright, next Beyonder power."

...*Next?* Fors saw the crazy adventurer at the bottom of the long, mottled table extend his right hand and grab at the grayish-white fog. Out of nowhere, he took out a long, thorny cross that was covered in bronze.

Record this cross's ability? Fors tried hard to make her expression appear normal.

After she digested the Scribe potion to a certain extent, the godhood powers that she could "Record" had increased from one to two.

"No." Klein glanced at Miss Magician and said, "Record my summoning of the Unshadowed Crucifix."

"...It failed," Fors said softly.

The reason for her failure this time was that she didn't have time to "Record" it.

Dispelling the maintenance of Unshadowed Crucifix, Klein once again reached into the fog of history and pulled out an iron-black revolver.

“It didn’t succeed…” Fors replied with a complicated expression.

All she wanted to do now was to return to the real world and digest what she had just received, but the ringing of the bell to mark the end of “class” just didn’t happen.

Nearly thirty times later, when Fors’s head throbbed in pain and her mental strength was beginning to run dry, she finally “Recorded” Historical Void Summoning once.

At that moment, she felt her tears fill her eyes, but she still held back her fatigue and tried her best to show the attitude of a good student.

“This can summon people and objects that one is related to through the Historical Void?

“When the time comes, who should I summon, or what item should I summon?”

Klein looked at Miss Magician and coldly replied, “Me.”

“…” Fors forced a smile and asked, “From which period?”

“The last time we met.” Klein had already thought of an answer.

It was the him who had deliberately sent Miss Magician back from the world of ice and snow to Backlund before he destroyed George III’s ritual. He had already become a Scholar of Yore by then.

Fors nodded solemnly and subconsciously asked, “What if I fail? For me to summon someone who exceeds my own level, the probability of failure should be very high...”

“Come again tomorrow to record this ability. Use Leymano’s Travels,” Klein said calmly.

Will two times be enough to succeed? Fors instinctively had such a question. However, she didn’t dare to speak when she saw how certain The World Gehrman Sparrow was about it.

She raised her hand and gestured.

“Then, can I go back now?”

With a terse answer, he allowed Miss Magician to leave Sefirah Castle with a delighted expression.

...

In a primitive forest on Sonia Island.

Alger Wilson led his subordinates into an elven ruin that was seldom visited.

Chapter 1185: Reappearing

The withered vines drooped down, covering the rotting wooden structure. The entire ruins had been frozen in a silent atmosphere that no one had tread within for a while.

Alger and a few sailors circled around the ruin in the environment of a withering winter, but they still failed to discover anything of value.

“Captain, batches of adventurers have come here before. What else could they have left us?” Finally, a sailor in his thirties impatiently broke the silence.

This resonated with his other companions as they echoed, “A place that didn’t take us much time to learn about can definitely be easily found by others.”

“That’s right, that’s right. Let’s continue to f**k the Feysacians!”

“Captain, are you trying to make this place a stronghold?”

Alger slowly scanned the area, quelling the sailors to stop their complaints under his gaze and making them choose to obey.

After a few seconds of silence, he said, “I plan on using this place to ambush the Feysacians.

“Let’s observe the terrain and see if it’s suitable.”

With such an excuse, the sailors barely perked up, and the group quickly entered the depths of the elven ruins.

As he walked, Alger's spiritual perception was triggered as he subconsciously looked behind a gigantic tree.

There were some signs of churning in the soil over there, and it wouldn't take more than a year.

Alger retracted his gaze and pretended not to notice anything amiss. He naturally looked elsewhere.

After exploring the elven ruins, they returned to their new camp.

At that moment, it was almost evening and the forest was getting colder. Alger had dinner with the sailors before leaving two patrolling guards behind, and then all of them entered their respective tents.

The cold wind blew through the trees, causing the bonfire to sway. Alger, who had wanted to leave the campsite in the middle of the night, suddenly heard faint singing from afar.

The voice was ethereal, like a woman humming and singing slowly, relating her inner thoughts.

This made Alger involuntarily recall the past. He recalled his mother who had long passed away, and the days when he was a bullied child.

Indescribable grief surged from the bottom of his heart, preventing him from waking up immediately. He waited for a few seconds before he suddenly sat up, frowning and listening.

This time, he didn't hear anything. That melodious voice seemed to have never happened.

Alger narrowed his eyes, grabbed his thick jacket, and put it on. He walked out of the tent and came to the bonfire.

The two sailors in charge of night duty had just finished their patrol and were drawing warmth from it.

"Did you discover anything unusual?" Alger asked in a deep voice.

The two strong, vigorous sailors shook their heads.

"No."

Alger's brows relaxed a little as he turned around, intending to make his own rounds.

At this moment, he noticed something from the corner of his eye.

The two sailors were too close.

If it were any ordinary pirate, this wouldn't have been a problem. However, Alger's subordinates had undergone formal training through the Church of the Lord of Storms. They definitely knew that, in such an environment, the patrol team had to maintain a certain distance from each other. They couldn't be too far or too close. They had to be able to see their companions, as well as prevent themselves from being taken away at the same time from a single assault.

Alger took two steps without batting an eyelid. He turned back and casually asked, “Did you discover anything normal?”

He had changed the question and made it appear very strange.

The two strong sailors shook their heads and replied without changing their expressions, “No.”

No... Alger nodded slightly with a relaxed expression.

“Very good.”

He turned around and slowly walked into his tent.

The moment the sailors’ attention on him was cut off, Alger drew out the Blade of Poison and the Gargoyle Glasses. He opened his mouth and prepared to belt out a song.

At that moment, the ethereal voice from before appeared once again. It echoed in Alger’s ears and pierced into his mind.

This was an extremely ancient folk song, spelling out an extreme sense of sadness and melancholy through the singing. It made Alger’s Spirit Body produce pale, non-existent arms that constantly tore at him.

Alger’s expression twisted as his skin began to produce slippery, black fish scales. His dark blue hair stood up one by one as they became abnormally thick.

The thoughts that originally existed in his mind were disrupted by the song and were cut off by the pain. They were unable to take form any further.

Alger fell and struggled on the ground. He squirmed, becoming less and less like a human as he was pushed to the brink of losing control.

Suddenly, the singing stopped. A slightly indifferent voice entered Alger's ears:

"Some elven blood...

"Then, that shall be all. Use Siatas's Beyonder characteristic well."

Alger's forehead was covered in cold sweat as he slowly got up. He didn't know when a figure had appeared in the tent.

It was a woman with black hair and exquisite facial features. Her ears were slightly pointy, and her eyes were deep. Her facial features were soft, and she wore a complicated and ancient long dress. Even though she didn't have the advantage in height, she still gave off an air of superiority.

"...Are you the Elf Queen, Queen of Calamity Cohinem?" A thought flashed through Alger's mind as he took the initiative to ask.

The woman played with a beautifully decorated golden cup and calmly said, “Haven’t you already met me?”

Alger suddenly recalled the similar singing he had heard on Pasu Island. He recalled seeing a high elf when he entered the underwater coral palace.

After a few seconds of silence, Alger said in a deep voice, “You’re actually still alive.”

At the same time, he silently recited Mr. Fool’s honorific name in his heart, but he didn’t know if it would be effective if he didn’t recite it out loud.

The black-haired woman’s expression remained unchanged as she replied, “It’s very difficult for an angel to perish without encountering an enemy.”

“Then why did you split the characteristics and place yourself to be in a strange state? This makes you need to wait for an opportunity to be resurrected.” Alger had learned of the corresponding situation at the Tarot Club, and now, he was asking out of curiosity, partly to stall for time.

The elven lady suspected to be Queen of Calamity Cohinem snorted.

“Because the divine throne for ‘Storm’ is occupied by Leodero, and I have no way of resisting the ‘Tyrant.’

“Also, the elves are dwindling in numbers. My anchors are becoming increasingly unstable.”

Other people might not know who Leodero was, but Alger knew very well. He didn't dare continue this topic in the real world.

Just as he was about to ask the Queen of Calamity Cohinem's goal for coming, the Elf Queen said, "Do you want to become a demigod?"

"She" wants to use my body to revive? "She" wants to use my wish to advance to Sequence 4 and obtain godhood as bait to intrude my body? While Alger was tempted, questions arose in his mind.

Considering how Mr. Fool could cleanse all kinds of corruption, Alger acutely felt that this was an opportunity.

This made him recall a term Emperor Roselle had once mentioned:

A trojan horse!

And now, he had a high chance of bringing in the trojan horse and throwing out the invaders within.

"What do you want me to do?" Alger didn't appear too anxious as he raised a question based on his personality.

Queen of Calamity Cohinem observed him for a few seconds before saying, "When you have the right to make contact with the Book of Calamity, take out something that no one else will notice, and take it to the Western Continent."

The Western Continent... The legendary homeland of the elves? Alger frowned slightly and said, "Hasn't the Western Continent already disappeared?”

The corners of Cohinem’s lips curled up slightly.

“Since it disappeared, it will reappear again.

“It will definitely appear again when the apocalypse happens.”

Without waiting for Alger to ask further, the Elf Queen paused and said, “You don’t have to personally send that item to the Western Continent, but you have to entrust someone trustworthy. Although I’m not skilled at curses, I can still make you die in pain from breaking our agreement.”

“But what if the Western Continent doesn’t appear again, or if it can’t be entered?” Alger thought seriously for a moment.

Cohinem, with her gentle gaze and lustrous raven-black hair, seemed to be lost in beautiful memories.

After a few seconds, she calmly said, “If it really doesn’t appear again, then the agreement shall be null and void.

“Perhaps entering the Western Continent requires an incantation or command, but I do not know what it is. However, you can ask a particular existence.”

“Who?” Alger asked, puzzled.

Cohinem glanced at him and coldly said, “The Mr. Fool you were chanting in your heart just now.

"I have a feeling that 'He' is the key to this matter."

Alger's heart tightened as he hurriedly lowered his head in response.

"I understand."

Seeing this, Queen of Calamity Cohinem nodded slightly and said, "If you wish to become a demigod and abide by this agreement, you can head to the elven ruins when the sun rises."

After the voice fell, the Elf Queen's figure quickly dissipated, like a mirage that was often seen at sea and in the desert.

Alger suddenly opened his eyes and realized that he was lying in a tent, having just woken up.

His memories were in a mess, but he quickly regulated them.

He and his sailors had just found the location of an elven ruin and had yet to explore it.

The previous "exploration," singing, sailor anomalies, and appearance and conversation with Calamity were all just a dream!

It's no wonder I was so careless… Even though I knew that I might encounter the Queen of Calamity, I didn't pray to Mr. Fool first… The Queen of Calamity relied on her status as an angel to create this realistic dream? Or perhaps, she has a corresponding Sealed Artifact. Even if she exists in a special state, she still has the means to use her powers? Alger listened to the commotion outside the tent, and he realized that everything was normal.

He then sat down and prayed sincerely to Mr. Fool.

In just twenty to thirty seconds, Alger arrived above the gray fog and saw Mr. Fool sitting at the end of the long, mottled table.

“You met Cohinem?” After The Hanged Man greeted him, The Fool Klein spoke casually.

Alger answered seriously, “Yes, but I can’t be sure that it’s the Elf Queen.”

Chapter 1186: Opportunity and Danger Are Two Sides of the Same Coin

The Fool acknowledged softly and didn't deny The Hanged Man's guess, nor was he certain that it was Queen of Calamity Cohinem. After all, it was impossible for him to take out a gold coin in front of him and perform a divination on the spot.

Alger waited for a few seconds. Seeing no clear response from Mr. Fool, he quickly went into greater detail about what he had said in the prayer. From the woman suspected to be Queen of Calamity Cohinem saying that he had some elven blood in him, to how she gave him a promise of becoming a demigod, as well as the key to the Western Continent and the completion of the agreement.

After recounting everything, Alger shut his mouth and lowered his head, not daring to directly ask Mr. Fool what "He" thought. He obediently waited for the great existence to speak.

Some elven blood... Send something from the Book of Calamity to the Western Continent... The missing Western Continent might reappear again... The Western Continent... The Fool Klein listened quietly. He closed his eyes and calmly said, "This is very dangerous, but this is also an opportunity for you."

He had already gained initial control of Sefirah Castle, and the power he could mobilize had reached the level of a Sequence 2 angel. As for Queen of Calamity Cohinem, she couldn't be higher than this level; therefore, he was quite confident that he could resist the various accidents brought about by the Elf Queen.

It was precisely because of this that he dared to claim it to be an opportunity for The Hanged Man.

Of course, the prerequisite for grasping the opportunity was that The Hanged Man wasn't rash or went overboard. He had to constantly remember to ask for protection at all times. Therefore, Klein specially emphasized that it was very dangerous. He wanted The Hanged Man to remember to pray to Mr. Fool before he took action.

This short sentence had two meanings to it, but he believed that Mr. Hanged Man would definitely understand it.

Alger was delighted as he replied rather sincerely, as though he had learned from The Sun.

"My faith lies only with Mr. Fool!"

These words made Klein feel uneasy as he remembered the pain of being drowned by endless lightning. He could only smile without saying a word.

Alger deliberated for a moment before asking, "Honorable Mr. Fool, what are the incantations or commands needed to enter the Western Continent?"

I would like to know that too… The Fool Klein sighed and said, "It's not time for you to know."

"Yes, Mr. Fool." Alger didn't ask further as he bowed respectfully.

When he returned to the real world, he immediately walked out of the tent and led his sailors out. Under the light of the morning sun, he spent a certain amount of time reaching the elven ruin.

The scene here was identical to what he had seen in his dream. The withered vines covered the decaying wooden structure, and there were some areas where the text on monuments could be seen. The air seemed to have frozen, as though no one had stepped in for a long time.

Looking around, Alger suddenly thought of a question.

How was he to face the Church after he really relied on the Queen of Calamity to become a demigod?

Directly rebel, becoming the fifth king over the Five Seas—no, the sixth king? But this way, I won't have a chance to come into contact with the Book of Calamity. Unless I design a situation that forces the Church to use this Sealed Artifact that might've been labeled as Grade 0 without my knowledge. That will not only be very difficult, but I have to become a Sea King, or even a Calamity to succeed... Yes, I can request The World's help... If I wish to continue staying in the Church, I have to give them a reason that they cannot ignore but is sufficiently believable... Alger frowned slightly without hiding his solemnity.

In the eyes of the sailors who followed him, this was a sign that he was worried about the ruin.

As his thoughts churned, Alger gradually came up with ideas:

There are many books in the Church that have records of people turning into demigods due to a fortuitous encounter... Two-thirds of them were invaded by evil gods and devils and eventually lost their lives in the purification process... However, a third of them passed the test and became a high-ranking deacon or a cardinal...

Now that the war has broken out, the situation in Loen is tense. As long as there aren't any problems during the investigation, the Church wouldn't mind having an additional Sequence 4 demigod as cannon fodder… Then, I can slowly gain their trust later…

The prerequisite for all of this is that the Queen of Calamity hasn't truly attempted to corrupt me or left a mark on me…

Considering the various Sealed Artifacts in the Church's possession, I have to pray for Mr. Fool's blessings ahead of time… According to Miss Justice, Angel's Embrace can effectively hide one's true thoughts and tests in one's dream…

With the members of the Tarot Club beginning to become demigods or about to become demigods, Alger really didn't wish to be lining the bottom of the barrel. Just like in the past, he had done so many things in the Church, all for the sake of being superior to others. Now, he was naturally willing to take a certain risk.

With this decision, Alger immediately led his sailors into the ruins and began exploring the path in his dreams.

This time, he didn't split his subordinates into small teams. On the one hand, he was worried that an accident might occur, and on the other hand, he hoped that they could all be his "witness."

After fifteen minutes, Alger and his crew arrived beside the giant tree that had signs of its soil being churned.

Before he could survey his surroundings, his vision blurred, and he saw a gorgeous palace made up of coral.

Above the palace was a layer of deep blue seawater that rippled outwards. Giant pillars stood tall and held up an exaggerated dome. It was tall and beautiful, but also dark and gloomy.

Alger looked around and realized that all the sailors beside him had disappeared. He immediately knew that he might have been pulled into an illusion.

He took a silent breath and slowly walked into the coral palace.

There were many elves inside. They were either roasting fish or placing spices in the coagulated animal blood. Their choice of utensil was two tree branches to bring the food to their mouths. None of them minded the entrance of a stranger.

Alger then cast his gaze to the nine-staired stairs a hundred meters away.

On the steps, there was a coral throne inlaid with sapphires, emerald, and lustrous pearls. The Elf Queen, Queen of Calamity, was sitting there, looking down at Alger.

“Very good.” Cohinem nodded and threw out the exquisite gold wine glass.

The gentle but resilient wind held the wine cup in its embrace and, like tiny pixies in a line, carried the corresponding items towards Alger.

Alger reached out to receive it and looked down. He discovered that there was a blue liquid inside the golden cup. It was incorporeal, dreamy, and surreal.

"Drink it, and then head to the waters near the Symeem Island of the Rorsted Archipelago. Find this coral palace. The thing you want is inside."

"If I don't drink this 'wine,' I won't be able to see that palace?" Alger asked thoughtfully.

Although he was facing an angel, he was still able to communicate rather calmly. This was because he met a mighty figure every week and was already used to this situation.

Queen of Calamity Cohinem nodded and said, "That's right."

"Will you leave a mark on me?" Alger asked cautiously.

"Yes," Cohinem said coldly. "So, before entering the coral palace and obtaining the corresponding items, you can't return to Pasu Island. You can't meet the angels under Leodero."

The pontiff can't be met even if I want to… Alger heaved a sigh of relief inwardly before asking, "After I get hold of that item, the effect of this 'wine' will disappear?"

Elf Queen Cohinem, replied without any change in expression, "No, you need to directly consume that characteristic.

"When the time comes, this 'wine' will transform into a seal, allowing that characteristic to temporarily not invade your body. How you prepare the ritual and explain this to the Church of Storms will be up to you."

Let the characteristic belong to me first before holding the ritual?

This way, there might be a better way for the Church to accept it… Alger thought for a moment before raising his hand to bring the wine cup to his lips.

The ice-cold liquid slid down his throat and disappeared in a blink of an eye. The entire coral palace shattered as the light of dawn and the remnants of the gigantic green tree reappeared in front of Alger.

You didn't sign a contract or get me to swear an oath? Yes, drinking that cup of "wine" is equivalent to making an agreement… Alger retracted his gaze and said to the surrounding sailors who were unaware, "There's nothing here. Let's go deeper and take a look."

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein also retracted his gaze from the crimson star representing The Hanged Man and nodded thoughtfully.

That's Siatas and Mobet's grave… I never expected that golden wine cup to have such an effect…

That is indeed Elf Queen Cohinem… How's "Her" present condition? Half of it is in the Book of Calamity, while the other is hiding somewhere unknown. "She" was using the golden wine cup or the characteristic to influence reality?

Mr. Hanged Man hasn't been contaminated for the time being. I'll wait for him to head to the Rorsted Archipelago before making another assessment.

As his true body had a limited amount of time left in the Historical Void, Klein didn’t stay any longer, and he returned to the pitch-black wilderness. He carried the lantern that emitted a faint yellow light as he walked towards a certain location.

As he walked, he turned his head to look east, which was symbolic of where Chernobyl was. His footsteps slowed down involuntarily.

Once I gather sufficient information from the Dark Demonic Wolf’s former hiding spots, I’ll head east. I’ll walk all the way until I reach the boundary and confirm the situation. Then, I’ll consider the matter of the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic… Amon probably wouldn’t expect that I would suddenly leave… “He” definitely knows the past of the Dark Demonic Wolf. It’s impossible for “Him” to do the same kinds of investigations that I’ll be doing… Yes, but “He” will definitely be tracking me… Klein exhaled slowly and sped up his pace.

A bolt of lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the dark and red desolate plains. Raindrops began dripping down intermittently.

Klein dragged out a black umbrella from the Historical Void. With one hand holding an umbrella and the other holding the lantern, he proceeded alone.

…

About a week later, the Future was docked somewhere along the long Loen coastline.

Cattleya held a stack of tarot cards in her hand and said to the sailors—Nina, and company, “I’ll be staying in Loen for some time. All of you have to watch Frank and prevent him from doing his strange experiments.”

Chapter 1187: Change

Upon hearing the captain's instructions, Nina pouted and pointed out the window.

"Are any of Frank's experiments not strange?"

"..." Cattleya was momentarily at a loss for words. All she could do was sigh and say, "If there are any signs of danger, write to me immediately."

As a Mysticologist, she also had her own messenger.

"Alright." Nina puffed her chest out and said, "If there's anything to blame, it's solely because I'm the most mature and reliable person on the Future."

Having said that, she asked curiously, "Captain, what are you doing in Loen? What mission did you take on? Are you going to engage in some sabotage raids behind enemy lines?"

Nina was of Feysacian descent, and she was considered half-Intis. She naturally had some inclinations in the recent war; therefore, she guessed that her captain had established contact with Intis's intelligence department.

"...You could say that," Cattleya replied sternly.

In a sense, Nina's guess wasn't wrong. She had indeed taken on a mission and was dealing damage in Loen's capital, Backlund. However, her target wasn't an official faction, but a cultist.

Furthermore, there's still a chance to meet the Queen. She probably hasn't left Backlund yet, and the earliest she'll leave is probably after the new year… Upon thinking of this, Cattleya suddenly felt a little excited.

Ever since she left the Dawn, she hadn't really met Queen Mystic. She only had letters to communicate with her, or despite being on the same boat, they didn't communicate with one another for some reason.

Nina didn't dare to press further as she pointed to the door and said, "Captain, is there anything else? If not, we'll leave."

Cattleya nodded, indicating that this Future boatswain could leave with her subordinates.

Just as Nina held the handle and gently twisted it, Cattleya suddenly recalled something and hurriedly shouted, "Nina."

"Hmm?" Nina, whose blonde hair was tied into a high ponytail, turned around with a confused expression.

"Don't drink!" Cattleya emphasized seriously. "When I return to the ship, you'll be allowed to have your fill."

Nina immediately revealed a charming smile.

"Deal!"

Cattleya thought for a moment before exhorting, “Apart from Frank, you have to take note of Heath’s condition. Don’t let him generate curiosity towards unknown voices, and don’t let him be overly exhausted. Also, pull Ottolov out of his room frequently, and control the frequency and times he interacts with mysticism knowledge. Also…”

“I know, I know. Don’t I know them all too well?” Nina waved her hand and agreed.

After the boatswain and her subordinates left the captain’s cabin and closed the door behind them, Cattleya cast her gaze out the window to look at the currently invisible Backlund.

After a few minutes, she took out a tarot card from the deck in her hand.

It depicted a lonely old man with a glass lantern and a staff: The Hermit card.

…

Late at night, Backlund, Empress Borough, Earl Hall’s house.

Audrey, who was wearing a white silk nightgown, suddenly opened her eyes. She took a blue cloak and draped it over her body.

She then got out of bed and walked to the full-body mirror in the room. Through the crimson moonlight shining through the curtains, she carefully observed herself.

Her pair of emerald-green eyes seemed to glow brightly and limpid. It was so clear that one could clearly see every detail.

Audrey closed her eyes. By the time she opened them again, all the abnormalities had vanished.

The corners of her mouth curled up bit by bit, and a small depression appeared on her face. Her eyes curved slightly as she silently praised herself.

Audrey, you've finally come this far!

She had completely digested the Dreamwalker potion.

According to her confidence in herself, and her predictions, she had originally believed that it would take until February for her to digest the potion. To her surprise, she had encountered many strange and completely different dreams recently.

This included many dreams within dreams, dreams that were a result of a mental illness, lucid dreams, dreams caused by the influence of evil spirits and wraiths, and the dreams of a few demigods.

Under normal circumstances, as a Dreamwalker, Audrey could generally determine the creature's level when entering a dream, thus avoiding danger. However, those demigods had hidden themselves very well. Only when she entered their dreams did she realize that something was amiss and nearly jumped in fright.

Fortunately, she wasn't discovered all those times. She ended up accumulating experience, and she began carefully touring, traveling, observing, and analyzing in the demigods' dreams, allowing her to greatly digest her potion.

In addition, the other special dreams gave her a completely different experience. After that, she attempted creating multiple dreams within dreams. Some attempted to hide behind the scenes in her dreams and guide them in an ingenious manner to develop and interfere with the subconscious in a reverse manner. She treated the mental illness of the owners of the dreams, or the corruption caused by an evil spirit or wraith.

To a certain extent, she had gone against the requirements of only observing, recording, and not making any interference. Yet, this strangely accelerated the digestion of the potion.

This made her conclude a new principle:

...If you really want to interfere, then be the mastermind and conductor behind the scenes. It's so that even if the goal succeeds, no one will notice it.

This was something that Audrey had done very well. The few people with serious mental illnesses had unknowingly recovered after having five or six strange dreams.

And it was very normal for a dream to appear strange and incomprehensible.

To be able to digest the Dreamwalker potion so quickly, it's mainly a result of my good luck recently. Without so many unique experiences, I'd definitely have to wait another month or two. Yes, I might even be caught by a demigod and be thrown into a Beyonder prison or directly be killed... When did my luck become so good? It seems like it started after I sacrificed the ice-cream to that Fate domain's angel, uh—"His" Blessed... Uh... Audrey looked at her reflection and blinked her eyes with a smile.

She quickly retracted her gaze, scanned her bedroom, and walked to the dressing table.

Sitting on it was a deck of cards.

In a room of a girl who enjoyed mysticism, it was normal for her to have a deck of tarot cards.

Audrey stretched out her right hand and touched the card at the top with her fingertip. She slowly took a deep breath and muttered to herself, *The fighting at the Amantha mountain range is getting more intense…*

Midseashire had already lost a port…

It's said that the defenses of the Hornacis mountain range in Sivellaus County can't last until spring…

If not for the fact that we have gained a significant advantage at sea, our connection with the Southern Continent's East Balam would've surely been severed…

Alfred is still there…

I wonder how this war will develop.

Thankfully, I'm about to become a demigod. Mr. World has already given me the Manipulator's potion formula and main ingredient… The seven drops of tears that were shed from intense human emotions have also been found during my dream experience recently…

The Tree Mentor's golden leaves were obtained via a trade with Little Sun. I'm just short of the blood of an elderly mind dragon…

Phew, I'll tried to trade for it with the Psychology Alchemists. Before Hvin Rambis died, I was already the person-in-charge of a small psychological discussion group… But will this reveal that Hvin Rambis's death has something to do with me?

Or could I get Mr. World to summon the blood of an elderly mind dragon from history? This can last for at least fifteen minutes. When I succeed in advancing, I'll converge my spirituality and complete my cueing. Its disappearance will not affect anything. After all, it's just a supplementary material…

Audrey, you actually learned how to fake things. What's more, it's on such matters!

After a self-deprecating comment, Audrey began to think about the kind of situation to use to complete the advancement ritual of a Manipulator.

The ritual required one to drink the potion while in the midst of an emotional resonance generated during a special occasion with at least ten thousand people.

As her thoughts raced, Audrey came up with a preliminary idea:

The Goddess's Winter Gifts Day?

But no matter how large a Mass is, it can't accommodate 10,000 people… The cathedral can't accommodate so many people…

Yes, it's usually impossible. If there's a chance, I can donate a sum of money. I can suggest we do an extremely large Mass in memorial square so as to placate the souls that passed away during the war.

In the most important square, the family members, relatives, and friends of the deceased are invited. As long as they accommodate a certain proportion of the participants, the emotions that resonate will affect the others who are participating in Mass, allowing the ritual's requirements to be satisfied…

After calmly analyzing the situation, Audrey suddenly bowed her head and looked at the mirror on the dressing table. She saw that the faint smile on her beautiful face had long disappeared, leaving behind only calmness and sadness in her eyes.

She stared at herself, her lips curling up slightly as she whispered, "Audrey, you've become despicable…"

Closing her eyes and opening them again, Audrey had returned to normal.

She reached out to the stack of tarot cards on the dressing table and flipped the card at the top.

The card depicted a goddess of justice sitting on a stone chair with a sword in one hand and a balance in the other, coldly watching everything.

…

Backlund, Hillston Borough, in a house with a fireplace.

"You've finished digesting your Scribe potion?" Xio had just changed into her home clothes when she heard the piece of unbelievable news upon walking back to the living room.

Fors nodded with a haggard expression.

"Yes."

"Do you know what kind of life I've been enduring recently?"

As she was being forced to "travel" to six places in a consecutive manner, she had to experience, admire, and record the sights day and night. In addition, she would be pulled up above the gray fog, recording all kinds of strange or high-level Beyonder powers.

The "Lightning Storm" and the "Historical Void Summoning" powers had been replaced several times. They had finally recovered their original setup today.

"I don't know..." Xio answered honestly.

"I know you don't know." Fors took a deep breath and said, "What about you? How have you been recently?"

"Not too bad. It was arranged for me to preside over a Paranormal Court, and I had some thoughts about the acting principles. The speed at which the potion is being digested has increased," Xio acknowledged.

"I find it hard to imagine you wearing a judge's robe and sitting at the tribunal's seat to judge." Fors sighed from the bottom of her heart.

“Are you trying to say that the prisoners and lawyers won’t be able to see me?” Xio added, not minding it at all.

Fors laughed dryly and said, “I’ll need to have some rest to prepare my advancement ritual to become a Traveler.”

“Don’t you need to go deep into the spirit world? Do you have a way?” Xio asked in puzzlement.

Fors nodded and said, “That person asked me to summon his messenger.”

Chapter 1188: Thick-Skinned

Summon his messenger… As Judgment of the Tarot Club, as a member of MI9, Xio understood what a messenger meant. Furthermore, she knew that the middle ranks of the Numinous Episcopate widely used messengers.

Before she could ask for more details, she saw Fors walk towards the guest room on the first floor with her eyes vacant and footsteps listless. She said with an ethereal voice, “Let me sleep for a while. We can talk later.”

She slept all the way till the next morning, waking up thanks to the aroma of meat.

Desi pie? Fors rubbed her eyes and walked out of the room. She saw that the table was already filled with food.

“Yes.” Xio came out of the bathroom. “The one from the corner of the street. It’s not bad.”

Fors enthusiastically acknowledged and sat beside the dining table. She quickly picked up the Desi pie and stuffed it into her mouth.

After finishing one, she drank a mouthful of sweet iced tea and sighed in satisfaction.

This is life!

Oh no, I forgot to brush my teeth…

After she was done washing up, she finally regained her ability to think. She looked at Xio in puzzlement and said, “Did MI9 not have any suspicions about how you secretly became a Judge?”

“They thought it was the remuneration that motivated me back then,” Xio informed her of what she had learned.

Fors stroked her hair and said with a smile, “That’s true. Let them ask the Church of Evernight.”

She covered her mouth and yawned.

“I’m going to summon that messenger.”

After this period of “Recording,” the way she addressed Klein had changed from Gehrman Sparrow and Mr. World to “that person.”

On the one hand, it was a form of respect, and on the other hand, she was afraid that someone would eavesdrop.

Upon hearing her friend’s words, Xio looked around and asked in confusion, “Aren’t you going to set up the ritual?”

She remembered that summoning a messenger required a ritual.

“That’s only one of the methods. That person got me to use another method.” Fors glanced at her clothes and realized that her clothes were all wrinkled since she hadn’t had the time to change her clothes last night.

Upon realizing that she would be meeting the messenger later, she decided to pay attention to her image. She hurriedly returned to the bedroom on the second floor and changed into a beige dress with frilly designs.

After preparing herself, she raised her right hand in front of Xio, and she grabbed at it as if she wanted to pull something out of the air.

In her eyes, an illusory book took form. It quickly flipped and stopped at one of the pages.

In the next second, her arm sank and a figure emerged from the void.

This was Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a half top hat and a black coat. He had a cold expression and an unyielding air, but his eyes appeared somewhat dull.

I succeeded? This is just my second attempt… I've only tried it once yesterday and failed… Fors's eyes widened as though they wanted to take in more light so as to see more clearly.

She knew that this was the Historical Void projection she had summoned, so she wasn't too nervous. Instead, she held her breath and looked warily at Gehrman Sparrow's projection. She couldn't tell if he was real or fake.

She still remembered the combat achievements of this crazy adventurer.

Fors has actually summoned Gehrman Sparrow? Shouldn't it be his messenger? Would Gehrman Sparrow still be able to summon something? Questions popped up in Xio's mind.

Just as Fors was unsure of what to do next, Gehrman Sparrow's eyes darted around slightly as his gaze instantly turned focused. He no longer had a rigid and vacant look, as though he was alive.

Following that, he took out an exquisite, silvery harmonica and blew it.

No sound came out of it, but the surroundings instantly turned cold as a biting wind stirred.

Then, a woman dressed in a dark and complicated long dress with four blonde hair and red eyes in her hands walked out of the void. Her eight eyes looked at Gehrman Sparrow.

Gehrman Sparrow nodded slightly and pointed at Fors.

"This lady needs to set up four special coordinates deep in the spirit world. Please help her."

"Alright..." One of the heads of Reinette Tinekerr said as it moved up and down.

Gehrman Sparrow didn't speak further. As he approached the window, he made the glove on his left hand become transparent.

His figure quickly disappeared as he "Teleported" out of the house.

He left... He left just like that... The Historical Void projection I summoned left just like that? Fors stared with her mouth slightly open, as though she was experiencing a comical play.

According to her understanding, the thing she summoned should be under her control. How could it leave after giving some instructions?

Could it be that the Historical Void projection has the same personality as the actual person… No, it's as if Gehrman Sparrow himself had descended… Fors glanced at Xio and realized that she was just as confused as she was.

At that moment, Fors suddenly shivered, as though an extremely terrifying creature was glaring at her.

She subconsciously turned her head and realized that Gehrman Sparrow's messenger was looking at her with eight red eyes, carefully observing her.

As terrifying as Gehrman Sparrow… Fors forced a smile and said, "…Sorry to trouble you."

At this moment, Reinette Tinekerr's four blonde, red-eyed heads spoke one after another:

"Need…" "To pay…" "Eight hundred…" "Gold coins…"

There… there's still a fee? Fors turned agape once again, at a loss for a response.

After a few seconds, her thoughts suddenly became active as she began to calculate her savings.

After loaning 2,400 pounds to Xio, I still have 780 pounds left… My expenses recently have been quite high, but the royalties from my *past novels are still being credited. Adding my other income and the 300 pounds Xio returned me, I have a total of 1,258 pounds… That's enough…*

Fors immediately agreed, but she immediately discovered a problem.

"Gold coins, all of them?"

Reinette Tinekerr's four heads shook slightly.

"Yes…" "You…" "Can…" "Owe…"

As expected, all of them need to be gold coins… I remember that Mr. World has been trying to gather gold coins and exchange for gold coins for quite some time before. It was to pay this messenger? The relationship between him and his messenger is really complicated… Uh, Mr. World should still have quite a few gold coins. I'll try to exchange 800 gold coins from him later… Fors secretly heaved a sigh of relief and said, "Alright."

After agreeing, Fors saw the headless messenger raise one of the heads in her hand to bite down on her clothes near her shoulder.

The surrounding colors became saturated and brighter—the reds became redder, the blacks became blacker, and the whites became whiter.

In such a manner, Fors was led by Reinette Tinekerr through similar scenes that she had no way of getting her bearings right. It didn't take long before she arrived at the spot where there was a faint fog.

In the depths of the fog, one eye after another seemed to look over, but they quickly shrank back.

…

When Fors summoned Gehrman Sparrow's projection from the Historical Void to Backlund, he had immediately entered the fog of history and dashed all the way to a period before the First Epoch.

His consciousness came alive within the projection, reducing Fors's spirituality expenditure.

This way, Klein had indirectly returned to Backlund. This was also the reason why he had gotten Miss Magician to use such a complicated method to summon the messenger.

As for the messenger summoned by the adventurer's harmonica, it was an independent existence—it didn't increase the burden on Fors's spirituality burden. Even if the Historical Void projection vanished, Reinette Tinekerr could still remain in the real world if "She" so wished.

After a "Teleportation," Klein's figure appeared in a secluded alley near Saint Samuel Cathedral. He then used his Faceless powers to change his appearance and figure.

During this process, although there were still a few pedestrians in the alley, they were affected by an illusion. They didn't notice a sudden companion appearing beside them.

Right on the heels of that, Klein straightened his clothes, pressed down on his hat, and walked quickly to Saint Samuel Cathedral.

He found a seat to the side of the main prayer hall and sat down.

After taking off his hat and chanting an honorific name, he sincerely drew a crimson moon on his chest. Then, he clasped his hands together, closed his eyes, and prayed softly to the Evernight Goddess.

“...I’m currently searching for traces of the Dark Demonic Wolf’s past to grasp his exact condition...”

At this point, he recalled that the Dark Demonic Wolf might’ve been a former “colleague” of the Evernight Goddess. “They” likely knew plenty about each other as he quickly added, “...I wonder if you can give me some hints...”

He didn’t wait for a response. Instead, he maintained a calm attitude and continued, “...After this matter is completed, I plan on heading all the way east to see if I can reach the Western Continent and see what state that place is in. I’ll take this opportunity to escape Amon’s pursuit and find other possibilities...”

After praying, he tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion and whispered, “Praise the Lady.”

Just as he finished speaking, a dark night sky with countless stars suddenly appeared in front of him. A message unknowingly appeared in his mind.

It was information regarding Black Demonic Wolf, Kotar.

“...” Klein was stunned for a moment. Only when the starry sky before him completely disappeared did he return to his senses.

He sincerely praised the Goddess once again.

After leaving Saint Samuel Cathedral he used Creeping Hunger and another “Teleportation” to arrive near the Holy Wind Cathedral located in Cherwood Borough.

He wanted to pray to the Lord of Storms.

He looked up at the towering steeple and felt some momentary hesitation. He really wasn’t sure if he should enter the headquarters of the Church of the Lord of Storms in Backlund.

I’m just a Historical Void projection. There’s nothing to be afraid about… I won’t suffer any losses from praying, but what if the Lord of Storms hears about the Amon situation and decides to bestow 0-32 to me? That way, I won’t have to risk hunting the Dark Demonic Wolf… A person should always be hopeful! After some thought, he finally made up his mind.

He carefully raised his hand and summoned Enuni, the one who had yet to be parasitized by Amon, from the Historical Void to walk into the Holy Wind Cathedral in his own form.

A minute or two later, a dark cloud suddenly appeared above Backlund. There seemed to be a flash of silver lightning in the Holy Wind Cathedral, but no one noticed it.

Chapter 1189: Winter Gifts Day

As soon as the dark clouds in the sky dispersed, everything in the Holy Wind Cathedral returned to normal.

In a nearby corner, Klein raised his hand to rub his forehead. The corners of his mouth twitched as he mumbled, “If you don’t want to give it to me, so be it... But why did you kill my marionette...”

He then took a deep breath before his figure rapidly faded away and disappeared. The time limit for maintaining the Historical Void projection was almost over. After all, a Scribe’s imitation of a high-level power had significant differences from the original version. The burden of a Sequence 6 summoning a Sequence 3 was rather heavy. Even if a Scholar of Yore could transfer his consciousness over and reduce the spirituality expenditure, it was impossible for Fors to keep it up for too long.

...

In the outskirts of Backlund, downstream of the Tussock River.

Leonard hid his red gloves and slowly walked towards a certain spot.

Suddenly, the slightly-aged voice of Pallez Zoroast rang out in his mind:

“How’s your former colleague been doing recently?”

Thinking back to the conversation at the Tarot Club, Leonard suppressed his voice and said, “He just avoided a trap set up by Amon’s avatar. He’s searching for the truth in the Forsaken Land of the Gods.”

After listening to what he had to say, Pallez Zoroast didn’t say another word and allowed Leonard to proceed forward.

…

After setting up the special coordinates, Fors was thrown back into the real world by Gehrman Sparrow’s messenger.

“I feel exhausted, but I just woke up not too long ago… It must be that High-Sequence Beyonder powers are too draining on my spirituality…” Fors covered her mouth and yawned. She looked at Xio with a haggard expression.

“That’s possible.” Xio agreed with her friend’s judgment.

Her intuition told her that the Gehrman Sparrow projection that had been summoned definitely wasn’t simple. It could even be equivalent to a saint.

After some hesitation, Xio said, “Sleep a little longer. Don’t attempt to advance in such a state.

“In one of my previous trials, the murderer was mentally psychotic. He would deliberately make his friends, his students, and the tramps he took in, consume potions in all sorts of negative states, watch them lose control, and mutate into all kinds of monsters—disgusting and terrifying ones.”

"...What was this fellow's goal?" Fors was stunned for a second.

"Two goals. One was to observe whether the same potion caused the same loss of control on different people. The other was to use oil paintings to record the corresponding scenes. He believed that the madness, the pain, and the distortion had an unparalleled beauty, one that can stimulate his greatest creative passion." Xio recalled the trial from back then. She felt a sense of hatred and lingering fear. "He was a complete lunatic."

"That fellow should be executed!" Fors couldn't help but shudder when she imagined it. She bared her teeth and said, "Was he a cultist?"

"Perhaps, but there were no clues... On the surface, he appeared to be an outstanding artist, and he is very famous internationally. If it wasn't for more than five of his students and friends who had disappeared over the past few years, attracting our attention, then he might've had to wait until he completely went mad and lost control, becoming a monster, before this matter would be discovered." Xio suddenly paused for a moment before saying, "Back then, everyone in the law-enforcement team that opened his hidden basement vomited. There were all kinds of mutated and terrifying corpses, and hanging overhead were all kinds of harrowing yet charming oil paintings..."

"A hateful fellow, but it's also a very attractive story." Fors thought for a moment and pressed, "Was he a Devil?"

"No, he's a Psychiatrist." Xio rejected her friend's guess.

"...You sentenced him to death?" Fors asked in anticipation.

Xio shook her head.

"His defense lawyer convinced me that he's more suited to be a Sealed Artifact researcher."

"There's a lawyer? You have lawyers at the Paranormal Court? Isn't it all a direct trial?" Fors asked in surprise.

Xio straightened her blonde hair and said, "There are some Beyonders from the Lawyer pathway among us who also need to act. Of course, they don't know that they're acting."

"Alright." Fors yawned again and pointed to the reclining chair beside the fireplace. "I'll sleep for a while. Eh, don't you have work?"

"We can take days off," Xio replied succinctly.

Fors didn't ask further as she walked to the fireplace and collapsed into it.

About two to three hours later, she woke up and Cogitated for fifteen minutes.

Following that, she found the Traveler Beyonder characteristic and the supplementary ingredients given to her by her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, and concocted a potion bottle.

The potion's color was white but transparent. It was like half-melted snow water, occasionally producing light-green bubbles.

Fors held the potion and glanced at her friend who was on guard by the side. She smiled and said, "If I lose control, don't hesitate. Just chop off my head.

“No, pray first. There might still be a chance to save me.”

“...” Xio slowly nodded. “Maintain this state.”

Fors silently exhaled. Without any hesitation, she raised the bottle and gulped it down.

In the blink of an eye, she felt her body and her eyes light up one after another. They blasted around her body and opened one illusory door after another.

Fors’s consciousness couldn’t help but enter one of them. Her entire body turned transparent as she vanished.

In such a chaotic state of mind, Fors nearly couldn’t regain her sense of self-awareness. Thankfully, she had her fair share of being tormented recently and had a strong will. Furthermore, from time to time, she could feel the four special coordinates in the spirit world. Finally, she slowly came to her senses.

After an unknown period of time, she realized that she had already entered the depths of the spirit world. It was difficult to tell her exact location, and she couldn’t find her “way” back.

With the help of the four special coordinates, Fors slowly “traversed” back to a familiar spot, leaving the saturated, stacked colors and the thin fog before walking out of the spirit world.

The four special coordinates weren’t only used to help me find a way back, they can also effectively maintain my self-awareness... Teacher is only a Sequence 7, so without any actual experience, it’s inevitable for him to miss out on such knowledge... As Fors thought, she cast her gaze towards Xio and smiled slightly.

“I’m a Traveler.”

Xio heaved a sigh of relief and asked curiously, “What new Beyonder powers did you get?”

“The main one is ‘Teleportation.’ Also, ‘Invisible Hand.’ In addition, the number of demigod-level Beyonder powers I can ‘Record’ has increased to four. The actual effects should be close to that of a Sequence 4…” Fors examined herself.

She then raised her hand and pulled out a tarot card from across the room, one used for divination.

It was a person with a scepter in his right hand that pointed towards the sky. His left hand pointed to the earth. In front of him were people like the holy grail, a scepter, a sword, star coins: The Magician card.

…

Every year’s longest night was the birthday of the Evernight Goddess, commonly known as the Winter Gifts Day.

On this day, all Evernight believers would head to a nearby cathedral to witness the sunset of the sun. When night fell, they would participate in Mass, enjoy a holy meal, listen to the hymns, and do all sorts of activities.

The year 1350 for Loen’s Evernight believers was a very heavy year. The intensity of the war and the cost of items had made them lose the good mood they had. However, on Winter Gifts Day, they still came out of their houses. This was because the Church of Evernight was going to hold a massive Mass in the various large public squares to placate the souls that had passed away.

At the same time, many foundations would distribute food vouchers at the Mass. People who received them could be able to obtain the corresponding items in any of the relief points or cathedrals. This led to Storm and Steam believers who didn't celebrate Winter Gifts Day to head for the nearest square.

West Borough, Memorial Square, where George III was blasted to death.

Dressed in a black cloak while walking her golden retriever, Susie, with a leather bag on her back, Audrey walked among the nobles looking refined. Her expression didn't seem abnormal, but she hid some pain and guilt.

She had obtained the blood of an elderly mind dragon. After concocting the Manipulator potion, she placed it in the small bag Susie was carrying.

Susie was already a Sequence 6 Hypnotist. She believed that not many people present would notice her abnormality and snatch things from her.

The blood of the elderly mind dragon came from The Hermit Cattleya. Apparently, she had obtained it from Queen Mystic, and she had paid 3,000 pounds for it.

This was in line with her expectations, as she didn't really want to obtain the ingredients from the Psychology Alchemists. After all, her direct superior, Hvin Rambis, had only died a few months ago. To collect the items needed for an advancement, it made it inevitable for people to suspect her. As for the other members of the Psychology Alchemists, they had the ability and intelligence to notice this point.

Besides, after becoming a demigod, one has to come into contact with the Psychology Alchemists' councilors. According to Mr. World, there might be an angel from the mind domain hidden amongst them. I'll continue making preparations. With a suitable opportunity and excuse, I'll consider raising my position in the organization… I'll hide my strength for now… The blonde Audrey lifted the ends of her skirt slightly and slowly walked towards her predetermined spot.

Along the way, many nobles extended their hands to her in a friendly manner, hoping to help this beautiful, noble, and weak young lady through the crowd. However, these were all blocked by Earl Hall.

He got his eldest son, Hibbert, to be in charge of his youngest daughter while he held his wife's arm and walked ahead. From time to time, he would turn back to look at the most dazzling jewel of Backlund.

Not long after their family arrived at their destination, the Church of Evernight's Bishop of the Backlund diocese, Saint Anthony Stevens, walked up to the high platform in his black robe with red patterns.

He looked around, raised his right hand, and tapped his chest four times in a clockwise fashion.

"Praise the Lady!"

When the believers below responded, this saint's deep voice could be heard by everyone.

“Today is the celebration of the night, but the Goddess’s response is pity.

“‘She’ takes pity on every mother who has lost her child. ‘She’ takes pity on every lonely child. And ‘She’ takes pity on everyone who has suffered immense pain.

“‘She’ said that all of this will end. All the suffering will return to silence and repose.”

Chapter 1190: Resonance

As Anthony Steven Vincent’s words echoed in Memorial Square, it spread to other areas. The Loenese citizens who participated in the Mass were both moved and sad, feeling warmth in the midst of their depression.

In a different square, different choirs began to chant the hymns. The ethereal and holy voice seemed to echo deep in everyone’s heart:

“Full-faced above the land stood the crimson moon;

“And sweet it was to dream of themselves,

“Of child, and wife, and parents; but evermore [1]...”

Unknowingly, everyone felt their spirits being cleansed and their spirituality naturally released.

They seemed to have entered a dream and were strolling in a quiet darkness.

Their children were sleeping here. Their parents, their wives, their husbands, their friends, and the deceased were no longer suffering. They no longer had any pain, their expressions were peaceful and gentle.

“We look upward into the night sky,

“We tenderly say her name:

“‘Evernight Goddess!’

“…If ‘She’ heard us, ‘She’ would surely agree,

“Smiling with purity at the dead:

“Come, rest and sleep well, my children [2]!”

The people who were strolling in the dream felt awash with intense sorrow once again, as though they realized that they were really going to bid each other farewell.

They recalled all the beautiful memories from the past. They recalled the scene of their family enjoying delicacies and having fun at the dining table. They recalled the people who looked at them warmly, and the pain of seeing them get hurt. When they learned of their passing, it was as if they could tear their souls apart. They recalled the dark clouds and separation that had been brought to this war.

They were sleeping peacefully in this serene nation, no longer having any worries. However, the people who survived had to suffer the days and nights, turning haggard and withered.

One teardrop after another flowed down. The people participating in Mass at Memorial Square could no longer suppress their emotions as they silently released the pain they had accumulated.

A huge wave of sadness filled the air, mixed with the chanting of the choir, as though it had a corporeal form.

“Cross your hands humbly,

“Over your breast!

“Make the silent prayer,

“And shout from the bottom of your heart:

“The only escape is tranquility [3]!”

The people who were sobbing silently with their eyes closed subconsciously followed the content of the hymns and made similar gestures. Then, they shouted in their hearts, infected with each other’s emotions:

“The only escape is tranquility!”

The grief reached an apex with more than ten thousand hearts resonating at Memorial Square.

At this moment, Audrey opened her eyes and bent down. She took out a bottle of potion from the leather pouch that her golden retriever, Susie, was carrying.

There were countless points of light floating in the potion, just like the manifestation of the sea of collective subconscious.

Audrey didn’t hesitate. Under such circumstances, she removed the bottle cap and gulped down the liquid inside.

Unlike in the past where she could experience the potion slush through her throat and into her stomach, she immediately felt abnormal.

She felt that she could no longer sense her body. Her entire being seemed to have condensed into an idea as she merged into the illusory sea around her.

This was her first time directly seeing the sea of collective subconscious without passing through a dream or mind island. As though she had returned to her mother’s embrace before she was born, she returned to the very beginning where the imprints left by human ancestors were washed away by the tides as they crumbled and were influenced.

There was fear, madness, and all kinds of terrifying mental corruption. For a moment, Audrey found it difficult to resist. Her consciousness faded, and her “body” shook as though it was on the brink of melting away.

However, the “sea” nearby wasn’t serene. There was a certain degree of undulations, spreading the intense sorrow and pain around.

Under such influence, the self-aware Audrey, who was about to be assimilated by the sea of collective subconscious, also began to resonate, generating uncontrollable feelings of grief within her.

The grief spread from one thought to another. Soon, it filled the blob of “thoughts” that Audrey had mutated into. It pierced through her Soul Body and pierced her soul.

Audrey finally regained a little of her senses. She skillfully Placated herself, constantly giving cues to remove the corruption until she regained her senses.

The voice in her ears became clearer and clearer, louder and louder. Finally, it reverberated through the sea of collective subconscious.

“The only escape is tranquility!”

“The only escape is tranquility!”

The only escape is tranquility… Audrey repeated the prayer as her figure quickly turned clear.

With a mere thought, she split herself into many transparent and illusory bodies. She traveled through the sea of collective subconscious and reached the mind islands that represented different people and stepped onto them.

In these “places,” she could clearly see the sadness coming from different people.

The bombshells that came from the sky, the airship that made up a fleet, the letters spelling bad news sent from the front lines, blood and flesh splattering in front of them, and the person who they loved suddenly collapsing in front of them, the pile of toys that no longer had an owner, the fit of coughs that came from the Great Smog…

“The only escape is tranquility.”

The golden retriever, Susie, also shut her eyes in Mass. She used the human language to recite those words in her heart, but she failed to notice any changes in her surroundings.

Suddenly, in her soul, in her Body of Heart and Mind, Audrey's voice sounded:

"Susie, I succeeded…

"I've always been worried, worried that I'll become more and more indifferent as my Sequence increases due to the potion's effects; that I'll become more and more like a Mythical Creature instead of a human."

Susie raised her head in confusion and saw that although the blonde girl's eyes were tightly shut, tears had unknowingly covered her face.

Then, she heard Audrey say in her heart:

"Thankfully, I can still feel their sorrow.

"How nice…"

In Susie's eyes, teardrops fell from the corner of the blonde girl's eyes. It was crystal clear.

At this moment, the sun's final ray of light was swallowed. The night brought about tranquility.

Everyone opened their eyes and said in a calm voice, "The only escape is tranquility!"

…

After crying without restraint, the bright, cheerful Audrey's mood became heavy. She became a little sensitive and a little sad. It made everyone who saw her feel a sense of love from the bottom of their hearts.

Under all kinds of protection, she returned to Empress Borough and returned to her room.

Only then did she have the chance to seriously examine herself and digest the knowledge and experience she gained from the sea of collective subconscious.

Others might not be able to tell, but Audrey knew very well that the tall, blonde, blue-eyed beauty in the mirror already possessed extraordinary strength and exaggerated dragon scale defenses. She could break through a block of steel with one punch.

Oh, I can still use "Dragon Transformation." It's equivalent to using an incomplete Mythical Creature form. However, I have to wait until I get used to the potion and keep stacking up the correct psychological cues. Otherwise, I can lose control… Every "Dragon Transformation" can't exceed a certain amount of time. Otherwise, even if I have the means to treat my mind and soul, I'll be contaminated by madness and confusion, causing me to lose control… My current limit is about a minute…

The core power of a Manipulator is "Manipulation." I can allow a Body of Heart and Mind pass through the sea of collective subconscious and enter another person's mind island. I can directly change their subconscious and read their thoughts, silently driving them to do all sorts of things…

Matching "Manipulation" is "Virtual Persona." I can create many personas, allowing them to have a corresponding Body of Heart and Mind. This aspect can resist a lot of influence in the mind domain, and on the other hand, it can allow me to use "them" to silently invade the target's island of consciousness without any signs of it…

I currently can have only 13 Virtual Personas…

A Manipulator can also create a terrifying "Mental Plague." By using the sea of collective subconscious, I can spread all kinds of mental illnesses and extreme madness…

Yes, "Awe" has turned into "Mind Deprivation," a huge area-of-effect version. It's no longer just the single effect of "Awe"…

I can also transform my designated thoughts into a "Mind Storm" that will sweep the surroundings, affecting all my enemies…

Heh heh, as a Manipulator, it naturally comes with the ability to travel the sea of collective subconscious. It's called "Consciousness Stroll." Otherwise my target would've long left by the time I arrived at a location after a series of complicated manipulations…
Audrey looked at herself in the mirror and suddenly revealed a faint smile.

Then, she puffed up her cheeks and opened her mouth as if she was about to spew something.

Since her Mythical Creature form was a mind dragon, it definitely had to have some form of dragon's breath.

This was an attack that could directly stimulate and harm the target’s Body of Heart and Mind and Soul Body. It dealt damage in an area-of-effect manner, an upgraded version of “Psychic Piercing.”

Following that, Audrey’s green eyes turned slightly and she looked away. She sighed inwardly.

This is what it means to be a demigod. These powers make even me feel afraid… How powerful is Mr. World for him to be able to kill Hvin Rambis…

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

As the participants of the hunting operation made their preparations, they decided to organize a private gathering to discuss the details.

“A Manipulator is that terrifying?” The Magician Fors looked at Miss Justice beside her and blurted out in shock.

Just now, Audrey had briefly mentioned the changes she had undergone after becoming a demigod. Although she didn’t elaborate in detail to protect her trump cards, it still left The Magician, The Hermit, Judgment, and The Star in shock.

“Actually, it’s not that terrifying. Mr. World knows very well.” Audrey cast her gaze to the bottom of the long, mottled table.

The World Gehrman Sparrow didn’t nod as he tersely acknowledged.

“I also had powerful helpers before I could kill Hvin Rambis.”

He paused and said, “Before discussing the hunting operation, I would like to know how to make the Abraham family sense my friendliness?”

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1. Adapted from the Lotos-eaters by Tennyson.

2. Adapted from The Cry of the Children by Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

3. Adapted from The Bridge of Sighs by Thomas Hood and Lotos-eaters by Tennyson.

Chapter 1191: Grasping One's Mentality

Friendliness? Upon hearing The World Gehrman Sparrow's question, Fors nearly doubted her ears.

The image of Mr. X's head that was put together, leaving it covered in cracks, crevices, and blood surfaced in her mind.

Just as Fors was deliberating over her words, Audrey glanced at her and smiled at The World Gehrman Sparrow.

"To let the Abraham family sense your friendliness, it isn't about what you do, but what Miss Magician writes in her letters."

That's right, unless I appear directly in front of Miss Magician's teacher, his understanding of me will only be limited to the various rumors and things that Miss Magician tells him... As long as the story she tells is good enough, even if it doesn't fit the actual situation, it doesn't matter... Klein suddenly realized that he had been splitting hairs on the question.

"Ah?" Fors was somewhat enlightened by Miss Justice's words, but she didn't fully understand it.

After looking at The Hermit, The Star, and company, Justice Audrey said to Fors, "You need to convey Mr. World's friendliness to your teacher. For this, you can fabricate some stories and not tell him the truth."

"Then what should I say?" Fors asked for advice.

This wasn't because she wasn't good at making up stories. On the contrary, this was what she was most adept at. However, the problem was that writing a novel that was well-received was different from a story that could convince people. If she could get a senior psychologist's advice on the latter, it would undoubtedly be easier.

Audrey had already thought of the details of the letter before she opened her mouth. She replied unhurriedly, "It's obvious that your teacher has already noticed that you've rapidly advanced, and because of Mr. X's death and all sorts of sensitive issues, he has a certain level of doubt and vigilance regarding the Beyonder circles that you've participated in."

"Yes." Fors nodded indiscernibly in agreement with Miss Audrey's judgment.

If her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, was careless, he wouldn't have been able to survive to this day. He would have long been caught by the Aurora Order or died in the hands of other powers who were interested in the Abraham family.

Audrey continued, "In such a situation, he will still maintain contact with you. He will teach you knowledge, give you formulas, and provide you with ingredients. This shows that, on the one hand, he acknowledges your character and morals, and on the other hand, he will also have a certain level of anticipation for you to obtain important information from the mysterious and dangerous Beyonder circle, as well as you becoming a Sequence 4 demigod.

"This is the mentality we want to exploit."

Audrey originally wanted to use the more neutral term, "grasp," instead of "exploit," but after pausing for a moment, she chose to face herself directly and face the essence of the matter.

With Fors listening attentively and Judgment, The Star, and The Hermit looking forward to what she had left to say, Audrey pursed her lips and said, “When you return, you can write to him and tell him that you have already become a Traveler. It will make him happy for your growth, and also be surprised by such an exaggerated advancement speed. Then, you can answer the question he asked previously, saying that the gentleman who was seeking to purchase the Worm of Star had mentioned something—that the ancient curse in the Abraham family seems to come from a secret existence known as Mr. Door.

“This is a question that your teacher has never told you about but is definitely concerned about.

“Without a doubt, he will feel fear towards the gentleman who seems to know that you’re related to the Abraham family. He will want to avoid you, but he will definitely yearn to know more. He will then try to find out what secret lies behind the curse that has plagued generations of Abrahams, one that he has no solution to.

“At the same time, a letter exchange isn’t a direct meeting. It will give him a certain sense of security. He might change his residence, change his identity, and use a more roundabout way to receive the letter, but there is a high chance that he will not sever the connection.

“Maintain this connection. Step by step, reveal something more valuable. You will awaken your teacher’s desire and use it to portray an image of Mr. World so that your teacher can experience some form of friendliness.”

At this point, Audrey stopped and looked at The World Gehrman Sparrow once again.

She could roughly tell that Mr. World’s goodwill towards the

Abraham family was because he had a request, but as for the specific request, she wasn't a clairvoyant, nor had she read Gehrman Sparrow's mind. Naturally, she couldn't guess it, nor could she continue explaining.

Klein nodded and said with a hoarse smile, "After we establish this kind of indirect connection, I might ask your teacher for a transaction and use the promise of breaking the curse to exchange for certain items of value."

Through Demoness Trissy, he had already grasped the solution to the Abraham family's curse. However, he didn't plan on exchanging it for the Planeswalker potion formula or a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

On the one hand, the difference in value was too great, making him feel guilty. On the other hand, he didn't want to bring a dangerous existence like Mr. Door back into the real world. It was being irresponsible to himself and the innocent.

He was thinking of another way to make the curse of the Abraham family disappear to a certain extent. In other words, it might still exist, but it wouldn't affect the normal lives of the Abraham family and provide a certain range of improvements.

Is that so… Mid- to High-Sequence Beyonders in the mind domain are really impressive. She can make people follow her arrangements without realizing it… Compared to when we first met, Miss Justice has seemed to undergo a complete metamorphosis. It makes people fear and respect her… Fors glanced at Xio and seemed to read the same poignant thoughts from her eyes.

After some thought, she mustered her courage and said to The World Gehrman Sparrow, "What if my teacher rejects your request?"

Did you think I would murder for property? Klein lampooned in Chinese. He scoffed and said, “Don’t worry, I won’t harm him. I won’t use any methods that will force him.”

Phew… Although Mr. World is a little scary, he’s still a man of his word… Fors slowly nodded and said, “I’ll write a letter to my teacher according to Miss Justice’s suggestion.”

Klein nodded slightly and surveyed the area.

“You can begin discussing the hunt.”

Cattleya took control and said, “The biggest problem with this operation is finding the Saint of Secrets Botis.”

Fors immediately recalled how she had encountered him and raised her hand.

“If I can borrow that powerful Sealed Artifact from my teacher, then I can bring it with me. I can often wander around Backlund and use the convergence of Beyonder characteristics to attract Botis to a nearby location.

“Uh, this might attract other demigods of the Apprentice pathway; or the leader of the Secret Order, Zaratul; or Blasphemer Amon…”

The more Fors spoke, the lower her voice became. She felt that this method was too dangerous.

She didn’t know what would happen to the other members who participated in the operation if Zaratul and Amon really appeared, but as bait, it was without a doubt that she would fail to escape.

Cattleya nodded and said thoughtfully, “If it’s only a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact of the Apprentice pathway, the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics shouldn’t be that attractive to neighboring pathways. The range will be limited to the demigods of the Apprentice pathway. And from what I know, there aren’t many of them. In fact, it can be said that there are very few of them. Most of them exist in the form of a characteristic or Sealed Artifact.”

I suddenly do not wish to become a Sequence 4… Fors’s eyelids twitched when she heard that.

Cattleya cast her gaze at The World Gehrman Sparrow.

“Let’s not discuss the problem of whether there are any Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts of the Apprentice pathway. If we want to let the Saint of Secrets and Miss Magician bump into each other, the prerequisite is that he is also in Backlund. He mustn’t be that cautious and often goes out.”

Upon hearing this, Leonard said from the angle of a professional official Beyonder, “It’s actually not difficult. As a demigod of the Apprentice pathway, Botis is definitely in charge of dealing with accidents among the upper echelons of the Aurora Order. He has sufficient mobility to aid the other members in different places. Heh heh, this is a term that appeared after the steam engine and the airship were invented.

“As long as you can create some matters against the Aurora Order in Backlund, he has a high chance of showing up.”

As he spoke, Leonard glanced at Klein.

Based on what he knew, in the chaotic battle outside Bayam City caused by Gehrman Sparrow, the Saint of Secrets had appeared and picked up a glove.

“This is a solution…” Audrey and company nodded.

At this moment, The World suddenly said, “Let me remind you that the Aurora Order is an organization that worships a true god. Once you take action against them and secretly target their upper echelons, the True Creator might be able to foresee this and give them a warning.”

That can happen? Audrey’s eyes widened slightly as she observed Cattleya, Leonard, and company. She realized that they were equally astonished.

This was something that they had never considered before.

It wasn’t that they weren’t smart enough, but that they had never participated in such matters that involved high-level existences before. Or rather, even if they were involved, they weren’t aware of it.

“Then what should we do?” Fors couldn’t help but ask.

Klein replied in a suggestive tone, “By not targeting the Aurora Order directly, we can use a milder approach to fish out the Saint of Secrets Botis.”

Chapter 1192: Each Serving their Duty

A milder approach… The Hermit Cattleya, who lacked experience only on high-level matters, instantly had a new idea and probed, "Let Miss Magician participate in the various Beyonder gatherings in Backlund. 'accidentally' revealing that she's related to the Abraham family, attracting the attention of the Aurora Order?"

Seeing no objection from The World Gehrman Sparrow, Cattleya thought as she looked to the other side.

"How we can make this matter appear reasonable without arousing suspicion, how to design the steps and procedures needed to 'expose' herself, and how to lay the foundations at each one of the gatherings—these might require your help, Miss Justice."

From her point of view, only a Manipulator who could accurately grasp the various mentalities of the different people at the gathering could allow the scheme to appear natural and reasonable, without leaving a trace.

"Alright." Audrey nodded solemnly, feeling somewhat excited.

She then added, "Although I've never done anything similar before, I will try my best to make everything seem reasonable."

…Why do I suddenly feel a little afraid… Why do I feel like we are all inexperienced people? Apart from Mr. World who can't directly participate, uh, Ma'am Hermit might be very experienced in other aspects, but she shouldn't have been involved in such hunting before… This isn't a game, it's a cruel act that can kill someone if

we aren't careful… Fors trembled when she heard this. She had a deep suspicion of the "experience" of most of the members. This included herself.

However, when she thought of how Miss Justice and Ma'am Hermit were already Sequence 4 demigods, and that she and The Star were at Sequence 5, she felt that this wasn't too serious of a problem. After all, every powerhouse had accumulated their experiences over time from nothing. Furthermore, they still had The World Gehrman Sparrow, the strongest hunter over the Five Seas.

Reasonable… Scheme… Manipulation… Listening to the conversation between Ma'am Hermit and Miss Justice, Klein subconsciously extracted the keywords.

This reminded him of how he had used 0-08 and the experience of playing out situations that had been arranged by 0-08. He couldn't help but sigh inwardly.

It's no wonder the Spectator's Sequence 1 is called Author. This is indeed a very reasonable development, but it can change from a "guidance" to being "forced"…

"There's no need to rush yourself to make the arrangements in detail. Go back and think it over carefully. Yes, at the same time, we need to combine the feedback from the scene to make adjustments." Cattleya nodded in thought as she immediately had a new idea. "When Miss Magician participates in the Beyonder gatherings, it's best you hide in the vicinity. Use your control of the sea of collective subconscious to monitor every participant's thoughts and accurately grasp the feedback."

Would 13 Virtual Personas be enough? There should be more than 13 members at a Beyonder gathering… Hmm, I can switch to using "Monitoring" to select a target to focus on… Audrey quickly analyzed the feasibility of the suggestion and tersely acknowledged.

“That wouldn’t be an issue.”

To her, this was also a form of training. At the same time, it was also a form of acting—she didn’t directly use her Beyonder powers to affect the target, but instead used her precise understanding of the target’s mental state to “manipulate” them by using words, behavior, actions, and a “script.”

Seeing that there was no problem on Miss Justice’s side, The Hermit Cattleya looked at The Magician.

“In order to prevent a surprise attack, and to better grasp your surroundings, I need to plant something on you.”

“What is it?” Fors asked warily.

Cattleya glanced at The World at the bottom end of the long, mottled table. After receiving the permission of Mr. Fool’s Blessed, she raised her hand and pressed it between her brows.

A pair of transparent eyes appeared in front of her, ones that were without eyelashes, looking cold and heartless.

“This is the Eye of Mystery Prying. After becoming a Mysticologist, I can place it on someone else’s body. Whatever it sees it will be what I see. Furthermore, once it enters a concealed state, it will be very difficult to be discovered through other means.” Cattleya gave a simple introduction.

Upon seeing this scene, Klein leaned back slightly and sighed inwardly.

When he first grasped Spirit Vision, he had seen something similar behind Old Neil.

If he had the mysticism knowledge he had now back then, he would’ve detected the problem earlier. Perhaps things would have developed differently.

If this strange eye were to be planted on me, *wouldn’t I be watched by Ma’am Hermit when I go to the bathroom…* Fors secretly drew a cold gasp as she hesitantly asked, “Can we ‘plant’ it before each gathering?”

“If we make frequent contact with each other, we’ll be easily discovered. Besides, the Saint of Secrets wouldn’t only appear at times you choose.” Cattleya nudged the heavy glasses on her nose bridge and explained. “Don’t worry, I won’t look at things I shouldn’t see.”

It was a lesson learned through blood.

Fors fell silent for a few seconds before she slowly exhaled.

“Alright then…”

Cattleya nodded slightly and continued, “After discovering clues to the Abraham family, the Aurora Order will definitely do a certain amount of investigation. And for safety, so as to prevent any accidents from happening, they will definitely send out someone with a certain level of confidence. Among them, the Saint of Secrets Botis is undoubtedly the person who is most interested in the matter regarding the Abraham family. In addition, Backlund isn't suitable for a King of Angels' main body to be active in, so the probability of him appearing is the highest."

At this moment, The Star Leonard, who was leaning against the back of his chair, raised his hand and said, "Not necessarily.

"According to the information we have gathered, the Aurora Order has other high-ranking members in Backlund—Saint Tenebrous. After Mr. A disappeared, he came forward to organize certain matters.

"When the time comes, the person responsible for tracking the clues to the Abraham family might very well be him, not the Saint of Secrets. After all, this is his 'diocese.'"

The demigod I met when I assassinated Mr. X was Saint Tenebrous? Klein nodded in enlightenment without bringing any attention to himself.

Cattleya was already prepared for this. Without any hesitation, she said to The Star, "This might require your help. In the near future, you should investigate more cases involving the Aurora Order and strike at them more.

"This way, it will be inconvenient for them to move around. After discovering clues about the Abraham family, they might very likely seek reinforcements, getting—yes, the more mobile and more concealed Saint of Secrets to be responsible for it."

Leonard thought of his recent mission list and nodded slightly.

“Sure.”

As the captain of a Red Gloves team, he had the right to do so.

“The only problem is, could this be predicted by the True Creator?” After Leonard agreed, he turned to look at Klein.

After some thought, Klein pointed out indirectly.

“You are similarly under the gaze of a deity.”

Leonard retracted his gaze as though he had gained some understanding. He said to The Hermit Cattleya, “I have no further questions.”

The Hermit Cattleya raised her glasses and cast her gaze towards Judgment.

“We will try our best to limit the Beyonder circles that Miss Magician will be involved in to East Borough and the Backlund Bridge area. These should be places you are familiar with. You have to constantly be aware of any abnormalities. Inform me immediately about the surroundings of the gathering’s location.”

“Alright.” Although Xio was disappointed that she was involved in the periphery matters, she knew very well that with her strength, she could only do so much.

At that moment, Cattleya thought for a moment before saying, “You are a Judge. When the time comes, you might need to do some area-of-effect ‘Prohibition.’ This might not be effective against the Saint of Secrets, Botis, but it should be able to cause some interference. Don't doubt it. As support, Mid-Sequence Beyonders can similarly influence a saint to a certain extent."

All of this is under the premise of a demigod resisting a demigod while all I provide is support… The education Xio had received since she was young, and the addition of the knowledge she learned from MI9 now put an emphasis on cooperation. It was very easy to understand what Ma'am Hermit was saying.

At this point, the plan had just started taking form. The next step was to adjust it bit by bit through on-the-ground feedback.

Fors heaved a sigh of relief when she suddenly thought of something. She hurriedly said, "Previously, Mr. World mentioned that Botis might have a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. How should we deal with it?"

Frankly speaking, she didn't have a direct impression of how terrifying a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was. This was because she had never encountered one before and had never seen anyone encounter it before. However, she had experienced the Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts that Gehrman Sparrow had borrowed from Mr. Fool. She knew how terrifying it was, and with a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact being one grade higher than a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, it was obvious how potent one was. In the rumors that Fors had heard, some Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts could even destroy Backlund, or even the world.

Cattleya said after a few seconds of silence, "On the one hand, through Miss Justice's grasp of the minds of the people around you, she will be able to find traces of possible existences. On the other hand, with Miss Judgment's understanding of the various anomalies in the region, and combining it with divination, we will be able to determine ahead of time if there are any Sealed Artifacts.

“If we can’t get any feedback from all of this, and if the Saint of Secrets has a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact with him, you don’t have to be too afraid. He won’t kill you immediately. He will definitely try to gain control of you and interrogate you at a safe place. We have enough time and opportunities to separate him from the Sealed Artifact. Remember, a Sealed Artifact that a Beyonder possesses isn’t completely a part of his strength.

“During this process, didn’t you ‘Record’ some high-level Beyonder powers? If the situation is critical, don’t hold back, and try your best to escape.”

Sounds like you’re not very confident either… Fors’s face suddenly turned pale as she forced a smile.

“I’ll try my best.”

At this moment, The World Gehrman Sparrow took the initiative to speak.

“In times of necessity, pray to Mr. Fool. I will also ask ‘Him’ to provide ‘His’ protection in advance and provide some revelations.”

As this operation wouldn’t pose a threat to Klein’s actual body regardless of the development, and it might involve a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, he could only gain some revelations from his initial control of Sefirah Castle.

That’s good… Fors, Xio, and company heaved a sigh of relief.

When the private gathering was coming to an end. Klein glanced at Cattleya and said, “It looks like there’s no way to end the operation before New Year. I’ll provide you with the advance payment.”

He then condensed some of mysticism knowledge he had never mentioned into a pale white brilliance and pushed it to The Hermit.

Chapter 1193: Heading East

Dark Angel Sasrir might very well be the negative personality that's expelled from the ancient sun god... Mr. Door was once the most powerful King of Angels... The Abraham family also possesses at least two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts that's at the level of an angel of the Apprentice pathway... The underlying rules of this world are chaos and madness... Pieces of mysticism knowledge resonated in Cattleya's mind, causing her to feel weighed down in addition to her shock.

If it wasn't for the Tarot Club, Mr. Fool's protection, and The World Gehrman Sparrow's help, she believed that it wouldn't be easy for her to obtain such knowledge. She definitely had to take a tremendous risk in exchange. If she wasn't careful, she would attract the attention of certain high-level existences, or be embroiled in madness and pain.

"Thank you for your advance payment. This will greatly help me digest the potion." Cattleya opened her eyes and thanked him sincerely.

According to her original plan, she believed that she would be able to gain some mysticism knowledge after meeting Queen Mystic. With Gehrman Sparrow's current advance payment, her Mysticologist potion would most likely be completely digested. Unfortunately, a few days before she arrived in Backlund, Queen Mystic Bernadette had left the city to trace a lead. This left Cattleya extremely disappointed.

Upon hearing Ma'am Hermit's words, Klein, who was pretending to be The World, laughed hoarsely.

"A price is exacted for what's bestowed."

As his voice echoed, he nodded at the two ladies—Justice and The Magician—indicating that he was also directing those words at them.

After the private gathering ended and the members left Sefirah Castle one by one, Klein stood up and walked back to the seat of honor from the bottom end of the long, mottled table, to the seat belonging to The Fool.

He leaned back into his chair and propped his elbow on the armrest as the void beside him rippled and formed halos.

These were prayer lights that came from puppets controlled by a historical projection that Klein had summoned. They had existed before the gathering, but the corresponding area had been hidden from the rest, so no one could sense it. It was only now restored to normal.

He cast his gaze at the rippling light and expanded his vision into the distance.

In the real world, a dark mountain stood erect. There was a mountain hole at the mountainside that extended downwards.

This was once a place that hid many humans who had survived the Cataclysm, but they were later turned into Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's marionettes.

During this period of time, Klein kept tracing the clues and found three spots where the Dark Demonic Wolff had hidden "Himself." However, Klein didn't gain much from them.

The reason was simple. Just like now, there was a rock in the cave. On it sat a young man wearing a classic black robe, a pointed hat, a broad forehead, and a thin face—Amon.

This Angel of Time seemed to sense the gaze from Sefirah Castle as “He” raised “His” head and adjusted “His” crystal monocle. The corners of “His” mouth curled up slightly.

“…” Klein retracted his gaze, his facial muscles twitching slightly as he muttered, “What a haunting presence… It’s not like this fellow doesn’t understand the Dark Demonic Wolf’s past. Is there a need for him to destroy all the clues I need? Furthermore, ‘He’ only comes slightly earlier than me every single time…”

If it wasn’t because he wasn’t Amon’s match, he really wanted to hang “Him” up and beat “Him.”

Phew… Klein exhaled and immediately returned to the real world.

He wore a black top hat and carried a dim yellow lantern. He dispelled his maintaining of the historical projection and, without looking back, he left the mountain and ventured deep into the silent wilderness.

There was no hesitation in his footsteps, as he had already obtained detailed information about the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar, from the Evernight Goddess. He was well aware of the character, styles, and habits of the God of Wishes.

The reason why he was still searching for the Dark Demonic Wolf’s past was mainly because he wanted to verify the information. After all, the East Continent had been in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for more than two thousand years. The Dark Demonic Wolf had escaped the Evernight Goddess’s attention for a sufficiently long period of time, so it was very likely that some abnormalities and changes in character would occur. If he made a plan following the intelligence provided by the Evernight Goddess, there was a small chance that he would make the mistake of launching a surgical strike using an outdated map.

Under the tremendous pressure from the True Creator and Amon, the chances of the Dark Demonic Wolf transforming isn't low… Perhaps it has even turned abnormal or half-mad because of the excess stress… Klein couldn't help but lampoon inwardly.

The words "Dark Demonic Wolf" could actually be switched to "Klein Moretti" or "Zhou Mingrui" ad verbatim. It just needed to be said in future tense.

The other reason for his persistence in pursuing the Dark Demonic Wolf's past was that he was trying to fool Amon, making it difficult for "Him" to guess that he had already grasped the key information.

Of course, this might not be able to deceive the God of Deceit. His main goal was to obtain a victory of the mind, so as to adjust his mental state that was overly stressed. This allowed him to reduce the frequency at which he sought Miss Justice's treatment.

Well, from the looks of it, the Dark Demonic Wolf still maintains its clarity and rationality in the late Second Epoch. It wasn't as violent as when it first fused with other Beyonder characteristics, bloodthirsty, crazy… "His" most important personality appears to not have changed; ever so suspicious. "He" doesn't even trust "His" own marionettes. Once "He" decides to migrate, "He" would leave all the marionettes that "He" had before and sever all connections… Also, the Dark Demonic Wolf seems to have migrated from the east over here… As he thought about it, Klein came to an abrupt stop. Under the darkness that was void of stars and the crimson moon, he cast his gaze in a particular direction by relying on his spiritual intuition.

His expression gradually turned solemn as he raised his right hand and pressed on his silk top hat.

Then, he adjusted the direction he was heading in and walked towards where his eyes were trained at.

That was the east.

In the endless darkness, the lantern in his hand cast a lonely shadow. His trench coat was almost the same color as the distant night as his footsteps quickened.

…

Backlund, Empress Borough, inside the Hall family's luxurious mansion.

Audrey sat in front of the dressing table and began to seriously consider how to release the "bait" in a seemingly reasonable fashion.

During this process, she suddenly thought of something.

That was that, if she wanted to go near a Beyonder gathering and monitor the thoughts of the participants, there was a lack of quick and efficient methods.

As a Sequence 4 demigod, she neither could fly nor "Teleport." She also couldn't use the flames to "jump" secretly. It would be fine if it was late at night, but if she wanted to use dreams as a springboard, she could only rely on her feet during the day and evening.

Oh… Actually, my speed isn't slow, but if I were to run faster than a steam train, I would definitely attract attention… There are so many powerhouses in Backlund, so there's no lack of existences that can see through my "Psychological Invisibility"… Similarly, in my dragon form, I can fly, but that's just too eye-catching… Currently, I can only let my consciousness and Spirit Body enter the sea of collective subconscious, while I'm unable to bring my body in… As she pondered about the matter, Audrey could only consider purchasing Sealed Artifacts or mystical items that had "Traveling" powers while deciding to travel through dreams if there were dreams. Otherwise, she could only rely on walking, carriages, or the metro.

What a simple demigod… Hmm, it's no wonder the full name is half-human, half-god. Those terrifying Beyonder powers are the godly side of things, while these are the human side of things… Audrey gave a self-deprecating laugh and reined in her thoughts.

…

Backlund, Hillston Borough.

Sitting beside the fireplace, Fors opened a book that was propped on her thigh as a platform for her to write.

Holding a pen in her hand, she stared at the horizontal lines on the paper and the tarot cards that were scattered on the ground for a long time.

"What's wrong? You don't want to lie to your teacher? No, everything you write will be the truth… You don't want to set up your teacher?” Xio walked over, crouched down, and looked up into Fors’s eyes.

Fors shook her head.

“No, it’s not because of this.

“I do feel a little guilty, but I know that this is a good thing for the Abraham family.

“I’m just hesitating. I keep feeling that our destinies will change after writing this letter.”

“Ah?” Xio was a little stunned when she heard that. She didn’t quite understand what her good friend meant.

Fors let out a sigh and said, “The battles from the past and now were actually not that dangerous for us. We had the ability to avoid it and obtain the corresponding resources to continue our peaceful lives. Therefore, my feelings for them don’t run deep.

“We’re like people standing beside a torrent. We could have watched everything go by safely, but after writing this letter, we might perhaps be swept into the torrent.”

Xio listened quietly. She opened her mouth and pursed her lips.

“If not for this, do you think we can avoid the torrent of fate?”

As she spoke, she picked up a tarot card from the ground.

The surface of the card depicted an angel blowing a trumpet and the deceased.

Judgment card.

Fors looked at the deck of tarot cards for a while before closing her eyes. She pulled her hair back and smiled.

“I understand.

“This is an inevitable destiny.”

After praying to Mr. Fool and after obtaining The Magician card, it was an unavoidable destiny.

The fountain pen in Fors’s hand finally landed on the letter.

…

Pritz Harbor.

Dorian Gray Abraham, who had long left the fishermen’s association and changed his identity, tore open the letter sent by his student.

As he quickly browsed through it, his expression went from shock, joy, and confusion to horror.

Bang!

Dorian threw away the letter in his hand and knocked down the table in front of him. It was like a monster hiding on that piece of paper with a curse.

He retreated to another corner, pulled open the drawer, and took out some items. Then, he rushed to the door and prepared to leave.

When his right hand touched the brass doorknob, Dorian’s actions suddenly slowed down and finally stopped.

He slowly turned around and cast his gaze at the letter on the ground. There was a complicated look in his eyes.

After a few seconds, Dorian Gray Abraham slowly walked towards the letter. He walked with hesitation, feeling the dilemma and struggles, but he didn’t stop. It was as if he had been seduced by the devil.

Chapter 1194: A Lion's Hunt of a Rabbit

Finally, Dorian stopped beside the letter.

He bent down and reached out his right hand. His fingers trembled as he grabbed the edge of the paper and picked it up.

This time, Dorian was very careful. He began reading each word, one after another from the very beginning. Sometimes he was enlightened, sometimes confused, sometimes puzzled, and sometimes in pain.

The letter Fors had sent wasn't long. He only used three minutes to read it twice before he fell into a long silence.

The sunlight shined through the window and landed on the toppled table.

Dorian Gray Abraham's lips suddenly quivered, but he ultimately didn't make a sound.

Separated by a piece of paper, his right thumb and index finger quickly rubbed against each other and ignited the letter with a scarlet flame.

After doing all of this, Dorian packed his belongings, put on his disguise, changed his clothes, and left the rented apartment. Using the identity he had previously prepared, he went to another place.

After settling down, he sat beside the desk and stared at the brass ornament, seemingly deep in thought.

The area became darker and darker as the sunlight weakened. Dorian's eyelids twitched as he slowly sighed.

He then unfolded the piece of paper and picked up the fountain pen. As he pondered, he wrote:

"...I'm very happy to see you digesting the Scribe potion in a few months. This means that you might really become a demigod...

"...These are the key points to take note of while acting as a Traveler, at least the ones that I know of. However, you have to remember that everyone's personality is different. There will always be some differences in acting in real life, so you can't copy blindly... This doesn't mean that the acting principles of others are wrong, but that it might lead to a huge conflict in your heart, affecting your mental state... Sometimes, you can make appropriate adjustments to slow down the speed at which the potion is being digested, but it will only be beneficial to you. You have to remember: acting is a tool, not something to lord over you...

"I look forward to the day you completely digest the Traveler potion, I will prepare the corresponding ingredients and a present for you.

"...I'm very interested in the matter of the Abraham family's curse mentioned by that gentleman... I think you should have noticed long ago that I have done a certain degree of research on such matters. Otherwise, you wouldn't always ask me about such matters...

"I hope you can continue to learn about this matter at a deeper level..."

After writing the reply, Dorian Gray Abraham closed his eyes and quickly folded the paper.

…

January 1351, Backlund’s new year was much bleaker than before.

In a basement in West Borough, there were a few candles flickering with yellow flames, illuminating the surrounding altars, chairs, and round tables.

At the edge of the light, in a place that was extremely dark, a figure appeared indistinct. At times, it would sway, sometimes stretching into a thin entity that didn’t have any thickness. It was like a shadow that came alive.

Suddenly, the figure said in a deep voice, “You arrived earlier than I expected.”

Beside the candle, a figure quickly appeared in the spot illuminated the greatest by the light.

It was a man dressed in a mysterious black robe. His brown hair was slightly curled, and his dark, deep eyes seemed to contain countless objects.

He was none other than one of the five saints of the Aurora Order, the Saint of Secrets, Botis.

Botis smiled and said, “To me, distance is not a problem.”

He pulled a chair and sat down before saying to the long and narrow shadow, “Have you investigated thoroughly? Did you find anything unusual?”

The shadow that nearly slinked into the shadows answered in a low voice, “There aren’t any problems.”

“Really?” At the confirmation of the question, Botis instinctively had doubts. “Kisma, could this be a trap?”

The Aurora Order’s Saint Tenebrous, Kisma, slowly shook his head and said, “The target is very careful. It’s definitely not a case of deliberate exposure.

“If she wasn’t seeking to purchase an ancient wraith’s cursed item, we wouldn’t have been able to sense that she might be related to the Abraham family.”

Saint of Secrets Botis seemed to be in thought as he said, “An ancient wraith’s cursed item. This is one of the main ingredients of Scribe. I remember that the Abraham family does have a spare Asmann’s brain… Heh, they aren’t willing to directly provide a Scribe Beyonder characteristic, hoping to carry out some tests. It’s indeed the style of the Abraham family. To put it simply, they don’t have enough trust in others.”

Saint Tenebrous Kisma didn’t echo Botis’s words as he continued, “Even if she was seeking to purchase the main ingredients of the Scribe potion, we wouldn’t have noticed any problems. After all, not every believer knows the corresponding mysticism knowledge, but she even mentioned some questions related to Apprentice and the Abrahams.

“She was really cautious in this aspect. The circle of Beyonders from which she sought to purchase materials from and the one she asked questions weren’t the same. Different matters were left to different circles. Furthermore, at times, she would hire other participants to help her make requests.

“If it weren’t for the fact that we have our people in those few circles and were able to combine the intelligence, we wouldn’t have noticed her.”

Saint of Secrets Botis nodded slightly and asked, “Why didn’t you just take action? You even came to me?”

In the shadows, the darkness stirred and replied slowly, “The situation in Backlund is getting more and more tense. The Nighthawks, the Mandated Punishers, and the Machinery Hivemind are carpet sweeping the area, one spot after another. We’re being watched very closely.

“If I were to handle this matter, it would be fine if there weren’t any accidents. However, if an accident were to happen, I might not be able to escape due to not having ‘Grazed’ a Secrets Sorcerer.

“Besides, aren’t you the one who is most interested in the Abraham family?”

Botis chuckled and said, “I’m not interested in them at all. I just want them to all die.

“To ensure my own safety, the most important thing is to nip revenge in the bud. This is the philosophy I abide by.”

As he spoke, the Saint of Secrets took out a crystal ball from his black robe’s pocket.

The crystal ball was neither clear nor translucent, as if it had been injected with the dark night.

As he touched it with his palm, his lips quivered. This strange crystal ball suffused a resplendent glow.

They were like stars that slowly spun, forming a complicated scene.

"It's still acceptable…" Botis looked at the crystal ball in his right hand and nodded gently.

He then looked at the "ghostly shadow."

"Give me the details."

When he learned that there would be a Beyonder gathering in a particular circle tonight, with the target possibly appearing, the Saint of Secrets Botis stood up and said to Saint Tenebrous Kisma, "I need to make some preparations."

As soon as he finished speaking, his right hand opened and with a gentle lift, his fingers closed.

The region he was in immediately warped and vanished.

The candles, flames, round table, and chairs that were originally located here vanished, leaving behind only the tiles and ceiling.

After a while, the shadows moved and everything returned to normal.

Nothing happened to Saint of Secrets Botis, but Saint Tenebrous's figure appeared out of the darkness.

He looked at Botis and said in a deep voice, "Your caution has exceeded the necessary limits."

"But this isn't a bad thing. I hope that I can resolve the problem without anyone noticing," Botis replied with a smile. "You can follow me. You can hide in the shadows as my support. You will not directly appear, and you will leave immediately once you discover anything amiss."

"…Alright." Saint Tenebrous Kisma slowly walked out of the shadows.

He looked young and handsome with outstanding facial features, but his face seemed to be covered with a faint curtain of darkness.

After coming close to Botis, there were a series of illusory chewing sounds that came from nowhere. The chewing sounds and the sound of digesting could be heard, as well as undisguised evil and hunger.

This made the demigod shudder involuntarily.

Saint Tenebrous's eyes froze for a second as he cast a shocked and surprised look at Botis's face.

The corners of Botis's mouth curled up as he revealed a rather cruel smile.

A few seconds later, one of them used “Teleportation,” and the other merged into the shadows and left the house.

…

In an apartment that had been in disrepair for years, in the area intersecting Backlund’s East Borough and the bridge area, there were a few rooms on the first floor of a cheap motel that had their rooms connected.

When Botis walked out from the spirit world, the Beyonder gathering was only to be held two to three hours later. No one had arrived yet.

He looked around and took in the long tables that were arranged messily.

After observing the environment, he walked to a corner with his right hand pulling the curtain.

The region was then enveloped by a shadow, distorting before vanishing.

This was because there wasn’t anything there to begin with. There was no objective measure, so no one would have discovered that there was a space missing. They would only feel that the distance between the walls and themselves was a little closer, but upon closer inspection, everything was normal.

This was the “Space Concealment” power of a Secrets Sorcerer!

They could use this ability to split a place into two and conceal part of it. One had to use a specific “door” to enter.

At that moment, in the area that had been divided and hidden, the room existed normally. There were floor tiles, a ceiling, and a cockroach crawling across the ground.

The cockroach rushed to the boundary and was blocked by the endless darkness.

After Saint of Secrets Botis surveyed the area, his gaze paused at a transparent vortex in midair.

This was the “door.”

Every hidden space would definitely have a “door.”

After some thought, Botis reached into the black robe’s pocket, took out a mirror, and inserted it into the “door.”

The mirror twisted and quickly reflected the scene in the outside world.

There were chairs and long tables randomly strewn around. The place was empty.

In this way, Botis used this mirror to monitor the Beyonder gathering’s venue.

Seconds changed to minutes as the Beyonders dressed in various disguises arrived.

One of the hooded figures habitually chose a corner near the window. She took out a palm-sized notebook and casually flipped through a few pages, as though she was revising the main points of her questions or checking if she was fully prepared.

And behind her to the side, there was an ordinary mirror embedded in the wall.

Chapter 1195: Grade 0

In the region that had been concealed, the Saint of Secrets, Botis, narrowed his eyes slightly as he recognized Leymano's Travels.

This made him no longer have any doubts about the intel provided by Saint Tenebrous Kisma.

He recognized this notebook and knew that it was a mystical item that the Abraham family placed great importance on. It was one of the most powerful items below the High-Sequences, and the negative effects were negligible.

Heh, back when I was a Mid-Sequence Beyonder, I had yearned for this notebook so much. In the end, the Abraham family was wary of me and didn't place any importance on my needs at all… Now, have they learned their lesson? This woman shouldn't be a descendant of the Abraham family. Otherwise, she wouldn't have gone around searching for the cursed item of an ancient wraith… Botis muttered inwardly as his expression gradually turned grim, showing hints of a cruel fervor.

After observing his surroundings for a while, he carefully reached into his black robe's pocket.

The pocket seemed to contain a vast space as Saint of Secrets Botis dragged out a three-layered jewelry box from within.

This jewelry box wasn't tiny, making it difficult to hold it with one hand. It was mainly silver-black in color, and its surface was covered with exquisite decorations. There were rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and diamonds embedded in it, making it look rather luxurious.

As he held the “jewelry box” in his hands, there was a hint of panic and fear in his expression. It was as if he was facing the Abyss or listening to an evil god’s ravings.

…

The gathering continued as usual. Fors put away Leymano’s Travels and focused on listening to the participants, as though she was seeking some answers.

During this process, she would occasionally ask questions, using gold pounds and spiritual materials as payment. However, she didn’t receive any effective answers.

Gradually, the Beyonder gathering came to an end. The host arranged for the different participants to leave from different exits.

Soon, only Fors and a few other Beyonders were left in the room.

After receiving the signal of the host, Fors stood up and resisted the urge to stretch herself as she walked towards the side door.

At this moment, she realized that her body had stiffened. Her head could barely turn, but it felt like she was a toy that had its torsion spring wound up.

From the corner of her eye, she saw that the grayish-white walls had turned silvery-black in an instant. They were covered in granules, as though they were made of metal. The remaining participants and the host had their skin lose the luster that it should’ve possessed. Their eyes were dull, their movements mechanical, as though they were large dolls.

In the concealed area, Botis had opened the “jewelry box” at some point in time. The interior of its top layer wasn’t exquisite enough, but it had completely restored the scene of the room.

In the room, there were chairs and long tables scattered haphazardly. There were a few palm-sized puppets sitting or standing, as though they were trying to simulate reality.

Among these people, the person standing was wearing a hooded robe. The shape of her chin was beautiful and her lips were plump and red. It was none other than Fors.

She and the remaining Beyonders, together with the gathering’s host, had silently become toys. They had been taken into the highest layer of the “jewelry box”!

The room that connected in the external world was only left with grayish-white walls—nothing else.

The corners of Botis’s lips curled up bit by bit. With his right hand, he closed the lid of the jewelry box.

In just a single breath, he had magically controlled his target!

This silver-black, three-layered “jewelry box” was the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact that he had snatched from the Abraham family.

As it had never been obtained by the orthodox Churches, nor was it ever deeply understood, it didn’t have a corresponding number.

According to what Botis knew, this “jewelry box” originated from an Abraham family angel from the Fourth Epoch. “He” enjoyed roaming the cosmos and heading to different places in the vast universe. However, once, when “He” returned to “His” family to rest, he died silently in his palace. His face was filled with fear, and his expression was twisted as if he had seen something extremely terrifying.

A true Mythical Creature, one that could be considered a subsidiary god in the Second Epoch had actually died silently without causing a stir. The death was extremely bizarre.

The Beyonder characteristic “He” left behind combined with “His” corpse, forming the “jewelry box” that was quite different from the other kind of Sealed Artifacts. And back then, Mr. Door, Bethel Abraham, not only didn’t attempt to shatter it and restore it to a pure Beyonder characteristic, “He” had even given it a rather strange name: “Box of the Great Old Ones.”

The first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones could turn the target’s location into toys and switch locations with its interior. Botis had used this trait to easily achieve his goal.

The second level of the Box of the Great Old Ones recorded different locations. Once it was released, the holder and the living beings within its effective range would head directly to the corresponding region. They would then wander around the cosmos like the angel from the Abraham family back then, exploring the universe.

As for what was on the third level of the Box of the Great Old Ones, Botis knew about it but didn’t dare to think about it. It was just like how he usually didn’t dare come into contact with this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

Smack. After closing the lid of the Box of the Great Old Ones, he grabbed the mirror that was embedded in the transparent vortex that was suspended in midair with his right hand.

Once a certain area was concealed, a Secrets Sorcerer had to use the corresponding “door” or directly remove the “concealment” to exit.

Botis had chosen the latter method because it was the easiest and fastest method.

The shadows stirred, and the area that disappeared returned to the real world. The room was finally complete.

Botis didn’t stay any longer. Without even looking at his surroundings, he made his body rapidly fade away.

He held the many gemmed, silver-black Box of the Great Old Ones as the colors saturated and overlapped with each other. He traversed the spirit world which was filled with strange creatures towards his designated location. In a few seconds, he walked out of the void, attempting to enter the ruins of the battle of the gods by crossing the huge chasm that split the seas.

At this moment, the Botis stopped in midair.

His eyes narrowed and his eyes instantly turned dark, dotted with countless points of resplendence.

It was like the cosmos had been reflected in his eyes.

The “gravel” formed by the stars spun rapidly, causing the cracks at the bottom of the sea to rapidly turn incorporeal, causing everything in front of him to shrink and condense into a wavering orange flame.

This flame extended from the tip of a matchstick as it was extinguished.

Everything that Botis had experienced after removing the “concealed space” was an illusion. He remained rooted to the ground!

And the source of this illusion was the burning matchstick.

The matchstick was held by a fair-skinned palm, and the owner of the hand was a woman wearing a purple-patterned black robe and a hood. She was sitting on a carriage that was half-way through the wall, formed from a gigantic pumpkin.

Pulling the carriage were a bunch of gray rats.

This was none other than Cattleya, but her appearance, image, and bearing had changed.

This was the power she gained from the magic of Cinderella!

The core Beyonder power of the Mystery Pryer pathway’s Sequence 4 Mysticologist was called “Mystical Re-enactment,” fully expressing the saying—“knowledge is power.”

To put it simply, a Mysticologist could draw power from different mysticism knowledge they grasped, and create all sorts of magic or witchcraft. As for the corresponding “mysticism knowledge,” the less that was known by others and the less it spread, the more powerful the spells became.

The contrary could also be established. Once some knowledge and legends were known to many and no longer mysterious, the magic or witchcraft created by drawing on its powers would become almost ineffective.

Cattleya had no idea why the Queen could create all kinds of magical powers that were rich in magical colors from the private fairy tales that Emperor Roselle had told her, but that didn't hinder her learning and usage of them. After all, she had heard of those fairy tales from Queen Mystic.

The magic she had used it to temporarily transform and disguise herself was called "Cinderella." The magic that threw Saint of Secrets Botis into an illusion was "The Little Match Girl." With that, she had used it to stop the other party from "Teleporting" away, creating an opportunity for the battle that would follow.

Just as Botis had extricated himself from the hallucination, the "Cinderella" who was sitting in the pumpkin carriage placed her foot on the ground and spread out her arms, causing a huge cross to appear behind her.

As for Cattleya, she seemed to be carrying an illusory object.

In the empty room, candlelights lit up, one after another, illuminating a long table covered with flesh and blood.

Around the long table were three extremely blurry figures holding the globs of flesh as they constantly devoured the food.

As if sensing something, the three figures turned their heads at the same time and looked at Botis. This Saint of Secrets's heart raced as he felt a chill rush out from deep within his soul.

He then heard illusory gnawing, chewing, and digesting sounds. He could feel the undisguised malice and hunger.

Botis's eyelid twitched. He hurriedly lowered his head and cast his gaze at the Box of the Great Old Ones in his hand.

The silver-black box had opened itself without him realizing it at some point in time!

The magic that Cattleya used was called the "Feast of Betrayal." It stemmed from the mysticism knowledge she learned of the ancient sun god's death from the Tarot Club. Its purpose was to temporarily awaken or imbue the target with intelligence, allowing them to commit a "betrayal!"

Without a doubt, the effects of encountering a Sealed Artifact that was filled with malice towards the owner would be excellent.

However, if not for the fact that she had obtained the protection of Mr. Fool at every gathering they monitored, Cattleya wouldn't have dared to use this magic.

Once the three main leads of the "betrayal feast" sensed it, she would definitely die for obscure reasons. She wouldn't be able to resist her death and would die an abnormally horrifying death.

Therefore, Mysticologists were definitely individuals with high-risk. Their strength came from walking the edge of the Abyss, coming from things they shouldn't have seen or heard.

In comparison, Queen Mystic who could create magic from her father's private fairy tales was much safer than other

Mysticologists at the same tier.

Chapter 1196: The Ugly Duckling

When opening the first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones, the long table, chairs, Fors, and the others were like dolls. They were either still or motionless. Otherwise, under the power of torsion springs, they made repeated simple movements.

Upon seeing this scene, Botis's hair stood on end. For some baffling reason, he felt that he was about to join and become one of them.

He instinctively wanted to react to the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact in his hand, but he saw the hooded, purple-robed woman retract her right hand and hold it to her mouth, slightly clenched.

A dark color instantly formed in her palm. It was an ancient bugle with a charm that appeared very heavy and powerful.

The Horn of Magic, the Horn of Destruction!

Botis's pupils dilated as he lacked the luxury of time to deal with the Box of the Great Old Ones. He grabbed forward with his right hand, as though he had raised an invisible screen that shielded the void.

The area he was in was distorted once again. He disappeared and was concealed.

Woo!

The horn in Cattleya's hand let out a soft hum. It echoed in the room but didn't extend out of its confines.

With the sound waves overlapping, the shadows shattered and the ground cracked. The space that had been concealed by the Saint of Secrets was like a thick piece of glass that had been struck by a sledgehammer. Countless cracks appeared and intertwined with each other.

Elsewhere, a towering knight in full black armor appeared out of the shadows. He held a long broadsword, and two dark red beams of light glimmered in his eye sockets—Saint Tenebrous Kisma.

Woo!

Once again, Cattleya blew the horn. Everything in the room seemed to freeze into a translucent amber.

Silently, the amber broke apart, and even the black-armored knight fell to the ground like a mirror, shattering into small shards.

The distorted region returned to the real world.

However, Botis also managed to grab the gaps between the two horn blows as he created numerous illusory doors to appear around them.

Some of them were double doors that opened outwards, some were deep and recessed, some were covered in mysterious patterns, and some were hollow in the middle, allowing one to vaguely see the boundless darkness behind them…

The illusory doors were in bountiful numbers, densely packed, and overlapped together, almost enveloping the Saint of Secrets.

Without any time to think further, Botis immediately opened a grayish-blue door with seven brass locks, and he threw the Box of the Great Old Ones that was just about to have its second layer open inside.

This was a Secrets Sorcerer's "Exile." It could throw a target that he had gained initial control of into a corresponding chaotic space. As for the different illusory doors, they represented different scenes—ones where danger and opportunity coexisted.

This kind of "Exile" wasn't permanent. At Botis's Sequence level, he was only capable of isolating the Box of the Great Old Ones from reality for twenty seconds. Once that time was up, the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact would return to the spot beside him through the "illusory door" from before.

However, by then, the "betrayal" induced by the enemy's Beyonder powers would definitely have disappeared.

As a demigod of the Apprentice pathway, he had traveled many places, witnessed many things, and recorded many kinds of powers, Botis made the most correct decision in that split instant.

At the same time, the Black Knight that had split into pieces quickly squirmed and reformed, becoming a thin rug that flowed with flesh and blood. It covered every corner of the room.

As a cult that could only survive in the shadows of reality, the Aurora Order might have many lunatics, but they were used to doing things to conceal themselves so as to prevent themselves from attracting the official Beyonders before their goals were met.

Of course, once the matter was in its final stages, they would definitely proclaim their existence openly.

In addition, Saint Tenebrous Kisma had done so in hopes of obstructing the possible enemies that were hiding outside to a certain extent. This allowed a separation of the battlefield.

When a layer of flesh grew out from the floor, walls, and ceiling, a twisted black shadow rose up from the corner.

This was one of the souls that Saint Tenebrous Kisma had "Grazed."

It was a powerful vampire from the Forsaken Land of the Gods, a Sequence 4 Shaman King of the Moon pathway.

If the Shepherd's Grazed target was a demigod, he could release it directly due to the existence of its corporeal Spirit Body. However, there only one could be released at any one point in time unless the corresponding Shepherd had already become a Sequence 3 Trinity Templar.

Seizing the opportunity that the horn in the female demigod's hand was dissipating, the twisted Shaman King reached out and dug out one of his eyes—a bright-red, illusory eye.

The eye shimmered with a bright, crimson glow as it instantly illuminated the entire room, as though the crimson moon had descended.

Its pupil reflected the woman wearing the purple-patterned black robe and a dark-colored hood.

Immediately following that, the Shaman King clasped the hand which was holding his eye, letting the crimson “moonlight” become completely devoured by darkness.

A deep darkness appeared around Cattleya as the solidified darkness bound her to the spot. It froze the scene.

Upon seeing this scene, Botis took a step forward, phasing behind his enemy instantaneously.

Performing one “Blink” followed by another as a total of eight figures dressed in black robes appeared around Cattleya!

These weren’t avatars he created, but afterimages he left behind due to his blazing “Blink.”

Some of them released “Lightning Storm,” while others condensed a blinding white spear. Some were covered in black armor as they slashed out a heavy broadsword that could appear capable of slicing through anything…

Different figures with different powers either attacked or created a form of control, but their target was one and the same—Cattleya.

There was almost no pause in between their actions. When Botis’s figure “Blinked” to another corner, he quickly turned transparent as he was on the brink of disappearing.

He had no intention of killing the enemy, as this was Backlund. Also, the commotion created from their battle couldn't be suppressed any further. Once it affected the outside world, official angels might descend.

The reason why he had first launched a series of counterattacks before "Teleporting" away was because he wanted to suppress the enemy and prevent her from interfering with his and Saint Tenebrous Kisma's escape. This was a very reasonable strategy.

However, a few seconds ago, in a room on an upper level of the old apartment, Xio had learned of all the changes in the venue through Miss Justice's "mind voice."

Although she was worried and anxious, she didn't panic at all. She followed the plan and jumped down from the window, somersaulting in midair as she pointed at the targeted area.

"Teleportation is prohibited here!"

After doing this, she immediately distanced herself from the apartment to prevent the friendly demigods from being distracted.

With this interference, the Saint of Secrets, Botis, failed to successfully enter the spirit world. A rusty, abnormally heavy door appeared in front of him as it tightly sealed the "path."

To Botis, an illusory door of this level wasn't able to stop him from leaving at all. He could "open" the door once he made some adjustments.

But at this moment, something anomalous had happened over at the female demigod in the purple-patterned black robe!

Silver light appeared in Cattleya's eyes. They connected together like a mysterious giant snake.

This was "Brief Luck," derived from the knowledge she had obtained when analyzing the blood of a Snake of Fate.

Regardless of the terrifying lightning, burning-white spear, or the slash of the Black Knight, none of them hit the target. Cattleya seemed to be standing at the eye of the storm. No matter how dangerous the surroundings were, she was unaffected.

Those attacks and the attempts at control either narrowly passed her by or were canceled out by "friendly" forces. They were unable to achieve the desired effect, and they even helped her weaken the "dark" shackles.

Instantly, Cattleya bowed her back slightly as white and illusory feathers grew out of them. They didn't belong to an angel, but rather, a swan.

The ugly duckling had become a swan.

As for what a swan was, to a Sequence 4 demigod, the answer was obvious. It was an incomplete Mythical Creature form.

And the ugly duckling could also become a swan!

This was a powerful magic that could allow a Mysticologist to reveal their incomplete Mythical Creature form once a day, with each instance lasting ten seconds.

The surface of Cattleya’s body immediately cracked open as flesh and blood gathered inside, forming eyeballs with clear blacks and whites.

The countless eyeballs coldly scanned their surroundings, as though they were manifestations of multifarious knowledge. As such, the figure that bore their weight turned into a black blob that was even more abstract in a higher spatial dimension.

Upon seeing the densely packed eyeballs, Saint of Secrets Botis and Saint Tenebrous Kisma felt dizzy. A knowledge storm took form in their minds.

The layer of flesh and blood that enveloped the entire room began to tremble slightly. Some dripped down, while others squirmed intermittently.

At this moment, an unimaginable aura pierced through the barrier formed from flesh and blood, pouring into the first floor of the dilapidated apartment and enveloping every corner of the apartment.

At the same time, Saint of Secrets Botis and Saint Tenebrous Kisma were shocked. Their bodies, souls, and minds were in an uncontrollable state.

This was “Dragon Might” which had undergone a qualitative change—“Mind Deprivation!”

Seizing this opportunity, the “black blob” that was covered in cracks and eyes condensed a spear in front of it.

The spear appeared ancient in style; from the tip to the handle, it was dyed in blobs of blood-red splotches.

It emitted a mighty destructive aura and a bloody feeling, as though it had once hurt a mighty existence.

With a whoosh, the terrifying spear shot out, heading straight for the Botis who stood rooted to the ground.

In the entire room, all the voices and details vanished. Even the “Dragon Might” that filled the room suddenly disappeared, leaving behind only the bloody spear tip and Botis’s body, as well as the constantly shrinking distance between them.

Spear of Longinus!

Chapter 1197: Mind Storm

The blood-stained spear that seemed to come from an ancient time that couldn’t be traced had absorbed the entire room’s presence, stabbing straight into the body of Saint of Secrets Botis.

The brown-haired, firm-bodied Botis’s figure faded away, turning into a pair of black double doors.

At the same time, he appeared behind the “door,” placing himself in a separate world from the terrifying spear as he looked at it from afar.

In the next moment, the spear that was stained with red blood pierced through the black door and bore into the space where Botis was.

Botis’s figure kept retreating, constantly transforming into one illusory door after another. Some of them were made up of two winding stone golems, while others had a fist-sized hole by the gaps of the door. Some were embedded with silver nails, while others were covered in mysterious patterns. One after another, they were layered repeatedly, extending to an infinite number.

Without a sound, the Spear of Longinus tore through the illusory doors without stopping at all. It didn’t allow Saint of Secrets Botis to find a chance to escape.

In less than a second, the blood-stained spear that emitted a strong sense of destruction had shattered countless illusory doors. After it suffered a decline in its aura, it finally stabbed into its target’s chest.

Countless cracks instantly appeared on Botis's body, as if he was a ceramic object that had fallen to the ground.

With a cracking sound, the Saint of Secrets turned pitch black as he disintegrated into pieces, scattering all over the ground.

This didn't seem like his actual body, but more like his shadow.

This was the "Shadow Substitute" spell he had "Recorded" from a certain Sequence 3 saint under the True Creator.

Of course, without the layers of "doors" weakening the Spear of Longinus, he believed that it was very likely that his shadow together with his body would have shattered together.

After narrowly dodging this strike, Botis endured the dizziness and shock brought about by Cattleya's incomplete Mythical Creature form as he made a gigantic, scaleless silver snake appear in his eyes.

This gigantic snake was so large that it filled Botis's eyes. Its surface was filled with dense patterns and labels formed by one mystical wheel after another.

Its head connected to its tail as it merged with countless illusory rivers, turning into a blurred, surreal, and slowly spinning gear. Around the round gear were all sorts of symbols that represented different futures.

Suddenly, the black fragments that had yet to disappear on the ground flew up one after another and reorganized themselves on the spot, restoring Botis.

The ground that was stained with dark red blood quickly retreated from the numerous illusory doors until it returned to the distorted black blob.

The strong, fearful atmosphere receded like the tide and left the room.

The "black blob" that was covered in cracks and eyeballs squirmed and restored itself, turning back into a purple-patterned black-robed woman with a hood.

Everything returned to the point before "The Ugly Duckling" magic was used.

Reboot of Fate!

This was one of the rewards given to Saint of Secrets Botis for crushing the Abraham family—he was allowed to "Record" the Sequence 1 Beyonder power from the Angel of Fate, Ouroboros.

Of course, there was definitely a huge gap from the original version. It could only reboot reality for three seconds, and it was limited to the space of a tiny room like this. It wasn't even able to affect the entire first floor of the apartment.

The moment "Reboot" ended, the prepared Saint Tenebrous Kisma immediately took action.

The Grazed twisted shadow that stemmed from a Sanguine Count spread open its arms and made a gesture of embracing the crimson moon.

The darkness around Cattleya surged, instantly forming illusory but firm black chains that bound her to her spot.

The flesh and blood that covered the ground, walls and ceiling gathered together rapidly, turning into a knight covered in black full-body armor. He held a heavy greatsword in his hand and looked extremely oppressive.

In the gap of the Black Knight's visor, two dark red beams of light flickered and instantly locked onto the hooded woman beside the pumpkin carriage.

The shadow beneath Cattleya's feet suddenly came alive as it grabbed her ankles. Like a water current that had its water level rising, it gripped her tightly.

Black Knight, Commandeering Shadows!

Then, the gigantic knight that was almost reaching the ceiling as though he came from mythical legends rushed to a spot not far from his target with a single step. He cleaved down with the heavy, long broadsword.

Elsewhere, a silver illusory book in the eyes of Saint of Secrets Botis flipped rapidly. It then stopped at a single page.

With that, Botis reached out his left hand and grabbed the pumpkin carriage across a distance of twenty to thirty meters. He then grabbed at the mysterious woman in a purple-patterned black robe.

His arm suddenly grew longer, and its surface was black and sticky, as if it was flowing with an evil liquid.

Amidst the liquid, pale skulls and eyes with pronounced blood vessels grew out, including sharp teeth and tongues. All sorts of strange things grew out, causing extreme evil and extreme madness to spread rapidly through the area.

In the room, the ground instantly cracked and the few cockroaches that were still alive collapsed to the ground.

This was an attack from a particular state of Abomination Suah!

Back outside Bayam City, Saint of Secrets Botis had been attracted by Tinder. It appeared as though he only watched from the sidelines for a while before picking up the item and leaving immediately. But in fact, he had been desperately trying to “Record” the powers or states of the high-level existences.

After failing numerous times, due to the frequent blessings of fate, he eventually obtained what he wanted. Of course, during that battle, he only managed to “Record” one.

Under this evil and pitch-black arm, Cattleya’s consciousness was tainted with madness. For a moment, she was unable to respond effectively.

Together with the shackles of darkness restraining her shadow, she could only stand rooted to the ground as she watched Saint Tenebrous Kisma’s greatsword slash at her while Saint of Secrets Botis reached out his left hand to grab at her.

At this moment, the flesh and blood walls in the room that separated the interior from the exterior was gone. An invisible and abrupt wind stirred up.

The moment the wind appeared, it grew violent and swept towards the Saint of Secrets's and Saint Tenebrous's hearts.

Manipulator, Mind Storm.

Not only was he not surprised or flustered by the chaotic thoughts, Botis even had the corners of his lips pull up as he smiled.

As the switch for the "Reboot," he naturally remembered that the demigod riding the pumpkin carriage had a helper of the same level hiding outside the apartment somewhere.

The reason why he placed his focus on the enemy on the surface was to lure out the hidden demigod!

In between the two powers of "Reboot of Fate" and the Abomination state, Botis had secretly "hypnotized" himself, allowing himself to naturally divide the burden of Mind Deprivation and the knowledge torrent across most of his Worms of Star. He then left a small number to control his body so as to lock onto the "hidden" enemy.

Previously, the Dragon's Might shock, and the fact that he was unable to discover his target, had convinced Botis that it was a demigod of the Spectator pathway.

While his mind was in a daze, the thing he branched out rapidly churned and helped Botis locate the source of the attack.

But at this moment, most of the thoughts that resonated among the Worms of Star wasn't him being overloaded with meaningless information as he had imagined.

In his mind, there seemed to be a voice saying thousands of words in a second:

"At the bottom of an abandoned castle in Delaire Forest, there is a pair of bronze double doors. It seals with the corruptive forces underground. The higher the Sequence a Beyonder is when approaching, the easier it is to be affected…

"The cosmos is extremely dangerous. There are unknown existences watching…

"Dark Angel is suspected to be the negative personality dissociated from the ancient sun god…

"…"

What? Botis was taken aback. He felt that these thoughts were dangerous, but he couldn't help but wish to understand more.

Just this moment of stupor made the enemy he had already found disappear once again, escaping his range of attention. As for the Abomination palm that was hurtling towards the pumpkin carriage and the female demigod, it also slowed down.

Similarly, Saint Tenebrous Kisma was also affected by the "Mind Storm" as his actions stiffened for a second.

By the time they recovered, Cattleya had already opened her mouth and spat out a pea.

The pea instantly grew, turning into thick green vines that dragged Cattleya out the door, allowing her to escape the shackles of darkness and regain some freedom of movement.

By the time Saint Tenebrous's heavy greatsword and Saint of Secrets's pitch-black arms landed on her, they only shattered a shadow and did not injure this Mysticologist.

They had shattered Cattleya's "Emperor's New Clothes" magic, something that didn't exist at all, so she naturally wouldn't be injured!

In the next second, the hooded lady in the purple-patterned black robe suddenly turned transparent and turned into a pile of foam.

The bubbles quickly scattered and burst one after another. Nothing was left behind. As for the green vines, they grew into midair and burst into flames, illuminating the surrounding streets.

Everything returned to normal. It was as if the short and intense demigod-level battle had never happened.

Saint of Secrets Botis and Saint Tenebrous Kisma exchanged glances. They weren't surprised by such a development.

Clearly, after the sneak attack failed, the two demigod enemies were at a disadvantage and could no longer achieve their goals. Furthermore, this was Backlund. The longer they delayed, the more dangerous it would be. Hence, they took the opportunity to escape.

In addition, in order to interfere with the tracking, they had deliberately created a huge commotion to attract the authorities of Backlund.

As for the copy of Leymano's Travels and a Sequence 7 or 6 Apprentice Beyonder, they were baits that could be abandoned.

After a slight nod, Saint of Secrets Botis took out a crystal ball from his black robe's concealed pocket. It bloomed with light before it quickly shattered and merged into the void.

He was trying to prevent tracking via mysticism means.

Indeed, he didn't dare to stay any longer. He planned on "Teleporting" away and returning to the Aurora Order headquarters. Then, he would "interrogate" the bait and figure out the truth before deciding what to do next.

A second later, Botis's figure quickly turned transparent and disappeared. Kisma entered the shadows and rapidly left, wiping the traces behind him along the way.

Chapter 1198: Frenzy

The Saint of Secrets, Botis, began to traverse the spirit world the moment he entered, heading straight for the easternmost front of the Sonia Sea—the ruins of the battle of the gods.

At this moment, his thoughts blurred. His body turned and left the spirit world through another place.

By the time Botis received a warning from his spirituality and had regained control of his own thoughts while feeling tense, what he saw was a bare forest with nearly all its leaves scattered. There was no one around, and the crimson moon hung high in the sky.

As a former Traveler and Astrologer, he immediately identified his location and found that he was still in Backlund. However, he had moved from the city to a remote area in the suburbs.

At the same time, he also understood what had happened.

It was unknown when his mind world had been infiltrated with someone else's consciousness. At the critical moment, it affected his thoughts and changed his destination!

That Spectator pathway's demigod! I didn't realize it! Botis's pupils dilated as a silvery-white illusory book appeared.

The book flipped to one of the pages.

Botis immediately raised his hand to grab at his glabella. He grabbed a ball of darkness from the island of consciousness and threw it into his shadow.

His shadow was separated from him as it twisted to a stand, revealing a female silhouette.

Black Knight, Shadow of Depravation!

This was an ability that Botis had “Recorded” from Saint Tenebrous Kisma. It could separate one’s depraved thoughts into a shadow and form an uncontrollable independent creature.

Botis used it to erase the consciousness that didn’t belong to him, and escape the influence of the Manipulator!

At the same time, this was also Botis’s counterattack. As long as the hidden Spectator pathway demigod couldn’t quickly resolve this “shadow,” the thoughts she had fractured would gradually become independent, turning her half-mad and even causing her to lose control.

Once he was done with the latent mental problems, Botis didn’t hesitate to escape the enemy’s predetermined battlefield and “Teleport” elsewhere.

However, at this moment, his mind suddenly turned frantic. He felt that the entire environment was making things difficult for him, and his anger could no longer be contained.

As the silver book flipped in front of his eyes, the entire forest collapsed with a loud bang. The black “shadow” almost collapsed into a ball.

After his bout of mania, Botis's mood dropped to a nadir. He couldn't lift his spirits with regards to anything. He felt that he was useless, a burden to others and even the world.

Mental Plague! In the previous battle, Botis had already been infected by "Mental Plague," and it had finally acted up!

The reason why Cattleya first used "The Little Match Girl" magic wasn't only because she wanted to interfere with Botis's "Teleportation," but also because she was helping Miss Justice conceal any traces, allowing her Virtual Persona to infiltrate Botis's mind world without triggering his spiritual intuition. A seed of "Mental Plague" was planted secretly without triggering it.

It was precisely because of this that when the sneak attack failed, Cattleya and Audrey dared to initiate the contingency plan. They retreated on their own accord, allowing Saint of Secrets Botis and Saint Tenebrous Kisma to separate from each other after they were out of danger.

Cattleya's final igniting of the final green vine appeared to create a huge commotion to attract the attention of the official Beyonders, making the enemy abandon their pursuit, but in fact, it was to force the Saint of Secrets to leave as quickly as possible. This way, he didn't have the time to carefully examine and check his condition at a deeper level.

Hence, at the critical moment of his "Teleportation," he had his thoughts changed by Audrey's Virtual Persona. He came directly to the outskirts of Backlund, an uninhabited kill box which the Tarot Club had chosen.

And once he finished off the Manipulator's Virtual Persona, the eruption of "Mental Plague" came right on the heels of that.

In fact, if he had used “Reboot of Fate” earlier, he definitely would’ve been able to return to a state where there were no latent problems. However, he only decided to use this trump card when he was nearly killed by the Spear of Longinus. And by that time, his mind world had already been infiltrated for far more than three seconds!

He was dispirited and depressed, trying his best to resist his mental illness. It was at this moment that he saw a bunch of surreal yarn balls appear out of the void in front of him.

At the back of the yarn ball, the bright-colored yarn extended into an infinite distance.

Following this line, Cattleya, who was wearing a purple-patterned black robe and a dark-colored hood, walked over from the spirit world and appeared in front of the Saint of Secrets, Botis.

She was unable to track down enemies that had done some level of interference, but she could establish a connection with the predetermined battlefield. She could trace Justice Audrey’s Virtual Persona!

The moment she arrived, Cattleya closed her eyes and formed a phantom image that fell towards an invisible coffin.

The already depressed Botis instantly felt extremely exhausted. He couldn’t help but close his eyes, wanting to collapse.

Sleeping Beauty!

On the other side, Audrey’s “Virtual Persona” which hadn’t fully turned independent was like a dark shadow, bringing with it a sense of depravity. She raised her hand and pinched her forehead.

Her pupils silently turned vertical; they were pale gold and cold.

Botis's mind instantly exploded as bubbles of light appeared on the surface of his body. Within the bubbles, rays of starlight condensed into insects with their heads and tails fused into the void.

Psychiatrist, Frenzy!

This could completely trigger the target's emotions and even cause him to lose control.

Botis had already been infected with "Mental Plague" and was in an extremely abnormal state. Following that, he was affected by "Sleeping Beauty" magic and was in an extremely dispirited mood. "Frenzy" now triggered everything, immediately making it difficult for him to control himself as he showed signs of losing control.

Seizing this opportunity, Cattleya opened her eyes, raised her right hand, and rapidly formed a handful of spinning star sand in her palm.

The forest beneath the night became even darker. The crimson moon disappeared from the sky as stars appeared one after another. They were densely packed and dazzling.

The stars scattered their rays of light, forming a magnificent pillar of light that enveloped the area around Saint of Secrets

Botis and his surroundings.

In the midst of the shock, Botis became a little more awake. His figure rapidly turned into a blur as he kept “Blinking,” creating more than ten afterimages in the forest.

However, he could not escape the starlight’s envelopment, nor could he “Teleport” away.

One by one, the starlight melted and dissipated the different Botis. Finally, there was only one person left genuflecting, propping up his body with one palm as he struggled.

Botis’s body was in shambles. His eyes were already dark red, and he appeared to be on the brink of insanity.

When the starlight was in its final moments, he “Blinked” and dodged the follow-up attack of Audrey’s Virtual Persona.

Then, he kept “Blinking” and created “doppelgangers” beside Cattleya and Audrey’s Virtual Persona.

One of his “doppelgangers” grabbed with his left hand, distorting the area where Audrey’s Virtual Persona was located. He concealed it in a bid to restrain the enemy.

As for his other “doppelganger,” he spread open his arms and summoned a thick pillar of light surrounded by holy flames, letting it blast down into the concealed space.

During this process, Botis’s other “doppelganger” had secretly removed the concealment of space.

Hence, as soon as the shadow corresponding to Audrey's Virtual Persona was freed from the restriction, it was enveloped by a holy pillar of light, quickly melting away.

In his "Blinking" state, Botis could use Beyonder powers at a speed faster than normal, but he couldn't sustain it for long. This was something that was achieved via using his numerous Worms of Star.

Elsewhere, the Saint of Secrets, Botis, was also attacking Cattleya. He had used various powers, and in the short span of a second or two, he had inundated his target with a barrage of attacks.

This forced Cattleya to constantly use "The Emperor's New Clothes" magic to avoid it. She was momentarily unable to counter-attack and was in grave danger.

A few seconds later, Botis's "Blinking" finally slowed down. The mania in his heart also eased.

At this moment, grayish-white and heavy scales suddenly appeared outside the forest. They were faintly discernible, as if they were forming an extremely oppressive behemoth.

In the dark night where the crimson moon was obscured, a nearly invisible stream of breath swept down from top to bottom, enveloping Botis and Cattleya.

The two demigods felt as though they were struck by lightning as their psyche was torn apart. Their Spirit Bodies seemed to be penetrated.

The breath of a mind dragon!

With his mental state already in a terrible state and having used a couple of his trump cards, Botis's mind went blank. As the flashes flashed before his eyes, his body couldn't help but tremble.

As for Cattleya, she was carrying the Moon Paper Figurine that she had obtained from Fors. This helped her bear the burden of "Psychic Piercing" once!

Although it was unable to completely eliminate the effects of "Mind Dragon Breath," it could help Cattleya recover faster.

This meant an opportunity in a battle at the demigod level!

In just a second or two, Cattleya's eyes returned to normal. As for Audrey who was in her dragon form and hiding in the darkness outside the forest, she cast another "Mind Deprivation" on Botis.

Without any hesitation, Cattleya raised her right hand and condensed the terrifying spear that was stained with fresh blood. She threw it at the Saint of Secrets, Botis.

This time, Botis could no longer dodge or resolve the situation. His chest was pierced through by the Spear of Longinus.

His body stiffened for a moment before it rapidly collapsed, turning into countless dazzling Worms of Star.

Some of these Worms of Star vanished directly, while others devoured each other. Some of them fused into a distant spot, forming a new Botis.

There was no longer any rationality left in his eyes. His body was continuously collapsing, revealing an incomplete and extremely weak Mythical Creature form.

At this moment, an illusory door appeared beside him. It was grayish-blue that had seven brass locks.

The illusory door quickly opened as it spat out a three-layered “jewelry box” embedded with various gems.

The Box of the Great Old Ones which had been exiled had returned.

With a crazed look in his eyes, Botis caught the box, revealing a cruel and bloodthirsty smile as he tried to open it.

The third level!

Chapter 1199: Inauspicious Box

Towards the return of Botis's Grade 0 Sealed Artifact or the restoration of its normal condition, The Hermit Cattleya and Justice Audrey had made a preliminary plan. After all, they weren't confident at killing a demigod in such a short period of time.

If not for the fact that Botis had fallen into a trap having suffered the lethal blows of "Mental Plague,""Sleeping Beauty," and "Frenzy" and putting him into a crazy and incoherent state, he actually had many opportunities to "Teleport" away without being stopped.

In that case, Cattleya and Audrey could only wait for Botis to return to a "safe house" and release Fors. Once the Eye of Mystery Prying provided them feedback, they could remotely create an opportunity for Miss Magician to summon the Historical Void projection.

At this moment, facing Botis, who was on the path towards losing control with no way to reverse it and his crazy attempt to fully activate Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, Cattleya and Audrey—one right in the middle of the scene and the other hiding outside the forest—simultaneously took the same action. They took out a translucent dark charm and recited a word in Jotun:

"Star!"

This was a "Teleportation" charm. Following the patterns, labels, and symbols of the "Record" on the Leymano's Travels, Klein had made a charm himself.

Since Sefirah Castle could mobilize the powers of the Marauder pathway, there was no reason not to respond to the pleas of the Apprentice domain!

As for the materials needed for the charms, be it Mysticologist Cattleya or Traveler Fors, the both of them had a certain level of understanding towards it. There was no need for Mr. Fool to teach them.

When the two of them “Teleported” away with the triggering of the charm—having plans to come back after a minute or two to confirm the situation—there was a cruel smile on Botis’s face. His eyes were filled with madness as his actions suddenly stiffened.

No matter how hard he tried, he couldn’t open the third level of the Box of the Great Old Ones!

It was extremely heavy, as though it was enveloped and suppressed by layers of forces. There was no way to activate it.

This made Botis feel like he was attempting to open a new world, not a box.

In an instant, he sensed something, and the madness in his eyes disappeared. Extreme astonishment and fear arose in him.

Tick tock. Tick tock. Wisps of light slid down from Botis’s body. When they touched the ground, they transformed into insects formed from resplendent starlight.

The insects’ bodies were bent into a semi-circle, forming a magical glow that resembled illusory doors.

At this moment, his incomplete Mythical Creature form suddenly collapsed and disintegrated in an irresistible manner.

The two eyeballs of his eyes landed on the ground and were stained with dust.

These two eyeballs were frozen with an indescribable look of horror. They were maintained perfectly, completely different from the other parts of his body.

A Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer died just like that.

Pa!

The Box of the Great Old Ones, which had a silver-black surface with many gems embedded in it, dropped beside Botis's eyes, just like a jewelry box commonly seen in aristocratic families.

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, Klein heaved a sigh of relief as he lowered the Sea God Scepter in his hand in puzzlement.

He was just moments from activating the power of Sefirah Castle and using the level of an angel to conjure “Lightning Storm.” He wanted to prevent Botis from opening the third level of the Box of the Great Old Ones, but the Saint of Secrets's mutually destructive counterattack had failed to succeed. He encountered an unexpected failure from the very beginning.

After Xio left the first battlefield, she immediately followed the plan and prayed to Mr. Fool. With this, Klein found an opportunity to enter the world above the gray fog. Through the crimson star corresponding to The Hermit and Justice, he monitored the battle.

As she moved to the second battlefield, Audrey found an opportunity to pray, so that Klein could use her crimson star to directly interfere with the real world.

This was also the reason why Audrey had arrived at her destination later than The Hermit Cattleya.

According to what Arrodes said, *the third level of the Box of the Great Old Ones contains something very terrifying. I thought that the True Creator had given it to him in order to create a terrifying disaster at the critical moment, so as to showcase the true colors of an evil god. Who knew that it couldn't be opened…* Klein glanced at the crimson star representing The Magician and discovered that it was covered in a layer of black ash. It seemed to have coagulated, making it impossible for him to see the scene inside to confirm Miss Magician's condition.

This was the first time he had encountered such a situation—evidence of how high a level and odd the Box of the Great Old Ones was.

As for "Sleeping Beauty" magic and the Spear of Longinus that he saw, he came up with some ideas.

After learning of the powers of Mystical Re-enactment at the private gathering, Klein overturned his speculations about the fairy tale magic that Bernadette had.

He had originally believed that the Emperor had specially created the stories for his daughter based on the fairy tales on Earth, or that after Bernadette's father passed away, she had deliberately reenacted the fairy tales he had told her about as a way to express her grief. From the looks of it, the answer likely wasn't this. Some of the fairy tales before the First Epoch might have been “mysterious.”

This meant that those fairy tales originated from mysterious incidents that had happened in real life. They were spread among the people and gradually became stories. They were recorded down by writers and further embellished.

This corresponds to the prophecy regarding the time when the stars are right. Mystery and has never left and has always been around. It was just that in the “Earth Era” before the First Epoch, they were suppressed by some kind of power or sealed…

If that’s really the case, some of the legends and stories on Earth can be explained from another angle… It’s no wonder there’s a Spear of Longinus… I wonder if the Chinese fable of the ethereal utopia, Peach Blossom Spring, is involved in mystery. I’ll tell Ma’am Hermit later and see if she can create new magic according to this…

I wonder if Bernadette became a Mysticologist before the Emperor perished. If she did, it’s hard to say if these fairy tale magics were created by the Emperor, a Sequence 1 Beyonder of the Mystery Pryer pathway, or by Queen Mystic Bernadette… But no matter what, the Emperor should have discovered that these fairy tales are also mysterious in his later years, and also that he could draw power from them. Well, there’s no corresponding diary entry from Bernadette. I can’t see the Emperor’s reaction and his guesses…

One of the reasons he insisted on going to the moon is to verify certain things.

It’s a pity that most of the myths are fake. There’s no way to draw on their power. The novels of the Internet era are the same… Klein sighed slightly as he leaned back into his chair and continued paying attention to the battlefield.

In the collapsed forest, The Hermit Cattleya and Justice Audrey faced the abnormal changes suffered by Botis and tacitly gave up injecting their spirituality to use the charms.

Despite maintaining her “Dragon Transformation” state, Audrey was still hiding in the darkness outside the forest, wary of any accidents or official demigods who might have sensed the commotion and come to investigate.

As for The Hermit Cattleya, she was pushed to the spot where Botis had died by the wind. She carefully avoided the Box of the Great Old Ones.

Due to the fact that a Scribe could use many powers, a demigod-level Sealed Artifact would often have extremely negative effects. Apart from the Box of the Great Old Ones, Botis only left behind a black pocket which seemed to be part of his robe.

Also, there was also the gathered Beyonder characteristic, two eyeballs, and about ten Worms of Star. Most of the Worms of Star had been destroyed.

Considering the horror displayed by the Box of the Great Old Ones, as well as the fact that Botis was a high-ranking member of the Aurora Order and could be blessed by a god, Cattleya didn’t rashly pick up the items. She was afraid that an accident would happen, causing the situation to develop negatively.

Previously, during the private gatherings, they had communicated with each other on how to handle such situations. That was, if they had the time and opportunity, they would first sacrifice the item to Mr. Fool and then distribute it above the gray fog. After all, many items might bring about unknown dangers if they were to come into contact with items with unknown negative effects. And there was a high probability that Botis had a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.

Sometimes, merely knowing the existence of a Sealed Artifact of this level was enough to cause a sudden death.

According to what The Star Leonard had said, it was best not to come into contact with such Sealed Artifacts. It was best not to ask, describe, or pry into it. Only a true high-level existence could suppress them.

Without any hesitation, Cattleya took out silver candles and other ritual items from the various hidden pockets of her purple-patterned black robe. She then set up a simple sacrificial ritual.

During this process, she pinched her lips, whistled, and created an invisible servant helper. It took about ten seconds to set up the altar.

After quickly reciting Mr. Fool's honorific name and using spiritual materials to open the Door of Sacrifice and Bestowment, Cattleya heaved a sigh of relief. She got the invisible servant to move the Box of the Great Old Ones, the black pocket, two eyeballs, the gathered Beyonder characteristic, and the nine Worms of Star over to the altar.

With a whoosh, the items flew up and passed through the illusory door.

When Cattleya saw this, she immediately pinched her lower lip with her thumb and index finger, preparing to whistle once again to dispel the invisible servant.

But amidst the whistling, the "servant" remained motionless, as though it had nothing to do with Cattleya.

The Hermit Cattleya's eyelids twitched as she clenched her right hand into a fist and pushed it to her mouth, preparing to use the Horn of Magic.

At that moment, a blazing silvery-white appeared out of nowhere at the altar. Layers of bolts of lightning formed a destructive storm that enveloped the invisible servant in the middle.

All of this quickly calmed down as the mutated servant was completely destroyed.

Cattleya exhaled and lowered her head, sincerely thanking Mr. Fool.

Then, she followed the ritual's ending procedure and packed her belongings. She used the "Snow White" magic, which was closer to a prophecy technique, to clear the scene of its traces.

And at this moment, Audrey had already used the Teleportation charm from before and left the scene.

Cattleya looked around, and considering that Mr. Fool might need something more ritualistic, she took out a card from her pocket and threw it in the middle of the collapsing forest.

The card was half inserted into the soil, revealing the image of an old man holding a glass lamp and staff as he explored alone: The Hermit of the tarot cards.

Chapter 1200: Randomness

After a while, the space in the collapsed forest suddenly tore apart, revealing an illusory yet mysterious door.

The door opened silently, and a handsome man with black hair and golden eyes walked out. He was dressed in a well-ironed suit, looking mature and elegant.

Before he could examine the scene, he heard a loud boom. He could feel a violent storm blowing towards him, and he saw a middle-aged man with an imposing aura appear in front of him.

The middle-aged man had rather obvious large earlobes. His hair was dark blue and thick, and there seemed to be countless bolts of lightning hidden in his eyes.

He was the cardinal of the Church of the Lord of Storms, archbishop of the Backlund diocese, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus.

The clergyman in the black robe that was embroidered with storm symbols looked around and cast his gaze at the golden-eyed man. He asked in a thunderous voice, “Celt, what happened here?”

Celt, the golden-eyed man, shook his head.

“I just arrived too.”

Just as he said that, a mountain-like nearly transparent Spirit

Body appeared in the void and placed a figure in midair.

The figure was dressed in a long black, red-patterned bishop robe. His eyes were deep and he didn't have a beard. He was the person in charge of the Backlund diocese of the Church of Evernight, Anthony Stevenson.

After the gigantic Spirit Body completed its mission, it immediately shrunk and entered Saint Anthony's mouth. At the same time, black long hair covered his face, and a translucent, drifting spirit appeared behind Anthony. It held onto his shoulder, preventing him from falling.

In the next second, a turbulent flow of air rushed over from the Backlund city and pushed a figure towards this area at high speeds.

Soon, the figure came to a stop. It was an old man dressed in a white priest robe and a clergyman's cap. He had a kind and gentle face.

The air that was spewed out from the elder's back vanished as the black tube that was shimmering with metallic light retreated back into his body.

This was the archbishop of the Church of the God of Steam and Machinery's Backlund diocese. He was a member of the Divine Council, Horamick Haydn.

He strangely stopped in midair and looked around.

"Although the battle here isn't too intense, it's definitely at the saint level.

“Also, the remnant polluted aura is simply… simply…”

As they spoke, the four demigods looked down at the middle of the collapsed forest.

There was a tarot card depicting an old man holding a staff and a glass lamp.

The Hermit card!

Randall Valentinus, Celt, Anthony, and Horamick instantly fell silent as no one spoke for a moment.

…

Above the gray fog, in the ancient palace, Klein was frowning as he looked at the Box of the Great Old Ones in front of him.

The moment this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was sacrificed, the entire Sefirah Castle began to stir, as if it had been brought to boiling point.

A massive amount of power was automatically activated, forming a torrent that appeared like steam as it completely drowned out the Box of the Great Old Ones and wrapped around it tightly.

At this moment, the silver-black jewelry box that was embedded with gems seemed to become an insect in amber. There was no room for any movement.

Previously, Sefirah Castle was triggered when I spied on the true gods or Kings of Angels and when I was injured… This is the first time it has experienced such changes due to an item from external sources… Klein couldn't help but raise his right hand to wipe away the nonexistent sweat.

Frankly speaking, he was still a little afraid. He felt that he had been a little carried away after gaining initial control of Sefirah Castle.

In the past, he didn't dare let a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact enter this place. And this time, because it didn't involve a Uniqueness, and with how he had improved compared to the past, this gave him the thought of making an attempt.

Thankfully, it's under control… In the future, I'll have to tell Ma'am Hermit and the others that they can't pick up anything and sacrifice it to me. I'm not a rag-and-bone man… After muttering a few words, he began inspecting the Box of the Great Old Ones.

He remembered that Miss Magician was still inside the Sealed Artifact, so he planned on figuring out the situation of the Box of the Great Old Ones as soon as possible so as to prevent the bait from dying due to wasting time.

This Sealed Artifact's level is very high. Arrodes's understanding of it is rather limited. I'll still have to do it myself… From the looks of it, as long as I don't attempt to divine what the third level is or attempt to seek out the source of the power, the danger is acceptable or even nonexistent… Klein made a preliminary assessment based on his spiritual intuition.

Immediately following that, he conjured a pen and paper and began doing a "divination."

After an unknown period of time, he finally opened his eyes and muttered silently, *The first level can allow the interior space to switch locations with the target's area and miniaturize the corresponding scene, turning objects into toys… This is an ability that can barely be made use of…*

The living beings that have been turned into toys must be released within 24 hours. Otherwise, they will be permanently converted. Even their Spirit Bodies will never enjoy an eternal rest…

It's very easy to release them. As long as a specific region is chosen—one so small that it's almost devoid of any living creatures—swapping it with the interior space will do…

There is a limit to the scope of this ability. It reaches its limit with a city the size of Backlund… Why did I use Backlund as an example…

The second level records different scenes. There are the Abyss, cosmos, and all sorts of places. It allows the wielder and the living beings within a certain range to directly move to the target area…

This problem is it's random. A small portion can be designated by the wielder, thus releasing the corresponding location. Most of the time, the chosen location will change, and the destination of the final destination will be unpredictable… As for when the designated location will be effective and when an anomaly happens, there's no way to know…

Besides, this seems to be something that can't be affected by good luck. Or perhaps, good luck cannot affect those below Sequence 0…

This means that I can't use this Box of the Great Old Ones's Beyonder power to directly transfer the City of Silver out of the Forsaken Land of the Gods. Sigh, if I can, my Miracle Invoker ritual *will be very simple… Uh, I'll try and see if making them into toys will work later…*

The third level is very dangerous, very, very dangerous. I won't take the risk to pry into its secrets. No, this should be called courting death…

The negative effects of the Box of the Great Old Ones are very simple. It's just that the wielder will randomly vanish, suddenly die, or mutate. If there are no holders, the living beings in the surrounding areas will encounter terrifying matters one after another depending on their distance from it and their sizes. The maximum range is the same as the first level… These Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts can destroy cities wantonly, killing hundreds of thousands or even millions. It's no wonder they are given the highest sealing. One is not to ask, describe, or pry into them.

Where did the entities that vanished go? This seems to have something to do with the scene of the second level…

The reason why the Saint of Secrets dares to move around with this Sealed Artifact is because he had the blessings of the Angel of Fate Ouroboros. He can reduce the negative effects to a minimum, but even so, he didn't dare to hold on to it for too long because the blessings would wear off… It looks like the reason he didn't manage to recover his lucidity ahead of time and find a chance to teleport away had to do with his luck turning bad… It's really hard to kill saints that are valued by a huge organization…

I must say that Ma'am Hermit is considered experienced and clear-headed. She didn't make any rash contact with it. Instead, she created an invisible servant to hold it. Furthermore, she sacrificed this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact to me in the shortest time possible…

In theory, I can summon a Historical Void projection to hold this *item. After all, it doesn't matter if it dies, vanishes, or mutates. However, the usage time cannot be guaranteed, unless I get Will Auceptin's blessing…*

The way to seal it is to put it into the spirit world, and that's not enough. It has to be a space that has been distorted and hidden in the spirit world. Then, ordinary water has to be poured into it regularly, allowing the Box of the Great Old Ones to play with microbes every day… With so many living beings, it can last for a very long period of time… With this train of thought, there are still many methods to seal it…

After roughly figuring out the exact situation of the Box of the Great Old Ones, Klein looked at the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact and felt that the third level no longer seemed as dangerous and impossible to open as before.

He vaguely believed that as long as he extended his hand and removed the seal placed onto it by Sefirah Castle, he could easily open the third level of the Box of the Great Old Ones.

…*What a strong temptation*… Klein retracted his gaze and waved his hand, causing the Box of the Great Old Ones to fly towards the junk pile in the corner.

Regardless of whether it was a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact or not, head over there to be quarantined and get a hold of yourself!

As a terrifying Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, one has to have a number to show its importance. Unfortunately, I don't know how many Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts the seven Churches have obtained. It shouldn't exceed 50, right? Yes, the Box of the Great Old Ones can be temporarily named 0-61. I'll adjust it according to the situation in the future…

If Ma'am Hermit isn't able to create a sealed environment, she can place 0-61 above the gray fog. Once she needs it, she can apply for it. Of course, she must pray to Will in advance for "His" blessings... I wonder what stage I'll have to be before the "King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck" can be genuine in name. There's a portion in Miracle Invoker, and there should be a portion in Attendant of Mysteries... Klein amused himself with his thoughts and finally picked up the Beyonder characteristic left behind by Saint of Secrets Botis.

It looked like a crystal with countless rays of light refracted within it, forming illusory and resplendent doors.

After staring at it for a few seconds, he suddenly threw the Beyonder characteristic into the air.

The power of Sefirah Castle boiled once again. Under the control of Klein, it formed a corporeal semi-translucent wave and struck the crystal hard.

The crystal instantly shattered, splitting into countless tiny dots of light. A pitch-black gas emerged from within before it rapidly melted away, twisting and dispersing inside Sefirah Castle.

Under the law of convergence of Beyonder characteristics, those tiny dots of light slowly gathered together, and in nearly a minute, they reformed into the magnificent and dreamy crystal-like appearance from before, and landed in the palm of Klein's hand.

The contamination inside was cleared.

Inside Sefirah Castle, Klein was equivalent to a Sequence 2 angel. However, he mostly had the power, but not the corresponding level's Beyonder powers. He needed the right supporting item to help him.

After putting down the Secrets Sorcerer’s Beyonder characteristic, he cast his gaze at Botis’s remaining two eyeballs.

Chapter 1201: Professional

The pupils of Botis's eyes had already turned deep black, and they were frozen in a look of indescribable fear. It made Klein's heart palpitate when he saw it, as though he could feel the intense changes in Botis's emotions before his death.

After a series of inspections, together with "divination," he confirmed that these two eyeballs didn't contain any Beyonder characteristics, but they contained a strong corruptive force and a power that came from an unknown source. It could be used as a medium for curses, and it could directly affect the target. It was a rather dangerous spiritual material with an extremely long "expiry date."

I can't bring it with me for extended periods of time. Otherwise, I might be weakened mentally, have nightmares every day, and suffer a physical mutation... Klein casually summoned a square metal box and placed Botis's two eyeballs into it.

He didn't attempt to purify it, because once the item was shattered and purified, there would be nothing left. It would be too wasteful.

Due to the fact that there was nothing wrong with the Worms of Star and that it was also a material that Klein understood the most, he quickly turned his attention to the black pocket.

The results of "divination" surprised him because it was a so-called "interspatial" object.

The pocket only had the size of an adult man's palm. But in actual fact, it had the size of the two-bedroom apartment that the Moretti family had rented in Tingen in the very beginning. It was big enough to hold many things.

This was made by Botis using the powers of a Secrets Sorcerer. In essence, the pocket wasn't an object but an entrance.

…First, a region in the spirit world is distorted and isolated using "Space Concealment"; then, use the chaos created when the spirit world overlaps with reality. As long as there are proper coordinates, one can directly reach their destination, opening the "door" to that hidden area and entering this pocket space…

This is very similar to the method needed for sealing the Box of the Great Old Ones. However, one door is in the spirit world, while the other is in the real world. This results in a Sealed Artifact or mystical item inside the Interspatial Pocket to also affect the wielder…

From the looks of it, it doesn't seem to be of much use, as it can't eliminate the negative effects… Besides, I'm in the Forsaken Land of the Gods and can't connect to the spirit world. There's no use to having such a pocket…

Also, I have to reinforce the power of "Space Concealment" from time to time. Otherwise, it will gradually lose its effectiveness… It's only suitable for demigods of the Apprentice pathway, or an organization that has demigods of the Apprentice pathway or Sealed Artifacts that provide the relevant support…

The name "Interspatial Pocket" is too lame. I wonder how Botis named this item… Let's call it "Traveler's Bag"… After confirming the degree of danger, Klein conjured a fake hand and placed it into the black pocket.

Pitter-patter! A bunch of gems poured out as the fake hand was retracted and landed on the long, mottled table. The crystal-clear red, blue, green, white, black, and translucent colors instantly filled his eyes.

...I should've predicted this... The corresponding materials of the Apprentice pathway are gems—all the gems... The expression on Klein's face turned spirited as he sighed with a smile. He reached out with his other hand and picked up a few gems to feel the weight and texture.

Apart from these, there were also quite a number of spiritual materials in the Traveler's Bag. Some were commonly used, while others were relatively rare.

The Box of the Great Old Ones, the Secrets Sorcerer's Beyonder characteristic, nine Worms of Star, Botis's eyeballs, Traveler's Bag, and large amounts of gems and materials... This operation can be considered quite a harvest, enough for everyone to split it fairly...

Unfortunately, Botis had the ability to "Record" Beyonder powers and certain states. There's no need for him to bring too many Sealed Artifacts and mystical items with him. That would result in many negative effects... As a demigod, he should have a few good Sealed Artifacts. I wonder if they're hidden somewhere in the spirit world or at the Aurora Order headquarters... It's a pity that Botis's soul had just collapsed as well, preventing me from using spirit channeling on it... Klein shook his head and immediately returned to the real world. He found a hidden spot, put down the lantern, and set up a bestowment ritual.

He wanted to see if he could bring 0-61—the Box of the Great Old Ones—to the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

If he could, he could attempt transforming the entire City of Silver into toys and placing them on the first level of the Sealed Artifact. He could directly send it to the outside world through the sacrificial and bestowment rituals. This way, he could bypass the Giant King's Court and Dark Angel Sasrir, and could ingeniously complete the Miracle Invoker ritual.

After performing a series of tasks, Klein was done with his preparations as he reached out his right hand. He pulled out another himself before his actual body leaped into the fog of history and hid in the void of a time before the First Epoch.

He was worried that the Box of the Great Old Ones would cause a random death the moment it passed through the sacrificial and bestowment door.

In the fragments of light deep in the grayish-white fog, Klein took four steps counterclockwise and returned above the gray fog, responding to his own prayers.

After the mysterious ancient door of sacrifice and bestowment took form, he slowly opened it. He waved his hand, summoning the Box of the Great Old Ones that was enveloped by layers of forcers, throwing it into the gap behind the illusory door, towards the boundless darkness behind the door.

At that moment, the void's darkness suddenly became corporeal, as though it formed an invisible barrier that blocked the door that had just opened. It floated in midair, unable to move forward.

Klein frowned slightly as he watched this scene. He tried to stir the powers of Sefirah Castle and use the power at the level of an angel to push it forward, but he was unable to get the Box of the Great Old Ones to break the barrier.

...Indeed, the Forsaken Land of the Gods is sealed. It's just that I'm closely related to Sefirah Castle, so I could use it to respond.

However, this cannot exceed a certain limit. Klein nodded slightly. He retrieved the Box of the Great Old Ones and threw it onto the junk pile.

Then, he conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow and got the fake person to give the detailed information of the Box of the Great Old Ones to Ma'am Hermit and Miss Justice.

This was to remind them to bring the Box of the Great Old Ones back to the real world within 24 hours, and to release The Magician Fors.

While doing so, Klein had informed Miss Justice to sacrifice some top-grade ice-cream to the Snake of Fate's Blessed before praying for the bestowment of the Box of the Great Old Ones. As for The Hermit Cattleya, she didn't need to make any external requests due to her having "Brief Luck." However, she needed to complete everything within a few minutes and sacrifice the Box of the Great Old Ones above the gray fog once more.

…

Backlund, in the border between East Borough and the bridge area, in an apartment that had been in disrepair for years.

Leonard, who was wearing red gloves and a black coat, was leading his team members to check the scene.

As the reserve force of the Church of Evernight, they were undoubtedly filled with energy at nearly ten at night.

"Captain, there's a serious crack on the walls here. Some of the walls have even been shattered. This apartment might not hold after the hurricane season next summer.” The wine-red-haired Cindy came over and reported to Leonard.

Leonard scanned his surroundings with his green eyes and nodded slightly.

“Thankfully, this place is dangerous to begin with, and it has been abandoned for a long period of time. However, it’s very strange that even tramps don’t live here.”

Cindy thought for a moment and said, “Captain, do you mean that there are Beyonders using this apartment, so they’re secretly chasing away the tramps who sleep here?”

Another Red Glove, Bob, happened to be checking the bottom of the wall and casually added, “And then, they had an internal strife that developed into a battle. Something was then ignited?”

“That possibility can’t be ruled out,” Leonard answered in a professional manner. “But have you noticed? Every place in this room has signs of corrosion, and there’s a lack of the remnants left behind by tables and chairs that should exist. It looks too empty… This doesn’t look like something a Low- or Mid-Sequence Beyonder can create. I suspect that it might involve a higher level of power.”

After a series of inspections and discovering many abnormalities, the Red Gloves team under Leonard failed to find any further clues. They could only return to Saint Samuel Cathedral first.

Just as they arrived underground, a bishop came to look for Leonard, asking him to bring two members upstairs for a meeting.

Leonard nodded thoughtfully. Without asking anything, he led Bob and Cindy through a secret passage into Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Following that, they followed the spiral staircase and under the illumination of the crimson moonlight, they arrived in a room with many people. It was equipped with a blackboard.

With just one glance, Leonard realized that there were quite a number of people who had worked with him before. They were from the Mandated Punishers, the Machinery Hivemind, and MI9.

Then, he noticed the three demigods, Horamick Haydn, Randall Valentinus, and Anthony Stevenson, as well as a black-haired, golden-eyed man who was clearly at the same level as them.

Without waiting for Leonard's greeting, Saint Anthony stood up in his red-patterned black robe and said in a deep voice, "There was a high-level battle in the outskirts of Backlund. There was a terrifying contamination present, as well as a tarot card—The Hermit.

"I noticed that you've done some investigations regarding the large number of incidents involving tarot cards. You had also raised a corresponding theory. Now, please give everyone here a detailed introduction."

"...The Hermit card?" Leonard expressed his true astonishment, but this was mostly because he was tasked with such a mission.

Ahem. He cleared his throat, walked to the blackboard, and turned to face the demigods and Beyonders of the three Churches and the military. He drew a crimson moon on his chest.

After organizing his words, this Red Glove Captain said solemnly, “In the past two to three years, the incident involving tarot cards that really caught our attention was because of Lanevus’s death. He was embroiled in a conspiracy that attempted to allow the True Creator’s descent, and his body was covered with tarot cards.

“After that, the tarot cards appeared on the Capim case again. However, this time, there was a change in the arrangement of the tarot cards. It emphasized Judgment and The Emperor…

“…Back then, I linked these matters to an organization that suddenly believed in The Fool in Backlund. As you know, The Fool is the starting card of the tarot cards.”

This bold guess made several demigods and many other Beyonders nod slightly. They felt that this might indeed be related to some level of mysticism.

Leonard paused before continuing, “And below The Fool, this organization might have quite a number of official members. They use tarot cards as code names, such as Judgment, The Emperor, or The Hermit of this incident…”

As he spoke, Leonard picked up a deck of cards that he used as a demonstration and randomly picked one.

He glanced at it and chuckled.

“Such as… The Star.”

Chapter 1202: The Tarot Club

The demigods and Beyonders present nodded at Leonard's demonstration, indicating that they understood what the Red Glove captain meant.

One of the Mandated Punishers raised his arm and took the opportunity to ask a question:

"In other words, whoever left a tarot card behind is the member executing the mission?"

"That should be the case." Leonard did not give a definite answer.

The same Mandated Punisher continued asking, "What do the tarot cards that were scattered all over Lanevus's corpse mean then? There's no specific direction."

Leonard immediately picked up a white chalk and wrote the name Lanevus on the blackboard behind him. Then, he drew a circle.

"I've just said that in the past two to three years, the matter involving tarot cards have really caught our attention because of the Lanevus case. This is very likely the beginning of everything.

"Therefore, without a specific direction, the casually scattered tarot cards might be referring to the whole. This means that the organization that uses the tarot cards as code names has officially stepped onto the stage of history. Heh heh, please forgive me for using poetic words."

“That makes a lot of sense.” The few Mandated Punishers were convinced by Leonard.

Leonard looked around and continued, “Let me use the Aurora Order, which everyone is familiar with, as a comparison. We all know that there are twenty-two Oracles in the Aurora Order. Each of them will be in charge of a region’s affairs. It’s very possible that the organization with the tarot card code names is the same. The members of the likes of Judgment, The Emperor, and The Hermit should have their own factions. They will exert their influence in a particular region.”

Upon hearing this, a member of the Machinery Hivemind pondered and said, “However, the three members corresponding to Judgment, The Emperor, and The Hermit have appeared consecutively in Backlund. According to what you just said, does this mean that the organization that uses tarot cards as code names are still lacking in scale, and that the members are all gathered in Loen, or perhaps just in the Backlund region? After all, Backlund’s person-in-charge for the Aurora Order is only an Oracle. As for Saint Tenebrous, he’s in charge of the entire Loen.”

Leonard slowly nodded, indicating that he understood what he meant.

He organized his words and said, “This possibility cannot be ruled out. After all, this is an organization that has only appeared in the past two to three years.

“Of course, there might be other reasons. This organization might not be divided based on location demarcation. Instead, they are determined by whether or not they can handle an area alone. They will also work together depending on overlapping situations, such as the Capim case.”

Seeing that the Beyonders of the three Churches and MI9 didn’t raise any further questions, Leonard deliberated for a few seconds before saying, “Next up will be all my personal guesses. There are also some problems with it. This might be a direction of investigation for the future.

“The first question, what is the purpose of this organization?

“If they are like the Aurora Order, with the goal to spread the faith of an evil god, then why haven’t we discovered people who believe in The Fool? Even if there are, they’re all people who are scamming others in the name of The Fool.

“Second question, what do they have in common in the few operations? I haven’t been able to find it yet.

“The third question I have is that high-level members who use tarot cards as their code names are not of low Sequences and have their own factions. However, they aren’t famous in the Beyonder world at all. This is very abnormal. After all, although the twenty-two Oracles of the Aurora Order hide their identities, they have more or less crossed paths with us. They rose up from Low-Sequence Beyonders to Middle-Sequence Beyonders under our ‘watch,’ eventually taking over the spot as Oracle when their predecessor dies or advances. They are all already on our lists.”

Having said that, Leonard paused and said, “If the organization that uses the tarot cards as its code name is really an organization that believes in The Fool, then there is someone who can answer my third question.

“He’s the crazy adventurer, Gehrman Sparrow. Rumor has it that he believes in The Fool.”

This name made all the Beyonders from the three Churches and MI9 fall into silence, as though they were quickly recalling the relevant information.

They had long heard that Gehrman Sparrow had a mysterious background. He believed in The Fool, and they had obtained quite a bit of information from him. However, they hadn't made any connections like Leonard to string everything together.

A few seconds later, the archbishop of the Church of Evernight, Saint Anthony, said in a deep voice, "...Gehrman Sparrow seems to be in close contact with the original Death Consul of Balam. That's an angel who's still active over the land."

This gave the Beyonders who weren't demigods a fright as they instinctively sat up straight.

They all knew about Admiral Hell, but due to the confidential restrictions, they didn't know that the Death Consul represented a Grounded Angel.

"...That Death Consul doesn't seem to belong to any faction of the Numinous Episcopate," said a Beyonder from MI9 hesitantly.

Leonard nodded solemnly.

"Perhaps 'He' is a member of the secret organization that uses the tarot cards as a code name.

"Death card!"

There was another round of silence. All the demigods had to admit that this was possible.

The level of the secret organization that was represented by tarot cards suddenly rose, reaching a level that was equal to the Aurora Order.

“In short, Gehrman Sparrow is a clue.” Leonard took a deep breath and slowly said, “Your Graces, ladies and gentlemen, I’m done.”

Saint Anthony nodded slightly and stood up. He looked around and said, “Up to now, this secret organization that uses tarot cards as their code names hasn’t targeted us yet. It has shown a certain level of friendliness. Now that the war situation is tense, we are severely lacking in manpower, so it’s difficult for us to take any major actions. Therefore, I suggest that we try our best to avoid conflict with them and not attempt to eradicate them for the time being.

“Of course, we have to do what we need to do. A secret organization with the existence of a Grounded Angel itself represents danger. If we don’t understand it or grasp enough information about it, we won’t be able to react in time and stop any possible conspiracies.”

Horamick and the other demigods thought for a moment before nodding in agreement.

Anthony Stevens looked around, his gaze landing on Leonard’s face.

“This investigation will be led by you. Coordinate it well.”

“…” Leonard agreed solemnly.

At this moment, Deep Blue Officiant Randall Valentinus spoke to Leonard impatiently, “Give them a name. We can’t keep saying ‘secret organization that uses tarot cards as a code name.’ It’s quite a mouthful.

“What suggestions do you have?”

Leonard considered carefully before saying, “Tarot Club?”

“That works.” Randall stood up and said with a thunderous voice, “Let’s call it the ‘Tarot Club’!”

…

Late at night, in Empress Borough, in the Hall family’s villa.

The exclusive dessert chef, Tim, suddenly woke up from his dream and stared at the ceiling in the darkness.

He had just dreamed that he was enjoying an ice-cream and had just eaten it when he woke up.

The more he thought about it, the more intense his cravings became. In the end, he overcame his feelings that it was trouble and got out of bed. Putting on a thick sleeping robe, he walked out of the room and came to a pantry not far away.

As a slightly famous dessert chef in the aristocratic circles, Tim was given special privileges by Earl Hall. He could enter the pantry at any time and use the ingredients here to test his new ideas.

Meanwhile, Tim had repeatedly returned Earl Hall's trust with high-quality desserts.

Of course, he often appeared in the pantry due to mid-night cravings for food, just like now.

After some serious and hard work, Tim used the remains and prepared ingredients to make a few cups of ice-cream and ate half of it.

Then, he patted his stomach, washed the cutlery, and left the pantry in satisfaction.

The remaining few cups of ice-cream were left in the corner, as if they had been completely forgotten.

…

In Cherwood Borough, by the Tussock River, in an uninhabited shallow flat.

Wearing a dark-colored cloak, Audrey first made use of Dream Traversal to arrive nearby before walking over on foot.

She skillfully set up the ritual and prayed to Mr. Fool.

Soon, a silver-black accessory box embedded with many gems tore through the illusory door and landed in front of Audrey.

Audrey tucked a wisp of blonde hair behind her ear and picked up the Box of the Great Old Ones, 0-61, without any delay. She aimed at a few rocks and pulled open the first layer.

Silently, numerous long tables and chairs appeared messily in the area. Several Beyonders that had used various means to conceal their faces appeared. One of them was the hooded Fors.

Their skin quickly changed from that of a toy's to that of a human's, and their eyes began to move.

Fors, who had the highest Sequence, recovered the fastest. Looking around, she was extremely surprised to find that she had unknowingly come to a flat by the side of the river from that apartment.

Furthermore, this change was only limited to her overall area. The situation around her was no different from before.

Where am I… What happened… Fors's gaze landed on the empty altar. After pondering for a second, she seemed to understand something as she asked in surprise, "Has the matter ended?"

"Yes," replied Audrey, who was using her Psychological Invisibility.

It's ended… It's ended… Fors followed up with a confused and dazed question.

"How's the target?"

"He's dead." Audrey was multitasking as she controlled the other six Beyonders. Her answer was very simple.

He's dead… Saint of Secrets Botis has died… I didn't participate in the battle. I didn't summon Gehrman Sparrow's Historical Void projection… Fors's mouth gaped slightly as she felt like she was dreaming.

She only felt that she had been terrified for a second and was in a daze for a moment, and the mission had already been completed…

At this moment, she saw the surrounding Beyonders come to "life," but they didn't show any surprise towards the change in environment. It was as if the gathering had been held here.

They skillfully destroyed the chairs and long tables and threw them into the Tussock River. Then, they left the flats one after another and returned home under the illumination of the street lamps.

…This is a Manipulator… How terrifying… Fors jumped in fright and completely snapped awake.

"Return first." Audrey didn't have time to explain. She turned around and used the altar from before, preparing to sacrifice the Box of the Great Old Ones above the gray fog.

Fors shot a look over, but she didn't ask or say anything. She made her body turn transparent as she vanished from where she was.

Author's Note: The title of this chapter originally should have been "Official Debut," but it was just not serious enough.

Chapter 1203: Harvest

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Dark red starlight shot up, forming several figures.

Leonard did a casual glance, and his gaze suddenly froze on the silver-black jewelry box placed on the long mottled table.

If he recalled correctly, this was likely a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, the Box of the Great Old Ones that The World Klein Moretti had specially emphasized during the prior private gathering.

The Saint of Secrets was really in control of this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact? And he even used it? Yet, Ma'am Hermit and Miss Justice succeeded? Leonard's pupils dilated slightly as he nearly couldn't believe his eyes.

As an official Beyonder, a Red Glove captain of the Church of Evernight, he knew Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts very well. He knew that these items could easily destroy a city, causing people to suddenly die without putting up any resistance. When facing them, not only was contact with them impossible, but even understanding them was something that should be reduced if possible.

Leonard originally believed that Ma'am Hermit and Miss Justice would leave the battlefield according to the plan after encountering a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. They would then think of a way to rescue Miss Magician. To his surprise, they had succeeded, and had even retrieved the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact!

Ma'am Hermit's Mystical Re-enactment has reached such a high level? Did the "Feast of Betrayal" she mentioned really make the Sealed Artifact rebel? Or could it be that Mr. Fool had provided some help? Leonard muttered silently as he glanced at The World Klein Moretti who was seated at the bottom end of the long bronze table. He discovered that his former colleague was rather calm.

Klein surveyed the area and said, "Congratulations, everyone. The hunt this time was very successful.

"All the spoils of war are here."

As he spoke, he raised his right hand, condensing various bits of mysterious knowledge into a pale white luster. He also included a small number of legends that came from the East, such as Peach Blossom Spring, and Lanke's Go Match. He wanted Ma'am Hermit to test if they were mystical or not, and whether there was any real source.

"Ma'am, this is your reward." The World Klein made the pale white light fly towards The Hermit Cattleya. Then, he pointed at the Box of the Great Old Ones, the Secrets Sorcerer's Beyonder characteristic, the Traveler's Luggage, Botis's eyeballs, nine Worms of Star, large amounts of gems and materials on the table. "In addition, you have the right to choose first."

After the battle at the demigod level with the Saint of Secrets, Cattleya finally found the bearing and confidence of a saint. She first received the pale white glow and closed her eyes to digest the mysterious knowledge contained within.

In the Second Epoch, the ancient gods believed that the original Creator, The Oldest One, left some objects behind. Perhaps it was a "kingdom" formed from a portion of "His" body or something that "He" created…

There are nine of these that contain the various sefirot. They are the Chaos Sea, Sefirah Castle, River of Eternal Darkness, Knowledge Moor, Tenebrous World, Brood Hive, Nation of Disorder, City of Calamity, and the Key of Light…

The ancient sun god came from a place known as Chernobyl…

The Marauder pathway's Sequence 0 is called Error…

Emperor Roselle's fairytales might have originated from something that happened before…

…

As the mysticism knowledge resonated in her, Cattleya couldn't help but open her eyes and look at The World Gehrman Sparrow.

There were too many things inside that shocked her, making her realize that she had opened the door to a whole new world!

I never thought of Mr. Fool's origins in the past. Now, I can vaguely grasp it… A thought flashed through Cattleya's mind as she had a guess.

She immediately controlled herself. She didn't want to think too much, nor did she dare to think too deeply about it.

She was afraid that she would come up with an answer that was enough to make her lose control.

This is one of the nine sefirot. Mr. Fool's goal is to gather all the *sefirot and attempt to recover…*

Raising her right hand, she nudged her heavy glasses on her nose bridge. Cattleya forced herself to focus her attention on the small “tales” and decided to return to the real world to completely digest the potion before she attempted to create magic with them, allowing her to draw on their power using Mystical Re-enactment.

Of course, she also believed that not every one of them would succeed. She believed that a portion of those stories were purely fabricated. After all, this was a gift from Mr. World. There was no guarantee that they would be effective. After all, out of the many fairytales and ancient legends that Emperor Roselle recounted to Queen Mystic back then, only a few of them truly produced magic.

She took a few seconds to compose herself and cast her gaze to the middle of the long mottled table, preparing to choose her spoil of war.

Without a doubt, the most eye-catching item was the Box of the Great Old Ones labeled “0-61.” The silver-black jewelry box embedded with many gems completely overshadowed all the other items.

Cattleya wasn’t too unfamiliar with Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, because Queen Mystic had more than one. It was also because of this reason that the Queen’s Element Dawn was able to compete with the ancient organization, Moses Ascetic Order, that had been born in the early Fourth Epoch.

The gap between an angel and a saint was not something the magic of a powerful fairy tale could make up for.

To become a truly powerful figure, one had to advance to Sequence 2 or possess a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. It wasn't that Cattleya didn't have any desire for the Box of the Great Old Ones, but when she thought of the hint that The World Gehrman Sparrow had received from Mr. Fool, the terrifying negative effects, the third level's extreme danger, and most of the Beyonder powers that she couldn't control, she felt a sense of horror.

Although she had "Brief Luck," she still lacked the ability to seal the Box of the Great Old Ones so far.

After a series of intense struggles, The Hermit Cattleya pointed at the dreamy crystal and said, "I want the Secrets Sorcerer's Beyonder characteristic."

If they could find a suitable High-Sequence Artisan, it could be transformed into a rather good Sealed Artifact, one that had barely acceptable negative effects. Queen Mystic Bernadette happened to have the resources to do so, but the commission might not necessarily succeed.

In the end, even if there's only "Teleportation," that will be enough. However, it's obvious that a Secrets Sorcerer wouldn't only be able to grasp Teleportation... Even if the negative effects are excessive, I can get Queen Mystic to shatter and try again, or I could sell it to Miss Magician... Yes, she said that her teacher would prepare the ingredients for her... Following that, Cattleya nodded at The World Gehrman Sparrow to confirm her choice.

Choosing the Secrets Sorcerer's Beyonder characteristic? Upon hearing Ma'am Hermit's reply, a scene appeared in Klein's mind.

Wearing a purple-patterned black robe, the lady wearing a dark-colored hood relied on "Blink" to leave behind many doppelgangers. Then, they would all ignite a match at the same time.

...The Little Match Girl will turn into countless witches selling matchsticks... This is a horrifying fairytale... The World Klein couldn't help but twitch the corners of his mouth as he tersely acknowledged.

"Alright, it's your right."

He then cast his gaze at Miss Magician.

"It's your turn to choose."

"I-I didn't do anything..." Fors said guiltily.

Klein scoffed and said, "You successfully acted as bait."

"..." Fors didn't know what expression she should use to respond, but she heard Mr. Star seemingly laugh.

She slowly took a deep breath and cast her gaze at the spoils of war on the long bronze table.

Frankly speaking, she wanted to choose the Box of the Great Old Ones because it was an item that her teacher's family had snatched away.

She didn't want to use it herself; she wanted to return it to her teacher directly.

However, considering that she was only bait, Fors felt that she was not qualified to take an item of this level.

Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts were extremely rare, precious, and dangerous. She had already gained a deep impression of them with Mr. Star's introduction. She knew that the value of the Box of the Great Old Ones was definitely not something a saint's Beyonder characteristic could compare with.

With this in mind, she chose under The World Gehrman Sparrow's watch. Fors finally gave up the impulse and pointed at the pair of eyeballs.

"I'll take them."

She wanted to bring the pair of eyes to her teacher and tell him that Botis was dead. It was an end to all the hatred.

In addition to such a value of the item, Botis's eye could be made into a powerful hex item or be used as a medium for a curse. It was considered a pretty good item.

Klein nodded slightly and did not persuade her. He only pointed at the gems, materials, and the Worms of Star and said calmly, "You also paid the price of a Moon Paper Figurine, you can choose something to make up for it."

"Alright." Fors reflexively agreed.

As the Apprentice pathway needed gems for several charms and rituals and could still be appreciated normally, Fors took a portion of the gems and waited for the bestowment ceremony to obtain them.

With that, Klein shifted his gaze and said to Miss Judgment, “It’s your turn.”

Xio also knew that she had not contributed much, and she knew that she had no ability to withstand the negative effects of the Box of the Great Old Ones, so she didn’t even take a look at 0-61 and pointed to the black pocket.

“I’ll choose Traveler’s Bag.”

This way, she could carry heavy weapons with her and might even be able to pull out a cannon at a critical moment.

As for the problem of strengthening the hidden space after a period of time, she had also considered it. After all, she could still use it for about a year for the time being. In the future, she could rent a Sealed Artifact from Ma’am Hermit to maintain it. Furthermore, at that time, Fors might have already become a Secrets Sorcerer.

The World Klein nodded and looked at The Star Leonard.

“It’s your turn.”

Leonard did not stand on ceremony. He scanned the area and tapped a few times.

“Three Worms of Star, twenty gems, and those ingredients.”

This feels like I’m paying “protection fees” to the official organizations… After lampooning his dear poet, Klein turned to Miss Justice and said, “The mission was very successful and I’m very satisfied. Although you have already received your payment, you can still choose a little more.”

Audrey could decipher the sincerity of Mr. World’s words. Without any excuses, she chose a Worm of Star and a third of the spiritual materials.

At this point, as the mission’s commissioner, The World Gehrman Sparrow had obtained five Worms of Star, a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, a third of the spiritual materials, and nearly thirty high-quality gems.

He smiled and looked at Fors.

“Remember to tell your teacher about this. Just say that this is a gesture of my goodwill. And I want to make a deal with him.”

Chapter 1204: Putting Life and Death Aside

Fors wasn't surprised by Mr. World's request. She nervously replied, "Al-alright.

"What kind of deal is it exactly?"

During this period of time, she had communicated with her teacher, Dorian Gray Abraham, several times. Under Miss Justice's guidance, she had laid quite a lot of foundation for the impending request.

The World Klein laughed hoarsely.

"You don't have to tell him what I want for now. Just lay out my chips for him and see if he's interested."

"Your bargaining chip is still the promise to break the Abraham family's curse?" Fors cautiously sought confirmation.

Klein nodded and pointed at 0-61 on the long mottled table.

"It can also be this Box of the Great Old Ones."

An item used to exchange for a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact can't be simple… Be it Justice Audrey or The Hermit Cattleya, both of them suddenly had such a realization.

However, Fors paid more attention to the promise of breaking the curse. This was because she had experienced it herself and knew how tragic her teacher's family was.

She replied solemnly without hesitation, "Alright."

…

Backlund, West Borough, in the basement of a house.

Saint Tenebrous, who was hidden in the shadows, suddenly grew out of the darkness.

He turned his head as if he was listening to something. The muscles on his cheeks began to twitch. It wasn't just one chunk of flesh, but bits. Not only were they not connected to each other, but they were also interfering with each other. It looked extremely odd.

In seconds, Kisma wore an extremely painful expression as his skin tore apart, as flesh and blood beneath squirmed, mixed with a deep black.

With a thud, he fell to the ground and prostrated himself before the altar, vomiting out large amounts of organs and shimmering light.

Saint Tenebrous's head was pressed tightly against the ground as he muttered crazily, "Botis actually died…

"A Secrets Sorcerer who wields a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact died just like that…

“There’s a tarot card, The Hermit…

“The two enemies that attacked were saints. One was a Mysticologist, while the other was a Manipulator…

“The organization that believes in The Fool and uses tarot cards as their codenames…

“Gehrman Sparrow… Azik Eggers…

“…”

After an uncontrollable murmur, Saint Tenebrous Kisma cried, feeling both vexed and pained.

“I repent, I repent, I repent…”

…

A few days later, in an apartment’s room in Pritz Harbor.

The disguised Dorian Gray Abraham had received a letter from Fors through many hands.

He examined it carefully and confirmed that there were no issues. After confirming that there were no abnormal signs, he took out the letter with the help of a letter knife.

The beginning of the letter was the usual greeting. Following that, Fors directly wrote:

"…We have already killed Saint of Secrets Botis, and obtained the items on his person…"

"…" Dorian had originally planned on scanning through the letter quickly, but he ended up stuck on this sentence. He read it a few times and forgot to continue reading.

Dorian knew how strong and powerful Botis was. He also knew very well how terrifying a Secrets Sorcerer was.

But now, the new student he had been teaching for over a year had told him in a very calm tone that Botis had already been taken care of.

In an instant, the only things that echoed in Dorian's mind were thoughts of: "impossible," "a lie," and "a conspiracy." He suspected that Fors had already been controlled by the Aurora Order.

In any major faction, Sequence 4 Beyonders were the absolute upper echelons and extremely important members. How could they be so easily killed!

Dorian's throat bobbed up and down as he forcefully focused and continued reading the contents of the letter.

"…We have obtained the Box of the Great Old Ones. I believe you aren't unfamiliar with it…"

After reading another line, Dorian's eyelids twitched a few times.

He felt that the letter in his hand was as heavy as a boulder.

Of course, he wasn’t unfamiliar with the Box of the Great Old Ones. This was a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact of the Abraham family, proof that they had once been glorious.

...The one that was killed was Botis who possessed the Box of the Great Old Ones... Dorian’s shock kept rising. He felt that things had gone beyond his imagination. On the other hand, he felt that there was a possibility that it wasn’t impossible. Perhaps the one who really killed Botis was actually the Box of the Great Old Ones.

He knew very well how dangerous that Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was!

At the same time, he finally noticed a word: “We.”

This was the first time Fors had indicated that she had companions and partners.

Of course, Dorian had already guessed it, but he hadn’t called her out.

Indeed... Dorian sighed and eagerly read the rest.

“...I have a friend who wants to show you his goodwill by pushing for this operation against Botis. He said that he wants to make a deal with you, and is willing to use the Box of the Great Old Ones or a promise to remove the Abraham family’s curse in exchange. He wonders if you are interested. He doesn’t know where you are, and I won’t tell him. You can totally refuse...”

A promise to remove the curse? Dorian skipped over the Box of the Great Old Ones and ruminated on the extremely important part of the sentence.

After the first few letters, he had fully understood the true nature of the family's curse. It was both a sorrowful and helpless matter—a glimmer of hope that was brewed out of the pain.

Before this, who would have thought that the person who caused the descendants of the Abraham family to lose control would be their ancestor's cry for help?

This was like a cruel joke from fate.

Dorian didn't know if Mr. Door knew the consequences of "His" actions, nor did he know how to describe his complicated feelings. However, he couldn't help but start searching for a way to make Mr. Door return and completely remove the family curse.

This was a path with very slim hope, but for the Abraham family, it was enough, because a light had finally appeared in the darkness.

After an unknown period of time, Dorian folded the letter and smiled bitterly to himself.

"Goodwill… Such goodwill is frightening…"

After he muttered to himself, he fell into silence again. His expression was gloomy and his heart seemed to be struggling.

Gong!

The sound of the wall clock rang punctually, snapping Dorian out of his daze.

His expression gradually became solemn, and he finally made a decision.

After making up his mind, Dorian felt much more relaxed. He even smiled.

He first burned Fors's letter before packing his bag and heading out to the steam locomotive station in Pritz Harbor.

He was going to Southville, but not to hide, but to make some preparations.

He planned on handing all his family's items and potion formulas to one of the family members who was staying there before returning to Pritz Harbor. With his identity as Dorian Gray, he would head to Backlund to meet his student, Fors, and the powerhouse who had shown his goodwill.

When the time came, he would consume a type of medicine in advance to allow himself to suffer a powerful curse that rooted itself in his Spirit Body. He would have to regularly consume another type of medicine to maintain his life. This way, even if he was controlled and unable to commit suicide, he would quickly die because he had no chance to take the medicine. With his Spirit Body dissipating, he wouldn't leak any key information.

For this "journey," Dorian had put life and death aside.

He was willing to sacrifice his life for that slim hope.

…

North Borough in Backlund, beneath Saint Samuel Cathedral.

Leonard, who had just had a discussion with the members of the Mandated Punishers, the Machinery Hivemind, and MI9, returned to his office and sat down.

At that moment, the slightly-aged voice of Pallez Zoroast resounded in his mind:

"They've finally found the exact location of the Jacob family's treasure trove and are about to enter."

"Ah?" Leonard was momentarily stunned, unable to react.

Previously, at the gathering of the Hermits of Fate, he had sold the news of the Jacob family's treasure trove. As no one knew what was inside, no one was willing to offer a high price. And Leonard's main goal was not to trade, so he had only exchanged it for some rare spirits.

He immediately lowered his voice and said, "Old Man, how do you know that?"

"Heh, it's a given that I sent out my avatar to monitor the area," Pallez Zoroast replied unhappily. "Are you underestimating an angel from the Marauder pathway?"

Leonard laughed dryly.

"Old Man, you've recovered quite well. You even have excess characteristics for an avatar."

"I'm already at the level of a Sequence 2." Pallez Zoroast scoffed. *"Next, don't go out. Just stay inside the cathedral to prevent any accidents from happening."*

"Are you worried that a trap lies within the treasure?" Leonard asked thoughtfully.

"How can a treasure left behind by a Marauder angel not have a trap?" Pallez Zoroast said with a scoff. *"I can't predict what will happen, but staying underground in the cathedral is definitely safe."*

Leonard nodded and suppressed his voice.

"Let's hope everything goes smoothly. Old Man, you promised me that if you can successfully obtain a Sequence 2 Beyonder characteristic, you will steal a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact from the items they obtained for me."

It wasn't that he was concerned about whether he reaped anything out of it, but rather, it was to ease his sudden anxiety.

"Weren't you against 'stealing'?" After a mocking remark, Pallez fell silent, as if "He" was focused on monitoring the situation at the Jacob family's treasure trove.

About an hour later, "He" heaved a sigh of relief in Leonard's mind.

“Although there were many traps and accidents, they eventually reached the predetermined target. Heh heh, I only took that characteristic and a Sealed Artifact. The rest will be their payment.

“Don’t be in a hurry to leave this place. Wait until I absorb that characteristic before leaving. When that happens, there won’t be any problems.”

Leonard immediately relaxed and leaned back, crossing his legs as he read the newspaper leisurely.

In the evening, Pallez Zoroast finally spoke again.

“It’s done.”

“His” voice contained plenty of emotions, but because it was too complicated, Leonard was unable to tell.

Seeing that nothing had happened and that Old Man might still need to digest, Leonard stood up and rubbed his temples. He left Saint Samuel Cathedral and returned to 7 Pinster Street.

As he passed through the porch, he suddenly saw a person sitting on the sofa.

The man was wearing a classic black robe and a pointed hat. He placed his right leg over his left and was leisurely reading a newspaper.

As if sensing Leonard's arrival, that person raised his head and adjusted the monocle on his right eye, revealing a teasing smile.

Chapter 1205: A Thousand-Year-Old Trap

Amon!

Blasphemer Amon!

Leonard was no stranger to the person in front of him. Not only had he faced his avatar, but he had also heard of "His" various deeds and nasty character from Old Man Pallez Zoroast.

At that moment, Leonard's thoughts nearly froze as his mind went blank. Only a small number of thoughts could spin.

Amon's lips suddenly quivered as "He" muttered a raving that was completely at the level of a deity.

One voice after another echoed in Leonard's mind as though it came from the countless number of Amons:

"Are you pleasantly surprised? Are you shocked?"

"After realizing that I won't be able to get Sefirah Castle any time soon, I shifted my focus to Backlund..."

"If it wasn't to fool all of you, why would I have played such a simple cat-and-mouse game with him?"

"I think you two should be in contact..."

"He must've told you that I'm still tracking him and sabotaging his operations, that I even set a trap for him at his destinations..."

"That's just an avatar that's close to Sequence 1..."

"Ah, right. Pallez, I forgot to tell you that in the later years of the Fourth Epoch, I pretended to be the ancestor of the Jacob family. I had long swallowed 'Him' in secret. Then, I watched 'His' descendants panic. Then, I thought of a way to add another secret treasure trove to the place where Tudor became Blood Emperor..."

"I didn't finish off these fellows, because I had a premonition that this treasure trove would be very useful. I had an avatar that had been sleeping there for more than a thousand years, patiently waiting for someone to open the treasure trove. As for the other avatars, I didn't synchronize this information to 'Them.' That way, I might be able to create a ruse at some point in time..."

"Yes, this kind of 'synchronization' is something I invented. Pallez, you're quite behind the times..."

"In order to confirm your whereabouts, I watched that bunch of fellows destroy the traps and take the items away. I watched your avatar steal the characteristic and Sealed Artifact from their hands. I watched 'Him' carefully devour and digest it. Now, my patience has finally paid off..."

"I guess you must be thinking of how to stall for time and wait for a deity's descent..."

These voices overlapped each other, tearing through Leonard's thoughts and hurting his soul. It made his head swell and contract, causing a bunch of short black hair to grow on his face. It made his ribs and waist bulge as though it was about to form a new body.

With just the ravings alone, Leonard was close to losing control. He was in extreme pain and had no means of resisting.

This was the son of the Creator, a King of Angels.

At the same time, 7 Pinster Street changed. At some point in time, pitch-black stone pillars were erected around them, propping up a majestic cathedral.

Each column of the cathedral was embedded with the bones of different races. They were densely packed as they used different eye sockets to stare at the puny Leonard who stood in the middle as though they were conducting a trial.

Amon stood in front of the cross that was more than a hundred meters tall in the depths of the church, smiling as “He” looked at Leonard’s grimacing face.

“This corpse cathedral is pretty good, isn’t it?

“I just ‘stole’ it not long ago.

“This way, if ‘They’ wish to discover any abnormalities here and do a deity’s descent, it can stall for at least thirty seconds. That’s enough.”

As “He” spoke, Amon raised “His” hand to pinch the crystal monocle that had a beaming face underneath it.

Leonard suddenly heard a “gong.” It was ethereal, as though it came from an infinite distance away.

This caused the ear-piercing ravings that tainted Leonard’s Spirit Body to come to an abrupt stop as everything around him turned silent.

In Leonard’s eyes, beams of light shot out from his body, condensing into a pure and pure figure that was like a wingless angel.

The figure was also a hundred meters tall, and its body constantly coruscated with a faint glow, as though it was announcing the passage of time.

With that, Leonard’s body was pushed by an invisible force as he flew towards the door of the corpse cathedral.

On the door, transparent and distorted faces appeared. They sealed the inside from the outside, isolating it from the spirit world and the astral world.

Gong!

Another bell rang. The transparent faces filled with pain froze.

Leonard’s figure was no longer obstructed. In this short span of time, he passed through the main door of the “corpse cathedral” without feeling anything.

Everything he saw instantly returned to normal. There was still a bit of light high up in the sky. The gas lamps by the side of the streets were already emitting light, illuminating 7 Pinster Street.

From the outside, the building was silent, quiet, and dark. There was nobody around.

Old Man… It was only at this moment that Leonard finally found his train of thought. His heart tightened as he strode forward and returned to the house.

However, the door to 7 Pinster Street was so heavy that he couldn't open it any time soon.

With this obstruction, Leonard finally regained some of his senses. He hurriedly retreated as he quickly thought of what he could do to save Old Man.

After a few steps, he stopped and lowered his head with a solemn expression. He quickly chanted in Jotun, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…"

Leonard already knew that the one inside was Amon's true body. And to deal with Amon's true body, he could only seek help from a god!

…

Walking through the darkness with the lantern in hand, Klein entered the historical fog immediately. Then, he took four steps counterclockwise and went above the gray fog.

After listening to Leonard's prayer, the puzzled and nonchalant-looking Klein instantly sobered up. It was as if he had just woken up from hibernation and had just climbed out of bed when he was splashed with a basin of cold water.

Amon's true body has gone to Backlund... Amon's true body has found Leonard and Pallez... Amon stole the corpse cathedral from "His" brother and used it to delay a divine descent... So it turns out that when "He" suggested that we play the game of "who will be the first to find Black Demonic Wolf Kotar," "He" had never thought of deciding on a winner. "He" didn't care what the stakes were either. "His" goal was to draw my attention and believe that "He" is still pursuing me and trying to steal Sefirah Castle from me... The trap hidden in the Jacob family's treasure trove was planted by Amon for one to two thousand years. It has finally come into play... Many thoughts flashed through Klein's mind as he raised his right hand and summoned an item from the junk pile.

0-61, Box of the Great Old Ones!

This was a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, and it was also from the Apprentice pathway. It could better utilize the power of Sefirah Castle and produce better results!

In the face of Amon's true body, this might bring Pallez some hope.

At the same time, through the prayer light, Klein confirmed that Leonard hadn't been possessed by Amon. He immediately instructed in the tone of Mr. Fool, "Leave the scene and go to an Evernight cathedral.

"Also, pray to Evernight."

A pinnacle Sequence battle beneath deities was definitely not something that a Beyonder at Leonard's level could participate in. Even though Klein had gained some initial control of Sefirah Castle and held 0-61, he didn't have much confidence. He only hoped that he could stall for time until a deity's descent happened.

Outside 7 Pinster Street, Leonard heard Mr. Fool's words echoing in his ears.

He was stunned for a moment before he looked up at the tightly shut door. Then, he turned around and used his right knuckle to ruthlessly knock on a certain tooth.

A series of illusory mud surged out and sprayed onto the top of Leonard's head, enveloping him from top to bottom.

Suddenly, Leonard seemed to transform into a mud doll as he kept sinking to the ground and fusing into the earth.

This was a rare natural spirit he had exchanged from the Hermit of Fate. It didn't contain any Beyonder characteristics, and its powers mainly came from the spirit world.

It allowed Leonard to quickly traverse the soil at a speed far faster than the steam metro.

As Leonard left the battlefield, Klein had picked up the gem-embedded Box of the Great Old Ones. He stirred the power of Sefirah Castle and cast his gaze at the pitch-black church that overlapped with the embedded bones.

The cathedral isolated his "true vision," preventing him from seeing the situation inside. He could only determine that the battle had yet to end through the flashes of light that the stained glass let through.

Use 0-61's first level's powers to swap its interior space with the corpse cathedral? No, isn't this equivalent to letting Amon enter Sefirah Castle? Just the first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones cannot imprison "Him"…

Activate the second level and move the entire 7 Pinster Street somewhere else? No, it won't work either. Once we leave Backlund, there won't be a timely divine descent. It will be even more dangerous for Pallez Zoroast…

Third level? Opening it might lead to a switch in owners of Sefirah Castle…

"…"

As his thoughts flashed through his mind, Klein came up with an idea. He wanted to narrow the target area to a tiny point and exert pressure on it to crack it!

He wanted to exchange the corpse cathedral's door and the space in the first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones using Sefirah Castle, so that the seal that isolated the spirit world and the astral world would be ineffective.

If that was the case, the deities would realize the situation and accelerate the speed of a deity's descent!

At the end of the long, mottled table, Klein sat in his high-back chair and aimed at the crimson star representing Leonard as he opened the first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones.

The surging power in Sefirah Castle suddenly calmed down, returning to its usual concealment as it silently pierced through the crimson star.

In the real world at 7 Pinster Street, the door of the corpse cathedral that overlapped with ordinary buildings lost its luster. Following that, it became a light pool with gravel and cobblestone.

The situation inside and outside suddenly cleared up, and it was reflected in Klein's eyes.

In front of the cross that was a hundred meters tall, the black-robed, pointed hat, and a monocled Amon, slowly turned around to the "opened" door.

"He" held a crystal pillar formed from light and shadows in "His" hands. There were many twelve-ringed Worms of Time swimming rapidly inside. Everything around them seemed to stop.

Amon raised "His" head and looked up into the sky as the corners of "His" mouth curled up.

Chapter 1206: Sly Old Foxes, Everyone of Them

Too late? After Klein’s heart sank, he suddenly felt the Box of the Great Old Ones in his hand shake violently.

He hurriedly looked down and saw that the surface of the corpse cathedral’s door, which had shrunken into a toy, emitted rays of light. Every twisted face on the white skull seemed to come alive.

Adam’s corpse cathedral has such a high level? It can withstand the first level of 0-61 with just one door? Without any hesitation, Klein used the crimson star representing Leonard and locked onto a gas lamp on 7 Pinster Street.

Suddenly, the door with white bones protruding out with a distorted face returned to the real world. And on the first level of the Box of the Great Old Ones, there was an additional toy street lamp.

Right on the heels of that, Klein aimed at the Amon inside the corpse cathedral as he swiped his right hand, opening the second level of 0-61.

At that moment, Pallez Zoroast was no longer present on the battlefield. Without any qualms, Klein could move Amon elsewhere.

He had designated the destination to be the astral world, hoping that the seven deities would show “Him” “Their” love, but it was unknown if there would be a random anomaly.

At this moment, the door returned to the corpse cathedral. Then, the majestic building that overlapped with 7 Pinster Street quickly disintegrated.

The process of the collapse was very organized. First, it began from the dome, followed by the arches and the walls. It finally ended with the pitch-black stone pillars.

The item that fell didn't hit the ground and instead disappeared in midair.

Standing in front of the cross, Amon also began to dissipate along with the collapse of the entire corpse cathedral. It was as though "He" had also been "envisioned," an entity that could be removed at any time.

Of course, Klein knew very well that this was only Amon exploiting a loophole to use the expiration of the "imagined" corpse cathedral, so as to also become a figment of imagination to leave Backlund.

Boom!

At some point in time, a thick dark cloud appeared in midair. A ball of lightning the size of a house dragged a silvery-white stream of light as it ruthlessly smashed onto the corpse cathedral and Amon's body that had not completely disintegrated.

A fine crack appeared on Amon's crystal monocle as the pointed hat on "His" head collapsed.

However, this Angel of Time didn't panic. When "His" face twitched uncontrollably, "He" maintained "His" smile and held the crystal pillar formed from light and shadows. Like an illusion, “He” completely disintegrated as the sea of light that filled the corpse cathedral vanished.

In the next second, the pitch-black and bone-embedded towering cathedral returned to the realm of fantasy.

The house on 7 Pinster Street remained, but there were exaggerated marks on the living room’s floor.

The mark was like a person lying there, having turned to ashes.

This was left behind by the countless avatars of Amon after they were smitten apart. However, Klein knew that Amon’s true body had successfully escaped and had achieved “His” desired goal.

When “He” recovered, this King of Angels was just short of a ritual to reach the divine throne and become the embodiment of all that was erroneous in the world.

After I swapped the main door of the corpse cathedral, the first one to notice and react with “His” powers was the Lord of Storms… The Goddess really has no way of performing a divine descent. “She” can only use various mediums to interfere with reality, making it difficult for “Her” to affect “Him” when “He” is prepared…

…I was still feeling happy for myself that I managed to escape from Amon. I was satisfied that I had repeatedly avoided “Him” and didn’t fall into “His” traps, but in the end, “He” ended up pulling off such a huge stunt without any prior warning…

…When did “He” transfer “His” focus to Backlund? Hmm, it should be after I deceived the laws to resurrect elsewhere. “He” caught a

hint of Pallez Zoroast, as well as the fact that there's a connection between him and me. He began to target the last Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic so as to become a true god…

…Back then, Leonard didn't explain in detail when he was praying. He only mentioned that there was a problem with the treasure trove of the Jacob family… For a Sequence 1 angel who's so familiar with Amon to not notice anything amiss and fall into the trap, Amon must have done something incredible again…

Phew, although I've rapidly grown in my battle of wits with Amon and completed a transformation, I'm still far from being a top swindler like "Him." I'm still too tender…

Once Amon becomes a Sequence 0 Error and can even traverse the land, it will be tough for me…

No, I have to figure out the Marauder pathway's ritual to become a god. I need to think of a way to do some damage. I can't let Amon easily ascend to the divine throne…

But can this be what Amon wants? "He" will deliberately hold a ritual and wait for me to knock on "His" doorstep? As his thoughts raced, Klein let out a long sigh.

Then, he sent a message to Leonard in the tone of The Fool.

"There's no need to pray."

…

In Saint Samuel Cathedral, Leonard had just emerged from the soil in the garden. He was trying to rush into the prayer hall when he heard Mr. Fool's words.

There's no need to pray… Leonard slowed down as he repeated the sentence in a daze.

He slowed down and finally stopped beside a stone pillar. He lowered his head and raised his hands to cover his face.

At this moment, a slightly-aged voice suddenly echoed in his mind:

"What are you sad about? I haven't died yet!"

"Ah?" Leonard released his hands and said in a daze and pleasant surprise, "Old Man, you haven't died yet?"

His eyes were already slightly red.

"Look at you, what are you saying!" Pallez Zoroast's voice was clearly weak. *"Ahem, to put it simply, I've died once, but not entirely yet."*

Leonard finally heaved a sigh of relief and looked around. Seeing that no one was paying attention, he lowered his voice and said, "Did you successfully deceive Amon?"

"I can't really call it deceiving." Pallez Zoroast sighed and said, *"All these years, the thing I've thought about the most is what I should do if Amon's true body finds me. After repeated experiments, I've also 'created' a technique. After my true body dies, I can revive in my avatar. However, I will lose the Sequence 1*

Beyonder characteristic and passively lower my level. Heh, I haven't been left behind by the times either."

"In other words, Amon killed you once and obtained your Sequence 1 characteristic while you resurrected at the Sequence 2 level?" Leonard had a rough idea of what was going on as he asked in confirmation.

Pallez Zoroast sighed and replied, *"Something like that. Actually, it's not like Amon didn't notice it. 'He' didn't do anything to stop it when I pushed you out of the corpse cathedral. 'He' just wanted to leave some hope for me, and make me lose my will to fight to the death in the upcoming battle. Sigh, if not for that, I wouldn't have been finished by 'Him' so quickly. After all, I'd basically recovered after absorbing the treasure trove's Beyonder characteristic...*

Leonard blurted out in surprise, "Old Man, you pushed me out of the corpse cathedral because I have your avatar in me?"

Pallez immediately scoffed.

"What do you think? Do you really think I'm treating you like a grandson?"

"...Don't you have other avatars?" Leonard muttered.

Pallez grunted and sighed.

"Amon actually lied to 'His' avatar. I must admit that 'He' pulled a fast one on me."

If it wasn't for the fact that "He" learned that the Angel of Time didn't know the exact situation of the Jacob family's treasure trove back when "He" absorbed Amon's avatars, "He" definitely would've taken more caution on the matter, and would've made more adequate preparations for Amon's appearance.

This was the most important reason. As for the other matters regarding the Jacob family's ancestor or Klein Moretti playing hide-and-seek with Amon's true body in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, none of them were key in "Him" making up "His" mind.

Leonard thought for a moment and consoled, "Old Man, you would've fallen for this most fatal of traps in the treasure trove regardless, so it isn't bad for you to have survived it."

"That's not it," Pallez immediately refuted. *"If I had a premonition that something dangerous would happen, I would've directly taken up the faith of a true god and become 'Their' Grounded Angel. With 'Their' protection, I would head to Jacob family's treasure trove. Sigh, after I absorbed the characteristic and regained the strength of a Sequence 1, I was considering this problem. Should I join the Church of Evernight, or work with The Fool of yours, or remove the Parasitizing and hide from Amon like before."*

Upon saying this, "His" emotions became very complicated again.

...Old Man really has quite a plan... Why are you so familiar with seeking refuge from a deity... Leonard sighed inwardly as he focused his attention on the most important matter.

"Old man, after Amon obtained your Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, will 'He' be preparing the apotheosis ritual?"

"*Yes.*" Pallez replied in a deep voice, "*This means that, for a very long period of time, your former colleague and ourselves would, at most, be harassed by Amon's lower-level avatars, or nothing at all.*"

"What is the requirement of 'His' apotheosis ritual?" Leonard pressed.

Pallez fell silent for a second before saying, "*To replace someone during 'Their' apotheosis ritual.*"

At this point, Pallez laughed self-deprecatingly.

"*Amon's next focus will definitely be the apotheosis ritual. This will be our last moments of peace and quiet.*

"*Once 'He' becomes a god, 'He' will definitely come to you to deal with The Fool through you.*

"*Although I can abandon you and run ahead of time, I have to worry that 'He' has the intention of retrieving all the characteristics at the angel level.*

"*Gain control of those rare spirits as soon as possible, digest the potion, and become a demigod. Wield a Holy Artifact, and obtain the favor of Evernight.*"

Leonard's expression turned serious as he slowly nodded.

He immediately found a quiet spot and informed Mr. Fool through a prayer of the key information.

…

Someone else's apotheosis ritual? The only one who seems to be able to become a god anytime soon is Adam… It's good if the two brothers end up fighting… The final period of peace… I hope that the avatars that Amon leaves behind to interfere with me won't be too strong. I hope that I can find traces of the Dark Demonic Wolf as soon as possible. I hope that Dorian will agree to the deal… Klein sighed and returned to the real world. He continued walking in the dark with his lantern raised.

Chapter 1207: Dorian's Decision

Backlund, Cherwood Borough. 22 Hope Street, Hat Trick Inn.

With broad shoulders and thick arms, Dorian Gray Abraham unknowingly paced back and forth in the room, waiting for his student, Fors, to visit.

No matter how composed and mentally prepared he was, he couldn't help but feel nervous and uneasy when he eventually needed to face the answer.

After an unknown period of time, there was a series of knocks on the door.

Dorian listened to the rhythm for a few seconds before taking a deep breath. He walked to the door, twisted the handle, and pulled it back.

Outside the door was the brown-haired, curly-haired Fors, who was wearing a dark-colored long dress and a pair of tinted glasses.

Dorian habitually looked behind Fors, and after confirming that no one was looking in their direction, he made way for his student to pass.

At the same time, he glanced at Fors's hands and realized that his student wasn't carrying any luggage.

Dorian retracted his gaze and walked to the middle of the room.

He found a seat and sat down before pointing to the sofa opposite him.

“Have a seat.”

Fors cautiously lifted the ends of her skirt slightly, sat down, and greeted, “Good morning, Teacher.”

Dorian didn’t go straight to the point. After some thought, he said, “Did the lot of you really kill Botis?”

“Yes.” Fors took out an exquisite, long cigar case from her pocket and opened it to show Dorian its interior.

It was a pair of dark-black eyes that were frozen with indescribable horror, as though they had seen something extremely terrifying before they died.

Dorian had originally been mentally prepared. It was just like receiving the terrifying head that would cause nightmares the previous time, one that was put together one bloody fragment at a time. He never expected his student to not carry any luggage and to only take out a ladies’ cigar case.

This made him believe that it was a relic that could prove Botis’s identity, but the truth was beyond his expectations once again.

This was still Botis’s corpse, but there was even less than what Lewis Wien left behind!

Only a pair of eyes are left… The spiritual intuition of an Astrologer convinced Dorian that the eyeball belonged to Botis.

Seeing that the teacher had fallen silent, Fors subconsciously explained, “His body has completely collapsed and dissipated. Only this pair of eyeballs is still intact.”

She paused for a moment before saying, “These eyeballs contain the remnants of the terror and contamination of the Box of the Great Old Ones before Botis’s passing. It’s a very strong cursed item, so I didn’t send it directly to you. It would cause terrible things to happen to the postman, and he might even die unknowingly.”

The corruption of the Box of the Great Old Ones... Dorian nodded in enlightenment and sighed with a smile.

“Did he eventually die under the hands of the Box of the Great Old Ones?

“This is really fate...”

The first item that Botis had stolen after his betrayal from leading the Aurora Order over was the Box of the Great Old Ones.

Fors had heard Ma’am Hermit’s and Miss Justice’s description of the general situation at the private gathering where they distributed the spoils of war. She learned how gorgeous and dangerous the battle she had missed was. She thought for a moment and said, “You could say that...

“However, before he was contaminated by the Box of the Great Old Ones, he had already begun losing control.”

Dorian wasn’t surprised as he said to his student, “Keep it. This is a spoil of war you deserve.”

After Fors closed the cigar case and placed it back into her pocket, Dorian leaned forward, clasped his hands, and touched his nose.

“Botis was one of the most talented Apprentices I have ever seen. Who knew that he would end up like this…”

Having said that, Dorian let out a long sigh as though he was recalling and confessing something.

Fors didn’t know much about the details of what had happened back then, so she didn’t dare to speak recklessly. She could only remain silent and wait for her teacher to recover from his mixed emotions.

Ten seconds later, Dorian straightened his body and asked, “How did you digest the Scribe potion?”

This wasn’t only to show concern for his student, but also to accumulate experience to provide some guidance to the other members of the family.

Fors’s expression immediately turned complicated as though she was recalling something she didn’t wish to recall.

“It’s mainly because someone had provided me with help. On the one hand, I ‘Recorded’ a lot of unique or high-level abilities. On the other hand, I was brought to many places in the past few months where I ‘Recorded’ different cultures and beautiful scenery…”

Dorian fell silent for a moment before nodding.

“This isn’t easy to imitate…”

He then asked, “Gehrman Sparrow?”

“Yes.” Fors gave an affirmative response.

Dorian fell silent again. A few seconds later, he said, “What kind of deal does he want to make?

“Or rather, what does he want?”

Fors focused her attention and answered in an embarrassed manner, “He wants the potion formula of a Planeswalker, and he plans on using the Box of the Great Old Ones to exchange for one of the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in your family’s hands.”

This price was definitely a generous offer. Fors had originally thought that Mr. World was going to use a promise to exchange for the Planeswalker potion formula and a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, but she never expected him to throw in the Box of the Great Old Ones.

Of course, it was definitely of value to allow the Abraham family to be free of the curse. However, a promise was forever a promise that might not be fulfilled.

Dorian wasn’t surprised by Gehrman Sparrow’s request for a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. He had long been mentally prepared, and instead, he felt that the conditions were beyond his imagination. After all, the Abraham family didn’t have many things that a demigod could covet at this point in time.

He frowned slightly and said, “Why does he want the potion formula of a Planeswalker?”

“I don’t know,” Fors answered frankly.

Dorian stood up and started pacing.

Suddenly, he stopped and looked at Fors.

“I need to meet him and have a chat before I can make a decision.”

“Alright.” Fors agreed without any hesitation.

Dorian heaved a sigh of relief and prepared to send his student away before quickly taking out the medicine for his consumption.

He had arranged to meet at this time because he had taken into consideration that his curse would happen at any moment. If anything were to happen, the enemy wouldn’t be able to channel his spirit in time.

However, after Fors got up, she didn’t walk to the door. She stood on the spot and grabbed at the void.

Her arm suddenly sank, and she quickly pulled out a figure wearing a black trench coat and silk top hat.

This figure had black hair and brown eyes. His facial features were cut and cold. It was none other than Gehrman Sparrow.

Gehrman Sparrow's eyes moved slightly as he quickly recovered from his sluggish look and became no different from a real person.

"Teacher, he's here." Fors introduced seriously, "He's Gehrman Sparrow."

This action left Dorian Gray Abraham slightly agape. He forgot to close his mouth and didn't respond for a moment.

Although he came from an ancient family clan and knew many secrets, there were many things he couldn't imagine even if he read the description due to him being only a Sequence 7.

After moving his consciousness over, Klein reached into his clothes and took out a golden pocket watch.

Pa! He opened his pocket watch and took a look. Without any emotions, he said to Dorian, "You have three minutes."

...It's exactly as the rumors say. He's cold, arrogant, and crazy... Dorian didn't dare to waste any time and directly said, "Give me a reason to believe in your promise."

As he closed his pocket watch, Klein placed it back into his inner pocket and said, "In truth, I'm already aware of the ritual that allows Mr. Door to return."

Dorian's eyes lit up. Just as he was about to ask, he heard Gehrman Sparrow calmly add, "But I don't plan to do that."

"Why?" Dorian and Fors were puzzled, but one dared to ask while the other didn’t.

Klein looked out the window and said, “Do you know about the corruption from the cosmos?”

When it came to understanding the cosmos, the Abraham family was definitely ranked first outside the true deities and angels. Klein believed that they must’ve left behind some hints and hidden records.

Dorian nodded solemnly and said, “Yes.”

“I suspect that Mr. Door has been corrupted by the cosmos,” Klein explained simply. “As for my promise, it can be fulfilled right away. However, you might not be willing to do so. Furthermore, it doesn’t completely resolve the curse.”

“What’s the solution?” Dorian asked as he controlled his surging emotions.

Klein’s expression immediately turned serious.

“You and your family members will change their faith to my Lord. That way, when the full moon or Blood Moon happens, you will be blessed and no longer suffer from the curse.”

After completely digesting the Scholar of Yore potion, there was no need for him to pull a person above the gray fog to avoid Mr. Door’s ravings. He could directly use “Angel’s Embrace” to resolve the problem. The only thing he needed to worry about now was that there might be too many members of the Abraham family. It might overwhelm him, or he might not have enough spirituality.

“...Who is your Lord?” Dorian asked after a moment of silence.

Klein suppressed his shame and said solemnly, “The great Mr. Fool.”

“The Fool... Are you from the Antigonus family?” Dorian suddenly made some connections.

Klein shook his head and rejected his guess.

Dorian fell silent again, but considering that there were only three minutes left, he hurriedly asked, “If we believe in that entity, we can avoid the troubles brought about by the curse?”

As an ancient family member, he knew very well how dangerous it was to believe in an unknown existence. He was afraid that he would resolve Mr. Door’s ravings, but bring about another curse.

Klein answered frankly, “This is just a temporary solution. I will find a better solution for you.”

Dorian nodded and quickly said, “I will try to believe in your Lord and give you the potion formula of Planeswalker. If the curse can really be resolved temporarily, we will complete the transaction of the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact.”

He planned on using himself as an experiment to see if the method worked. Furthermore, he didn’t plan on telling the other family members. He wanted to get them to wait for Gehrman Sparrow’s supposedly better solution until they couldn’t wait any longer.

“Alright.” Klein took out a pen and paper from his pocket and scribbled the honorific name of The Fool.

As for Dorian, he also began to use a crystal ball to aid in his memories, recording down the potion formula of Planeswalker.

After the exchange, Klein cast his gaze towards the supplementary ingredients and ritual.

“Supplementary ingredients: One Worm of Star, one Worm of Time, one Worm of Spirit.

“Advancement ritual: Leave legends in nine places outside this planet.”

Chapter 1208: The Long-Awaited Serenity

Leave legends in nine places other than this planet... Isn't this the cosmos? Looking at the potion formula in his hand, Klein nearly frowned.

He felt that this was more dangerous than the advancement ritual of a Miracle Invoker.

Although the Box of the Great Old Ones and the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts of the Abraham family, as well as a number of Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, had the ability to send people into the cosmos, making the ritual appear simple, he clearly remembered that the Church of Evernight's ascetic leader, Arianna, had once warned him that the cosmos contained extremely terrifying corruption. It was dangerous to even understand it before becoming an angel.

One will be corrupted by the cosmos if they aren't a Planeswalker, and to become a Planeswalker, one has to travel the cosmos... This has become an impasse. There's no way to resolve it... Perhaps, the Abraham family has records of relatively safe locations in the cosmos. I can't be too pessimistic... Also, I have to use divination to verify the authenticity of this formula when I'm back... Dorian not lying to me doesn't mean that he wouldn't be lied to... Klein retracted his gaze and looked at Dorian Gray Abraham opposite him.

"Where are all the Planeswalker Beyonder characteristics?"

Having memorized The Fool's honorific name, Dorian thought for two seconds before saying, "Two of them are in the form of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in our family. One is in the form of the Box of the Great Old Ones. One is said to be in the hands of the

Demoness Sect, while another is with the Church of the God of Combat. There is one more, but no one has found it since the Second Epoch."

If I could use the Box of the Great Old Ones to exchange for one of the two relatively normal Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts of the Abraham family, I wouldn't have to worry about obtaining the Planeswalker Beyonder characteristic. However, that advancement ritual is truly a problem… Besides, the essence of this ritual is clearly to leave a mark in the cosmos. No matter how many changes are made, I won't be able to bypass the cosmos… Klein controlled his expression and nodded at Dorian.

"I hope you can find the answer when the crimson moon becomes full."

With that said, his figure rapidly turned faint, having reached Fors's limit.

Upon seeing Gehrman Sparrow "leave" like that, Dorian subconsciously looked down at the piece of paper with the honorific name of The Fool in his hand. He realized that it had also turned illusory and disappeared.

"…" Dorian was unable to find the correct answer from the various Beyonder powers recorded by his family. He turned to look at Fors, opened his mouth, intending to ask her.

At that moment, he felt a sudden pain in his heart as his pupils rapidly dilated.

Oh no! The curse is about to act up! Dorian hurriedly reached into his pocket to retrieve a small metal bottle. He opened the lid and gulped it down.

Clang!

His actions were so hurried that the lid of the metal bottle fell to the ground.

Fors watched as her teacher's face turned pale. She watched as he clutched his chest, unable to react to what had happened.

As a former surgeon, she quickly came to a conclusion and hurriedly said, "Teacher, are you having a heart attack?

"Do you have any special medicine?"

After asking the last question, Fors realized that she had been overly anxious and concerned, making her appear a little silly.

The bottle that the teacher drank was definitely the special medicine!

"Do you need any help? I have the 'Recorded' a Doctor's powers," Fors asked when she saw that her teacher had recovered based on his expression.

Dorian shook his head, indicating that he was fine.

At the same time, he sighed inwardly.

It's because you didn't do as I planned and had directly summoned Gehrman Sparrow into this room, causing me to not have time to drink the medicine.

…

Sonia Sea, the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, the City of Generosity, Bayam.

The Blue Avenger docked at the port in the evening.

During that period of time, the damage brought to the sea traffic around Sonia Island by the Church of the Lord of Storms had finally attracted the actions of the Feysac Empire’s demigods. Many “captains” had died in the line of duty, and their fleet had suffered a severe blow.

Alger Wilson and his crew avoided this attack while hiding in the primitive forest of the island while waiting for an opportunity to attack the port. After the Church of the Lord of Storms and the Loen naval army declared their goal for this battle had been achieved, they returned to Pasu Island to rest since it was over.

After that, Alger deliberately engaged in battle. He appeared pious, passionate, and fervent. He was praised by the cardinals as a result.

This was because he was familiar with the area around the Rorsted Archipelago. Without a doubt, he had been sent here to strengthen the naval forces of the important colony.

Of course, in order to avoid conflict with his past identity, he also made preparations for other matters in the future. Alger and his crew arrived in Bayam in the name of recruiting pirates.

In this war, many pirates were recruited, effectively making up for the losses of the navies of the various countries, just like the recruitment of mercenaries during the early- and mid-stages of the Fourth Epoch.

Taking advantage of the fact that there was still some light in the sky, Alger got off the boat and headed straight for Sea King Jahn Kottman's Cathedral of Waves.

As a Sequence 5 Ocean Songster, he had the right to directly meet the Church of the Lord of Storms's cardinal, a high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers.

As he walked, Alger suddenly saw a familiar face.

It was a middle-aged man wearing a formal suit, a bow tie, and glasses. He looked rather refined, but Alger knew very well that he was a believer of Sea God Kalvetua. He had once been a pirate, and now he was a merchant that did business with both the authorities and the underworld.

“Long time no see, Ralph.” Alger greeted the illegitimate child that had Loen, Feysac, and Rorsted mixed blood.

Ralph was stunned for a moment, as if he couldn't recognize the captain of the Blue Avenger.

“Alger? Our captain of the ghost ship?” After a few seconds, he asked in surprise.

Alger smiled and said, “Did I change a lot?”

Ralph frowned and replied, “Your temperament has changed a lot. It's even more like the ocean and dark clouds before a storm."

Quite a keen eye... However, this is an act I'm deliberately showing... After consuming the Ocean Songster potion, if there wasn't such a change, I wouldn't seem like someone from the Church of the Lord of Storms... Alger sighed and said, "Because there are too many things to worry about.

"Now, it's all good; I've already been hired by the Church of the Lord of Storms."

Ralph narrowed his eyes as a sense of vigilance rose in his heart. He laughed and said, "This is indeed a good thing—if there was no war."

Alger glanced at the spot where Ralph had just come out and asked, "When did a new... school appear here?"

He could see at a glance that there were four-story buildings, a cement field, a garden lawn, and many children happily playing.

The children had dark skin, but some of them didn't have bronze skin like the locals. Their hair was only slightly curled, and it wasn't too obvious.

Without a doubt, this group consisted of mixed-blood children.

Ralph looked back and sighed with a smile.

"Didn't you donate money to my charity foundation?

“Under God’s guidance, I established a few schools in several large cities on the island, specially providing education, three meals, and accommodation for these discriminated children.

“Our childhood was gloomy, and I don’t want them to be the same.”

At the same time Ralph responded, Alger kept staring at the school. When Ralph was done speaking, Alger looked away and said, “I thought you would’ve taken at least half of it.”

Ralph broke out into laughter.

“Seems like I left a terrible impression on you.

“How is it? What opinions do you have about this school?”

Alger sized him up and said, “Do you think I’ve been to school before?”

He paused for a moment before saying, “Which street is your charity foundation on? I might come to you for something in the future.”

Thinking that the other party had been hired by the Church of the Lord of Storms, Ralph didn’t dare to expose his connection to the Resistance. He chuckled and said, “It’s fine to donate, but you don’t have to come for anything else.”

After giving the location of the charity foundation, Ralph returned home. He went up to the second floor and knocked on the door of a room.

"Lord Danitz, I have something to report."

In the room, a deep and dignified voice replied, "Come in."

…

Backlund, Cherwood Borough.

Dorian, who lived in a rented apartment, walked to the window. As the sun set, the sky gradually darkened.

The crimson moon would be full tonight, and the curse of the Abraham family would descend once again.

It had been a while since he had shaved his beard. Around his mouth, on both sides of his cheeks and lower jaw, there was a white mustache growing. It appeared out-of-place with his middle-aged man's appearance.

After looking for a while, Dorian bowed his head and recited in Jotun, "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era…"

After ending his prayer, he returned to his room and found a sofa to sit down. He waited for the crimson moon to rise and for the period when the spirituality was the strongest to arrive.

At that moment, in the ancient palace above the gray fog, Klein had already taken his seat that belonged to The Fool. He beckoned for a paper figurine.

The paper figurine was surrounded by the power of Sefirah

Castle as it passed through Dorian's prayer light and landed on him.

During this process, Klein deliberately didn't show any effects, allowing the "angel" to silently embrace Dorian.

He felt that if Mr. Fool were to appear too bombastic, it would scare this ancient family's member, so he chose to keep a low profile.

The waiting process was always torturous. From time to time, Dorian would take out his pocket watch, click it open, and take a look. He wanted to know how long more before the full moon possessed its highest spirituality—this was something that could be inferred through the mysticism knowledge.

Finally, when it was almost dawn, Dorian instinctively bent down to reduce the pain brought by the curse.

However, as time passed, all he heard was complete silence. There were no buzzing ravings.

The crimson moonlight passed through the window and shone on Dorian. He looked up in a daze and felt that the surroundings were serene, calm, and indifferent. Nothing abnormal happened.

Dorian looked out of the window and saw the crimson moon. It was pure, dignified, gentle, and dreamy, as though it was hanging on his heart.

After a moment of silence, Dorian lowered his head and took out his pocket watch.

"…" He raised his right hand and rubbed his eyes. He covered his face and didn't loosen his grip for a long time.

The white mustache on his face gradually became messy, stained with tears and snot.

Chapter 1209: Two Choices

Inside the room, the crimson glow was like water that soaked every corner.

Dorian slowly lifted his head and looked at the full moon outside the oriel window. He didn't look away for a long time, as if he was admiring a beautiful scenery for the first time.

Phew… He let out a breath, stood up, and entered the bathroom. He turned on the tap, held up a mouthful of biting-cold water, and splashed it hard on his face.

After washing up, Dorian wiped his face with a towel and returned to the living room to sit on the sofa. He lowered his head and muttered piously, "Praise be to Mr. Fool!"

After completing his prayer, he walked into the study, took out a pen and paper, and wrote to Fors:

"…

"Please tell Mr. Gehrman Sparrow that I have confirmed his promise. I hope he can find a better way to resolve the curse…

"I will gather the other members of my family to discuss if I should use one of the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts in exchange for the Box of the Great Old Ones…

"Here, let me introduce the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts so that Mr. Gehrman Sparrow will have sufficient time to consider which one he wants.

“One of them is called ‘Scroll of God.’ It looks like an ordinary oil painting in a brass frame, but the content on it will change at random.

“When it shows different locations, the wielder can change the surroundings of the target, allowing the corresponding scene to descend.

“When it shows different figures, the wielder can allow those people to attack their targets with one target per figure.

“When it presents an abstract image that cannot be understood, different real effects will happen, and the only thing we know about the corresponding relationship is a very small portion;

“When it depicts doors, opening different ‘doors’ will move one to different places. There’s no way to predict where the destination will be. It can be used to exile its target;

“When it shows the dark underground or deep cosmos, it will be extremely dangerous. It has to be sealed!

“If no one looks at it or takes in the marvel of the oil painting, then the person inside will come to life. They will reach out their hands from the oil painting, and slowly enter the real world. One must pay attention to this when sealing it!

“Once upon a time, when one of my family’s branches were in charge of the Scroll of God, there was a mistake. No one appreciated it for a full minute. And at that moment, it presented an image of an angel revolving around a deity. Then, the deity came alive and walked out of the oil painting.

“That branch of my family was destroyed just like that. There were only a few members remaining who had lost their minds, while that deity had gone somewhere unknown, but the painting was left behind.

“We had been worried for quite some time, afraid that the deity would destroy the world. Fortunately, ‘He’ never appeared again. Perhaps ‘He’ had already been noticed by the seven deities and was dealt with.

“Of course, we can’t rule out the possibility that this is a story made up by those who have lost their minds. However, for most of the members to have died overnight, with a small number going mad, that in itself implies enough.

“The other Grade 0 Sealed Artifact is called ‘Staff of the Stars.’ Its appearance is a black cane with embedded gems.

“While holding onto it, using corresponding scenes in your mind, one that truly exists and is still in existence, the staff will transport you directly to the destination, but you must be careful. The scene depicted must be absolutely correct. Every detail must be accurate. There cannot be any differences with the original. Otherwise, you will never know where your destination is;

“Similarly, while holding onto the Staff of the Stars, if some Beyonder powers or figures appear in your mind, this cane will reenact the corresponding powers and person. The latter will be a single attack. To achieve such an effect, one has to have sufficient understanding of the powers and figures. Otherwise, you have no idea what kind of anomaly will happen. Once, someone used the Staff of the Stars to release ‘Lightning Storm,’ but he ended up turning himself into a frog. Recovery was only possible once the method to remove the curse was found;

“The Staff of the Stars is sufficiently hard and can be used to attack. A person struck by it will randomly mutate or suffer strange effects. Previously, I used the Staff of the Stars to hit a Beyonder from the Aurora Order. The left side of his body was moved outside a door, and his right side remained where it was. His organs splattered out as a result;

“The Staff of the Stars will randomly move about. If it isn’t properly sealed, it might disappear at some point in time and escape your control.

“When holding it, one’s head has to be empty most of the time. This is because once an image appears, it can trigger the effects I described in the beginning;

“If there’s no one holding onto it, all sorts of abnormalities will happen around the Staff of the Stars. It’s hard to predict what will happen. It has to be sealed…

“Burn upon reading…”

After writing the letter, Dorian read it several times to make sure that there was no mistake before stuffing it into an envelope and pasting a stamp on it.

At that moment, in the ancient palace above the gray fog.

Through the prayer point of light, Klein had watched Dorian’s entire process of writing the letter.

I seem to have forgotten to tell him that he can pass the corresponding information to Gehrman Sparrow through Mr. Fool... That's good too. I'll just treat this as a benefit of being a formal member of the Tarot Club. If every believer were to do this, I wouldn't be able to cope if I didn't leave any Worms of Spirit in Sefirah Castle... Yes, this can also effectively maintain Mr. Fool's prestige. It will ensure that the Abrahams won't dare to belittle Mr. Fool... Klein mumbled before turning his attention onto the two Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts.

He once again confirmed that Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts had severe negative effects and couldn't be used as common items.

Of course, their powers had extremely terrifying and potent effects. They were worthy of the grade "0."

In comparison, the Staff of the Stars is more suitable for me...

I can get Miss Justice to hypnotize me in advance so that my subconscious thoughts won't appear in the form of an image or scene. Only by consciously willing it in my mind will I be able to form the outline of a scene...

I wonder if the residents of the City of Silver will be able to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods with the Staff of the Stars in their hands by just outlining the scene of Backlund's streets in their minds...

But there's no way to hypnotize them before this. They haven't really seen Backlund. Even if they restore the corresponding scene, it's difficult for them to accurately outline the details...

Anyway, it's very troublesome, but I can give it a try and choose a volunteer who isn't afraid of death...

If I can exchange for the Staff of the Stars, there's no need to rush to shatter it and turn it back into a characteristic. Who knows when it might come in handy. After all, the advancement ritual might not be completed...

With the Staff of the Stars, I can deal with the Dark Demonic Wolf and escape the Forsaken Land of the Gods right under the Dark Angel's nose. This will give me a little more confidence... Klein sighed as he made his decision.

At this moment, he discovered another truth.

That was if some of the members of the Abraham family followed Dorian and switched faiths to Mr. Fool, then even if he returned the Box of the Great Old Ones to them, it wouldn't be difficult to borrow it in the future.

In other words, out of the three Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, the Staff of the Stars, the Scroll of God, and the Box of the Great Old Ones, he would gain the right to use two of them and have ownership over one.

It's still very useful to develop believers... When the time comes, wouldn't the Abraham family become a subordinate faction of the Tarot Club? However, Dorian definitely won't spread the faith of The Fool so quickly unless some members are already on the brink of losing control, without the ability to resist the curse of the next full moon. For some reason, he felt that the power of the Tarot Club was expanding.

He thought about it seriously and felt sad that he would have to respond to his believers twenty-four hours a day in the future.

Only by becoming an angel and truly gaining ownership of Sefirah Castle did he dare leave a few Worms of Spirit behind so as to resolve this problem.

If that really doesn't work, I'll get Arrodes to be my artificial intelligence customer service... Klein rubbed his temples and left the gray fog before returning to the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

...

Late at night, in the waters of the Rorsted Archipelago.

A huge sea monster quickly swam to its destination.

This was the "helper" that Alger had requested from Sea God Kalvetua. At the level of an Ocean Songster, he was still unable to control a creature of such size.

In truth, he could totally swim from Bayam, but that would be too tiring, and he wouldn't be able to resist any accidents.

A few seconds later, the sea monster opened its mouth. Alger swam out and approached a beautiful coral thicket.

After circling a few obstacles, a dark blue glow suddenly appeared in Alger's eyes.

Through this "dark blueness," he saw a beautiful coral palace.

It was so real, but no one could see it unless there was a specific medium.

Alger stared at it for a while before swimming forward. He came to the front of the palace and pushed open the door.

The churning water came to a halt as Alger passed through the barrier and landed on the ground thanks to the wind.

He looked around and saw that there were murals on both sides.

The contents of these murals weren't surprising. The people with elven faces mainly focused on resisting the storm.

However, Alger noticed that the ships weren't out at sea, but in the midst of a thick, nearly indestructible "blackness."

This made Alger think of a phrase: Abyss.

This is somewhat similar to the Abyss as spoken in legends, but it's just a little similar, and there aren't any Devils either... They seem to be coming from underground... These murals record the history of the elves? But they don't match the corresponding myths... The World said that each elvish word corresponds to a first-generation elf... As Alger pondered, he walked towards the nine steps ahead.

As he drew closer, he saw two thrones and a dark blue crystalline coral.

On the coral branches, silver bolts of lightning flashed, illuminating the surroundings.

Alger held his breath as he slowed down his pace and went up the stairs to the throne.

He extended his right hand solemnly and picked up the coral.

With a splashing sound, the seawater outside the palace suddenly churned. As for the coral, under the cover of a “dark blueness,” it gradually turned illusory and merged into Alger’s body.

Lightning bolts bloomed one after another like flower petals.

Chapter 1210: Moon City

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, at night when the frequency of lightning was very low.

A few humanoid creatures cautiously approached a meatball with six legs and more than ten eyes.

They were wrapped in animal skins or clothes with materials that couldn't be identified. With the help of a few lanterns, they passed through the endless darkness with heavy expressions.

On their faces, there were about ten to twenty tumors. Some of their eyes were nearly squeezed together, while others didn't have a nose, with only a black hole in that place.

After a series of intense battles, they managed to successfully finish off the monster and split into two groups. One group guarded the surroundings. and another group reaped the spoils of war.

During this process, the man with many meat tumors on his face dissected the monster's corpse. When he was searching for edible parts, he suddenly stopped.

"A'dal, what's the matter?" the woman without a nose asked curiously.

The man named A'dal slowly retracted his right hand and revealed an item he had found from the monster.

It was a stone-carved amulet covered with marks of corrosion.

“This is…” The man, whose eyes were nearly squeezed together, seemed to understand the reason and hesitated to finish his sentence.

A’dal surveyed the area and said, “Xin, Rus, this was given to my father when I was young.

“On the day I became an adult, he felt that he could no longer control himself. He chose to leave the city and enter the depths of the darkness…”

When Xin and Rus heard that, they fell silent for a moment. They could understand A’dal’s feelings.

This was a common occurrence in Moon City.

As there was no safe edible food, they could only pick the mutated plant fruits and collect the flesh of monsters to maintain their survival.

This resulted in the accumulation of toxins and madness in the body. After a decline in their physical conditions, they would either die quickly or gradually lose control.

In order to not cause any damage to the surroundings and city, those who were part of the latter would often arrange everything after sensing that their conditions weren’t right. With a torch and a small amount of food, they would leave the defensive perimeter and wander into the eternal darkness alone, never to return.

The residents of Moon City could imagine what would happen to them. They would either be killed by monsters or become monsters. There was no other possibility.

After seven to eight seconds of silence, the woman without a nose hesitantly said, “Perhaps, this is the monster that killed your father.”

“It has a belt made of animal skin wrapped around it...” A’dal’s voice gradually lowered. He picked up the dagger made of bone and forcefully inserted it, cutting out a relatively normal piece of flesh.

Amidst the silence, the members of the hunting team completed their harvest skillfully until Rus, whose eyes were nearly squeezed together, suddenly said in a deep voice, “There are more and more deformities amongst the newborn...”

The price of accumulating toxins and madness for generations wasn’t as simple as reducing their average life expectancy. The people who still had normal physical conditions were gradually experiencing some mutations, just like A’dal who had many tumors on his face.

Similarly, the toxins and madness could also be passed down to their descendants, causing mutations to appear. Rus and Xin from the hunting team were examples.

Their lives would be even shorter, making it easier for them to lose control and mutate.

The more abnormalities there were, the more obvious the implications were. The hunting teams present knew very well that it might not take more than two to three generations before the residents of Moon City would lose control before they fully grew up or have children.

When that happened, even if there was no external attack, Moon City would quickly be destroyed, leaving behind only stone buildings and murals to prove their existence.

“I hope the High Priest and the others can find a new direction…” A’dal stood up with a lantern in hand as he answered weakly.

In the past two to three thousand years, it wasn’t as if Moon City hadn’t found a way to escape their current predicament. They had sent out teams of exploration teams that headed deep into the darkness. Some returned after suffering serious setbacks, with nothing to show for their efforts. Some disappeared into the boundless darkness, and nothing was heard from them ever again.

In addition, at a distance away, to the east of Moon City, was a grayish-white fog that blotted out the sky and land.

They were like invisible barriers that not only blocked one’s vision, but also prevented any living beings from passing through.

The residents of Moon City once believed that this was a place of hope. They believed that the area covered by the grayish-white fog was a normal country. They believed that the other side of the gray fog was a land that wasn’t cursed.

They attempted to enter the grayish-white fog again and again, but all their attempts failed.

They had dug a long passageway, hoping to pass through the invisible barrier by going underground. However, the region deep underground was also covered in grayish-white fog.

They tried ways to obtain the ability of flight before attempting to cross the barrier at high altitudes, but they didn’t manage to see the top of the grayish-white fog before they were struck by lightning.

They mobilized the powers of all the demigods and Sealed Artifacts, attacking the target again and again. Over the past two to three thousand years, the cumulative attacks they performed failed to disperse the invisible barrier at all…

Upon hearing Captain A’dal’s words, the members of the hunting team felt hopeless and sad. It was as though they were sliding down the edge of the abyss, but were unable to save themselves.

The deformed ones were people who found it difficult to control their emotions. At that moment, they more or less felt like they were suppressing something in their hearts, eager to unleash it.

In Moon City, a deformed person wasn’t allowed to become a Beyonder or join the hunting teams two to three hundred years ago. They could only do harvesting work. However, as their manpower dwindled, the High Priest and the rest of the higher-ups relaxed the restrictions.

“Let’s go. This bit of food isn’t enough.” A’dal looked around, carrying lanterns as he walked deeper into the darkness.

They didn’t take the risk of extinguishing the fire, causing monsters to surge out in the darkness, as they might not be able to deal with them.

In such a quiet and suffocating environment, the members of the Moon City's hunting team couldn't help but have the feeling that they were enveloped in an endless darkness.

It was as though it was impossible to find hope regarding the present situation of Moon City, and the amount of time the lanterns in their hands could burn was decreasing.

When the last trace of light dissipated, they would be silently devoured by the darkness.

As they walked, a faint yellow light suddenly appeared in A'dal's eyes.

It was a glow that didn't belong to the hunting team!

This bit of light immediately shone into the eyes of all the members of the hunting team, filling their pupils.

A'dal, Xin, Rus, and company couldn't help but widen their eyes as they felt a deep sense of shock.

During their lifetime, there had never been any fires that came from external sources in the history of Moon City after the Cataclysm!

Indeed, many monsters possessed the powers of fire or the Sun domain, but before attacking, they were all hidden in the darkness without revealing any hint of light.

And now, a fiery glow appeared deep in the darkness!

A'dal, Xin, and Rus trembled slightly as they thought for a long time but couldn't think of an answer.

They quickly recalled the hunting arrangements and confirmed that it was impossible for residents of Moon City to be nearby.

Since the fiery glow didn't belong to Moon City, where did it come from?

The entire hunting team slowed down. They were shocked, surprised, curious, fearful, worried, and terrified.

They had also discovered some destroyed cities and knew that any abnormalities in the darkness could be fatal.

"...Be alert!" A'dal finally snapped out of his daze and gave the order.

The hunting team immediately took up a battle formation, waiting for the faint yellow light to approach.

Time seemed to freeze at this moment. Every second was slow. Finally, after the fiery glow grew bigger, a figure appeared.

A figure... There's only one person... The members of the Moon City hunting team held their breaths.

It seemed like, maybe, perhaps, they might have a chance of seeing an outsider!

Two to three thousand years had passed, and finally, someone else had stepped foot on this land.

They were not the only ones left in this abandoned world.

As for who could travel through endless darkness and reach this place, A’dal and company lacked experience, so they had no way of guessing.

As the fiery glow became bigger and more obvious, the hunting team members gradually saw the figure.

It was a slim young man. He had black hair and brown eyes, and his expression was cold. He was neither a deformed person nor had he any abnormal changes.

He wore a strange hat and strange clothes. He held a lantern made of special materials as he walked over from the darkness.

The light of his lantern was even brighter than the combined light of the hunting team. It made the surrounding darkness fade rapidly.

It didn’t take long before the light shone on the bodies of the likes of A’dal, Xin, and Rus.

The figure stopped and looked at the Moon City hunting team. He asked in a low voice, “Where are you from?”

He spoke Jotun… His eyes are clear, *and he can communicate…* A’dal opened his mouth, stopping his subconscious urge to reply.

He asked in return, “Who are you?”

The figure with the glass lantern replied calmly, “Gehrman Sparrow.”

After half a year of traveling and overcoming one difficult obstacle after another, Klein’s spiritual intuition finally told him that he was finally reaching his destination.

And he had also encountered the first batch of living people in his trip across the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

“Where did you come from?” A’dal kept his guard up and pressed.

Klein swept his gaze across their faces and said without a change in tone, “I came from the City of Silver.

“And also from a land beyond the cursed lands.”

Upon hearing this answer, all the members of the hunting team were in a daze. They suspected whether they were expecting too much, causing them to hallucinate.

…

In the autumn of 1351, Backlund, in the midst of the war.

Ever since Feynapotter declared war on Loen, the war that had been going on for some time had finally lost its balance. Loen and its allies—Lenburg, Masin, and Segar—had lost a large amount of territory, leaving only the last few lines of defense that they defended with great difficulty. They were on the brink of being overrun.

When she saw the long line of people at the food distribution center through the carriage window, Audrey slowly retracted her gaze and said to her personal maidservant, Annie, “Turn towards Saint Samuel Cathedral…”

Chapter 1211: Unimaginable

As the carriage drove slowly along the road, Audrey’s gaze subconsciously looked out the window.

Many passers-by stood by the roadside, staring at the horse that was pulling the carriage. Their eyes seemed to be emitting a greedy glint as they, the lucky ones, successfully collected their food. They ran through the streets surreptitiously and headed for home.

A team of policemen in black-and-white checkered uniforms were patrolling the streets. They had revolvers by their waists and batons in their hands—means to deter anyone from wanting to take risks.

“Recently, we don’t even dare to go on the streets alone…” the personal maidservant, Annie, whispered to her.

Audrey nodded slightly but didn’t respond.

After a while, the carriage arrived at Phelps Street and stopped at the square in front of Saint Samuel Cathedral.

The flock of pigeons that were usually here was nowhere to be seen.

The Loen Charity Bursary Foundation, as well as the subsequent establishment of the Loen Poverty Relief Foundation and the Loen Medical Charity Foundation, had all moved from 22 Phelps Street to a few small rooms in the cathedral. This was because the buildings that they were originally housed in had collapsed due to the previous airstrike.

To the staff of these three foundations, it was a harrowing memory. If they hadn't left 22 Phelps Street in advance due to different reasons, they would've long been killed.

After alighting from the carriage and walking through the main door, Audrey saw a black-haired, brown-eyed girl with a rather thin face approach.

Before the other party could speak, she said, "Melissa, is there any more food that can be distributed?"

Melissa shook her head solemnly.

"Even those injured soldiers who we provided relief for can't receive enough food..."

Audrey's green eyes dimmed. She didn't show her helplessness or weakness as she nodded slightly.

"I will think of a way."

...

"From the City of Silver...

"From a land beyond the cursed lands."

Gehrman Sparrow's words echoed in the ears of the Moon City hunting team members—A'dal, Xin, and Rus. It made them feel like they were in a dream, unable to regain their senses for a long time.

Just as A'dal gradually regained his senses and was thinking about what to say when Xin, who was born without a nose, inundated Klein with a series of questions.

"Where is the City of Silver? What does it look like? How far is it from here?

"How many normal people are there outside the cursed area?"

Klein glanced at her and replied in an emotionless voice, "The City of Silver is located on the other side of the cursed lands. They discovered a type of plant that can be eaten normally called 'Black-Faced Grass.' This has allowed them to maintain their kind's stability and effectively explore the depths of the darkness in a bid to find a way to leave.

"They recently found some mushrooms. These mushrooms can use monsters as nutrients, forming all kinds of fruits that do not contain toxins and madness.

"The City of Silver has gone one step further in escaping the madness. Once the newborns become adults, they wouldn't easily lose control even at old age..."

These words made A'dal, Xin and company feel lost, as though their own persistent efforts had no meaning.

The City of Silver described by Gehrman Sparrow was the most beautiful scene they could imagine; yet, it was something so easily possessed by others.

“...Are there any deformed newborns?” Xin asked in a dreamy tone.

Klein shook his head.

“Almost none.”

“Will their parents walk into the depths of the darkness by themselves when their physical condition deteriorates—no, when they become old?” A’dal subconsciously pressed.

Wearing a black trench coat, a top hat, and holding a lantern, Klein replied, “No.

“Because they are burdened with the curse of killing their own kin. If a life cannot be ended by the hands of a blood relative, they will turn into a terrifying evil spirit or monster.”

The members of the hunting team in Moon City finally found a sense of reality. Their hearts felt like they were slowly rising in warm water as bubbles slowly emerged.

These bubbles were weak, empty, and easily pricked. There was nothing inside, but they shimmered with something called hope and light.

Rus, whose eyes were nearly squeezed together, couldn’t help but repeat the question:

"How many normal people are there outside the cursed area?"

Klein looked at them with a complicated expression.

"They are basically normal. They do not need to be constantly worried about monsters attacking them. They don't have to be afraid of being in the darkness. They don't go crazy after growing old. They aren't burdened by all kinds of curses. They see sunlight every day when they wake up, with sufficiently normal food. Every night, the crimson moon rises..."

However, all of this is being destroyed now... Klein silently added in his heart.

This time, A'dal, Xin, and Rus were somewhat at a loss. This was because they found Gehrman Sparrow's description as something imaginable, but also seemingly unimaginable. It was just like when they were reading the few ancient books remaining. They could get the spirit of the matter but found it hard to truly understand certain contexts.

They had no idea what the sun and what the crimson moon were.

However, to have normal food every day without the burden of various curses, the worry of monster attacks or darkness, and the lack of going crazy in old age was a beautiful dream they yearned for day and night.

There's such a place in this world? Is this what Heaven, as recorded in the ancient books, is? Was this land really cursed? The members of the Moon City hunting team fell silent once again.

One of them opened their mouth but was at a loss as to what to ask. Someone wanted to bring Gehrman Sparrow back to Moon City and inform the High Priest of the news, wanting to inform everyone, but he was afraid of attracting danger.

During this process, they didn't let down their guard or vigilance.

Klein wasn't the least bit surprised with their attitude. Instead, he felt that this was the reaction a civilization that could last to this day in the Forsaken Land of the Gods ought to have.

With the lantern in hand, he took a step to the left, attempting to walk around the humans who were dressed in strange materials or animal skins, and he continued heading east.

Regardless of what story these people had, whether it was worth helping them in passing, he planned to wait until he began his investigations before listening and considering things. This was because his spiritual intuition told him that his destination wasn't far, and that the legendary West Continent was just two to three hours away on foot.

The moment he took a step forward, A'dal and company immediately bent their backs, bracing themselves to defend and attack. However, they didn't manage to see Gehrman Sparrow approach them. They watched as he walked more than ten meters to the left and continue heading forward.

Seeing this young man dressed in strange black clothes and a strange black hat, with a strange and transparent lantern gradually distancing himself from them, the dim yellow light grew weaker and weaker. A'dal's face which was covered in tumors changed. He shouted loudly, "Who exactly are you?"

Klein didn't turn around. Instead, he held the lantern that emitted a faint yellow light and walked deeper into the darkness. He said in a regular tone, “A missionary.

“A person to spread my Lord’s brilliance.”

A’dal, Xin, and company looked at each other, their expressions filled with confusion.

They hesitated for a long while, but when there was only a small trace of the dim yellow light left, they instinctively took a step forward and followed behind Klein.

They didn’t dare to approach him, nor did they want to have him leave their sight. They carried the food they had procured, as though they were monitoring and chasing him in a defensive manner. As for Klein, he walked at an adequate speed—not waiting for them or attempting to shake them off.

Just like that, both sides walked in silence under the sparse lightning. At some point in time, Rus and another hunting team had left the main group. They held the animal hide lantern and the food they had obtained and turned around, silently disappearing into the endless darkness.

Seconds changed to minutes before Klein finally stopped.

Using the lightning that streaked across the sky, he saw a grayish-white fog a few hundred meters away.

The mist was connected to the land and extended all the way into the sky, as though it didn’t have an apex.

At the same time, the fog extended to the two sides without any end.

Klein looked at it intently for a long time. Even though there were partitions of darkness, he slowly raised his head. After the second bolt of lightning calmed down, he looked away.

Behind the fog or inside it is the disappeared Western Continent? As he thought with a heavy heart, he couldn't help but slow down his breathing.

He carried the lantern and continued forward until the dim yellow light emitted a solidified mist.

There was no need for him to make any other attempts. From his intuition as a Seer, he could tell that the grayish-white fog was an invisible barrier that couldn't be passed through by conventional means.

He thought for a moment and stretched out his right hand to scratch at the darkness in front of him again and again.

After doing it four to five consecutive times, Klein pulled out a black cane with many gems embedded in it.

This was the Staff of the Stars, a terrifying Sealed Artifact known as 0-62 that had been swapped using the Box of the Great Old Ones!

Of course, all he did was summon the historical projection of the Staff of the Stars.

This way, even if there were unnecessary scenes that appeared in his mind, he could use the removal of the Historical Void projection to stop any corresponding dangers that appeared in a timely manner.

To a Scholar of Yore, this was the best way to regularly use a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. However, this limited the effects and was something that couldn't exceed three minutes at the moment. Furthermore, there was a certain difference with the original version when it came to their effects. Using a marionette to hold the Staff of the Stars wasn't the best way to avoid any negative effects. This was because a marionette needed to be controlled, and any control had a high chance of transmitting scenes.

Of course, if he engaged in a battle he was prepared for, Klein wouldn't have done so. This was because it would occupy one of his three precious summoning spots. Furthermore, although the Staff of the Stars belonged to him, it was only in a state of forced ownership, and it remained in a sealed state. Furthermore, the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact had a rather high level. It was impossible for Klein to successfully summon it at once, so it usually took him three to six attempts. In a fierce battle, it would require plenty of chances—nothing simple.

And it was precisely because of this that when he was prepared to "perform," he would hypnotize himself in advance. By using the Staff of the Stars in a special state, he would preserve the ability to summon Historical Void images like Miss Messenger, Mr. Azik, Ma'am Arianna, Will Auceptin, and other familiar angels.

Holding the black staff that was embedded with various gems, a scene of the door slowly opening appeared in Klein's mind.

The gems on the staff flashed with a faint glow as the grayish-white fog quickly outlined a door that wasn't sufficiently real.

The door opened silently, and behind it was still a gray fog.

Door Opening doesn’t work... Although he wasn’t surprised by the outcome, he was still a little disappointed.

He thought for a moment and decided to switch tactics.

However, just as he was thinking about it, the Staff of the Stars automatically activated as the corresponding scene appeared.

Chapter 1212: Spreading Radiance

Just now, as Klein was thinking of a solution, an image naturally came to mind.

The clouds in the two mountains began to “boil” rapidly as they spread out to the left and right, revealing a crack whose bottom couldn’t be seen. The orange-red rays of the sunset filled it and formed a corporeal path.

This was a scene created when Blasphemer Amon entered the projection of the Giant King’s Court.

And just as he felt that he didn’t know enough about the corresponding powers and planned on switching to another method. The red, green, blue, and transparent gems on the Staff of the Stars had already begun to emit a faint glow as they automatically activated.

The solidified grayish-white fog was similarly “boiling,” but it wasn’t that intense.

They were churning backward as they parted, but the area right in front of him remained an endless grayish-white mass. There was no end to it.

Klein sighed in his heart. As he focused on controlling his thoughts, he made other attempts.

In the past three minutes, he had tried hard at least ten times. Seven times were of his own will, while three times were him venting out, but he was ultimately unable to open the invisible barrier.

…*Indeed, normal methods don't work*… With a flick of his wrist, he allowed the historical projection of 0-62, which was close to its limit, to disappear from the real world.

He stared at the silent grayish-white fog and didn't move for about a minute. It was as if he had turned into a statue.

Finally, Klein closed his eyes and looked away. Holding the lantern in his hand, he walked towards the nearby humans who were watching.

He didn't plan on making blind attempts, because there was a high chance that he wouldn't succeed. He planned on asking the people who had stood guard in the vicinity for two to three thousand years. It was obvious that these ancient survivors had explored the grayish-white fog. He wanted to see if he could find inspiration from their years of experience.

Based on Klein's assumption, the humans would definitely react excessively towards him, so he had already prepared the corresponding powers to allow them to speak to him calmly. However, when he looked at the light of dusk on both sides of the lantern, he realized that the ugly or deformed humans were staring at him with their mouths agape. They looked confused and shocked, as if they had temporarily lost their ability to think.

Klein frowned slightly. In the darkness, he walked unhurriedly to the ancient survivors and stopped about two to three meters away.

"What do you know about this fog?" Klein asked in Jotun with a deep voice.

The language that could stir the powers of nature didn't have any differences because of geography. There was only a slight difference in the accent, but it wasn't much. If the original version was modified, there was a chance its effects in ritualistic magic would be lost.

It was only when Gehrman Sparrow raised the question that A'dal seemed to snap out of his daze. His lips quivered as he answered in an ambiguous tone, "We… We have never caused the fog to change before…"

Just now, Gehrman Sparrow had caused the fog to boil like water and part to the sides. This scene had really frightened them, as though they were witnessing a miracle.

The two to three thousand years of hard work from numerous generations of Moon City inhabitants were inferior to a person holding a staff with an attempt that didn't last more than two hundred heartbeats!

This was also the main reason why they had given up on resisting when Gehrman Sparrow approached them.

They instinctively believed that, no matter how they avoided him, it would be to no avail.

After two seconds of silence, Klein continued asking, "Do you have any corresponding records?"

At this moment, A'dal understood what Gehrman Sparrow meant. He hesitated for a moment and slowly nodded.

"Yes… However, only the High Priest and the others would frequently look through it."

Wearing a black trench coat and half top hat, Klein thought for a moment and suddenly reached out to pull out an item from the void.

It was a cross covered in bronze, with several sharp spikes protruding out from it.

It was the historical image of the ancient sun god's Unshadowed Crucifix!

With the cross in hand, Klein raised it a little higher and aimed it at the ancient survivors.

Pure, bright, and warm light bloomed, dispersing the darkness around them and illuminating them.

Their combat experience made them instinctively attempt to defend themselves, but their actions stopped midway through the process.

The brightness and warmth wasn't something a bonfire could compare with!

This made the remaining members of the Moon City hunting team recall the deities described by the ancient books and the High Priest. "They" were deities who emitted boundless light and brought boundless warmth.

Under the illumination of the bright, pure light, a distorted, struggling illusionary black gas that seemed to have a life of its own began to boil from the bodies of A'dal, Xin, and company, quickly rising and dissipating.

The members of the Moon City hunting team felt their bodies become more relaxed, and the pressure within their souls disappeared.

After purging the cumulative corruption and ailments of their bodies, Klein shook his wrist slightly, causing the Unshadowed Crucifix to disappear in front of him.

Right on the heels of that, he grabbed another cane that looked an ordinary wooden color.

This was the former City of Silver's Sealed Artifact, Life's Cane!

Although he had already sacrificed it to the Evernight Goddess, as long as it was once owned by a Scholar of Yore, it would only accompany them in a different way.

With Life's Cane in hand, Klein took a few steps forward and used the end of the cane to tap the leader of Moon City's hunting team.

The experience from before made A'dal unable to dodge. The tumors on his face began to crack as pus flowed, faded, and disappeared. In the end, there wasn't even a single scar left.

From the looks of his team members, A'dal knew that he had undergone a change. He hesitantly raised his right hand and touched his face. From top to bottom and back up again, he kept repeating it.

During this process, he realized that he was in an unprecedented healthy state, one that was better than when he first became an adult.

Klein didn't look at him. He took a step diagonally and used Life's Cane to treat the rest of the ancient survivors.

With A'dal as an example, Xin and the others were on their guard and alert as they accepted contact with the cane, and they felt that they had obtained a new lease of life.

Amongst them, the two deformed beings who were easily emotional couldn't help but tear up.

Unfortunately, I can't treat natural defects... Mental illnesses can be treated, but some crazy tendencies can't be treated... Klein retracted his right hand and let the historical projection of Life's Cane disappear.

He walked to his original spot and turned around. He looked at the ancient survivors and said, "I'm not here to destroy, but to spread the radiance of my Lord, bringing light and warmth.

"Go back and tell your leader that I'm here. If he's willing, he can come over."

He didn't attempt to find out where the gathering point of these ancient survivors was, nor did he plan on going there directly. This would trigger the strongest form of resistance and vigilance.

Hence, giving them the choice was the most suitable solution.

At that moment, A’dal, Xin, and the others were already shocked by Gehrman Sparrow’s constant pulling out of mystical items. They felt that they were walking into a miracle and had already been cleansed by the divine light, allowing their physical condition to recover to its optimum state. It even exceeded their peak.

“…Alright.” A few seconds later, A’dal responded.

Just as they turned around and prepared to return to Moon City, flames lit up from the depths of the darkness as they rapidly approached.

The leader was an old man wearing a dark brown beast hide. His hair was gray and unkempt, and his face was full of real cracks.

“High Priest…” After recognizing the other party, Xin blurted out.

It was none other than Moon City’s High Priest, Nim.

Behind Nim followed Rus and the other members of the hunting team who had returned to the city ahead of time, as well as several other High-Sequence Beyonders.

Nim nodded at A’dal, Xin, and the rest before walking to the front of the group. Looking at the man who claimed to be a missionary, Gehrman Sparrow, he crossed his arms and bowed.

“Honorable guest, I am Moon City’s High Priest, Nim.

“Moon City once belonged to vampires, but that civilization had been destroyed in ancient times.

"Afterwards, we accepted the orders of the great sun god, the Lord who created everything, and we moved here to watch the grayish-white fog and make the corresponding attempts. That continued on even though the land was cursed and the Lord didn't respond to us.

"To date, 3,722 years have passed."

Chapter 1213: The Eternally Imperturbable Fog

3,722 years... Indeed, they were sent here when the ancient sun god was still alive... With the City of Silver's continued survival in the darkness for more than two thousand years as a reference, Klein easily confirmed the words of Moon City's High Priest.

He nodded slightly and asked, "Are you guarding this fog to prevent any anomalies from happening to it?"

The High Priest of Moon City, who was wrapped in dark brown beast hide, Nim, shook his head.

"The revelation that the Lord gave us was to guard the area all day. We needed to know if anyone walks out of the fog."

Walks out of the fog... The ancient sun god had a premonition that a person would walk out of this fog? If the other side of the fog is really the Western Continent, does this mean that there might still be life and civilization in it? When Klein heard this, an indescribable palpitation struck his heart, but he deeply realized a certain reality:

Amon's father—the second Creator—was actually unable to open this grayish-white fog, and even needed to send people here to watch over it!

Is there a specific method needed to pass through this invisible barrier? Uh, Mr. Hanged Man mentioned before that the Queen of Calamity, Cohinem, said that an incantation or command might be needed. Also, the premise is that the Western Continent has already resurfaced... As Klein looked at the High Priest with deep lines on his face, he said without batting an eyelid, "I believe they have already introduced me to you. I'm a missionary. I have come to this land to spread the light of the Lord."

The High Priest of Moon City, Nim, maintained his composure and used his gray eyes that were the same color as his long hair to look at Klein.

"Your Excellency, which existence do you believe in?"

Klein instinctively wanted to answer directly, but considering his identity as a missionary that he had set for himself previously, he held back his shame. With the ability of a Clown, he controlled his facial muscles and revealed a slightly fanatical expression.

"Please permit me to introduce you to my Lord, the savior of this land, the great Mr. Fool..."

The Fool... Moon City's High Priest, Nim, and the others didn't expect to hear such a word. For a moment, they found it strange, but for some reason, they felt that there was an infinite philosophy hidden within.

Finally, their attention was focused on the description:

"The savior of this land."

Nim couldn't help but turn his head to look at A'dal and the rest, observing their radiant faces.

As a Sequence 4 demigod, he knew very well that this was a result of the cleansing of the toxin and corruption accumulated within their bodies. Furthermore, the members of the hunting team had also been given excellent treatment. If he hadn't seen this group of young people grow up and remembered how they looked before the changes, he definitely wouldn't dare to confirm that they were residents of Moon City.

Seeing the High Priest look over, A'dal immediately said excitedly, "His Excellency Sparrow prayed for a deity's blessing to save us."

"Yes, we saw light! We felt warmth!" Xin, who was without a nose, added.

After the catharsis, she had unknowingly developed a certain belief towards the Lord that Gehrman Sparrow mentioned.

Compared to the Creator who had never responded to prayers and ignored the suffering that Moon City faced, this existence was more like a deity!

Rus and another member of the hunting team that went back to Moon City to inform the High Priest looked covetously at their former companions. They were both envious and had a yearning for the new life they had obtained.

The High Priest, Nim, retracted his gaze and looked at Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing strange clothes and a strange hat.

"Is the great Mr. Fool a deity in this world—no, from outside this cursed land?"

Klein nodded solemnly and slowly.

"Yes."

"Then… what about the great sun god who created everything?" Nim hesitated for a moment before asking the question he desired answers to the most.

Klein changed his tone to that of a charlatan and said, "The Kings betrayed that existence. Blood, anger, foulness, and shadows began to flow across this land, triggering a huge calamity."

Nim's pupils dilated slightly, as if he wanted to absorb more light to see the world in front of him.

With great difficulty, he tried his best to suppress something and asked, "Are you saying that the Lord perished because of this?"

"Not only did 'He' perish, but 'His' flesh and blood were also eaten by the traitors. This piece of land was cursed as a result." Taking advantage of the fact that he was in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, Klein boldly said this.

He didn't deliberately distinguish the Amon brothers from the other six Kings of Angels. He planned on making the residents of Moon City believe that all the Kings of Angels were traitors. This way, they wouldn't be fooled by Amon in the future.

Over the past half a year of traveling and the various experiments he undertook, he was convinced that the Forsaken Land of the Gods really was sealed. Or rather, it was isolated from the outside world. The only point of contact was either the exit of the Giant King's Court, or something at the level of Sefirah Castle. Therefore, using the Staff of the Stars here allowed him to move within the confines of the cursed land. He was unable to head to the scenes in the outside world as outlined in his mind.

In addition, the Box of the Great Old Ones was even suppressed and isolated for its historical projection. The moment the summoning succeeded, the projection would immediately be devoured by the environment. It was completely useless.

This made him suspect that even the third level of the Box of the Great Old Ones was a little dangerous for true deities such as the True Creator.

Upon hearing Gehrman Sparrow's words, the body of the High Priest of Moon City, Nim, trembled slightly as his pockmarked face instantly turned ashen.

The faces of the Beyonders behind him changed as well. It was as if they had suffered an extremely serious blow. One even showed signs of losing control.

Seeing this, Klein reached out his hand again and pulled out Life's Cane from the void, allowing it to fly through the air and accurately tap the target.

The signs of the Beyonder's losing control immediately vanished. His forehead was covered in sweat as if he had just overcome a major illness.

Following the removal of the historical projection, Life's Cane quickly faded away. As for the Beyonders of Moon City, they finally managed to break free from the grievous news. Some of them were filled with suspicion and disbelief, and others were whimpering softly. Some looked at Gehrman Sparrow with a lost look, as though he was their final hope.

At some point in time, Nim's eyes had already closed. Two or three seconds later, he opened them again and looked at Gehrman Sparrow.

“What else do you have to ask?”

In less than a minute, he looked like he had aged considerably. His body was beginning to show signs of decay and depression. However, it wasn’t completely without hope. It was as if the trees were rotting away, but they were beginning to give birth to new lives.

Klein half-turned and pointed at the coagulated gray fog with the lantern in his hand.

“Since when did you begin attempting to open this screen? What did you achieve?”

Nim said frankly, “In the beginning, it was the Lord’s revelation. While ‘He’ wanted us to watch over it, ‘He’ also wanted us to think of a way to pass through the fog.

“After the land was cursed, we used this to mainly guide us so as to seek hope. However, we ultimately didn’t achieve anything concrete. No matter what method we used, the solidified mist didn’t react…”

Upon saying that, he hesitated and said, “It’s not that there’s no reaction, but it wasn’t the reaction we wanted.”

Klein instantly saw hope and maintained his normal speaking pace as he asked, “What was the reaction?”

Seeing that the High Priest was somewhat hesitant and not answering immediately, Xin took the initiative to say, “High Priest, His Excellency Sparrow has already parted a portion of the fog, a depth deeper than what we managed over the past two to three thousand years!”

Nim couldn’t help but look deeply at Gehrman Sparrow before saying, “More than 1,730 years ago, the High Priest back then was inspired by the cruel fact that Moon City had failed to achieve anything in the past 2,000 years.

“He felt that we couldn’t treat this fog as a seal that needed to be broken through. Instead, it was to be treated as a great existence.

“He designed the honorific name, prayer stanza, and the corresponding symbols for this fog. He held repeated rituals here, attempting communication, and praying.”

...This is a train of thought that no normal person would’ve thought of... I didn’t think of it just now... Indeed, after all these years, there must have been many people with strange ideas in Moon City... Three thousand years of time isn’t for nothing... Klein sighed inwardly as he nodded slightly.

“Was there any feedback after that?”

With a nasal grunt as confirmation, Nim replied, “There was at one point when the High Priest changed the first sentence of the honorific name to ‘The Eternally Imperturbable Fog’... Then, during the subsequent ritual, he vaguely heard a series of voices coming from deep within the fog. Unfortunately, he couldn’t hear it clearly no matter how hard he tried, making it impossible to interpret it.

“From then on, the rituals we held were uncountable. We realized that a response wasn’t always guaranteed. Even if there was a response, it might not be a timely one. We needed to wait patiently.”

As the thoughts raced through his mind, Klein asked, “How many times does it roughly take to succeed?”

“There are no patterns. Sometimes, we succeed at once. Sometimes, we might not receive any feedback after a month,” Nim said with a sigh. “We have made many alterations, but they were all useless.”

“Did you hear what those voices said afterward?” Klein asked.

“No, maybe our Sequence isn’t high enough or we are still lacking in strength.” Nim shook his head.

If that’s the reason, I can give it a try… After hesitating for a few seconds, he politely asked, “May you hold the correct ritual again? I would like to hear those voices.”

This kind of politeness was something Nim couldn’t refuse, nor did he dare to refuse.

He hesitated for a moment and said, “Sure, but many of the materials are in Moon City. You need to wait for some time.”

After some thought, Klein asked, “Have you used those materials before?”

“Yes,” Nimu answered in confusion.

Klein nodded indifferently.

“Let’s just hold it now. Tell me when was the last time you used those materials and where they were nearby.”

Chapter 1214: Voice

After hearing the High Priest's reply, Klein held his lantern and walked twenty to thirty steps to the right, parallel to the grayish-white fog.

Then, he half-closed his eyes as though he was sensing something. This made the Moon City Beyonders behind him not dare to make a sound, afraid of disturbing the oracle.

After four to five seconds, Klein stretched out his right hand and slowly grabbed the air ahead.

An altar made of stone dropped into the real world. On it were three candles made of oil and seven to eight spiritual materials.

As a Sequence 4 demigod, Nim was taken aback. He found it difficult to believe his eyes.

Previously, he had seen Gehrman Sparrow take out his cane to treat his companion. He had only believed that Gehrman Sparrow possessed the powers of space or had received the favor of Mr. Fool. But now, his judgment had been completely overturned. This was because he found the altar, the few candles, and the spiritual materials very familiar.

They were all used by him once!

He actually managed to create something that I've used before? Is this a power that comes from history, a power that comes from time? Nim recalled the content of the remnant tomes in Moon City, and his understanding of demigods as he came to a preliminary guess.

At that moment, Klein turned around and looked at the High Priest.

“You may begin.”

Nim quietly drew a deep breath. Under the watchful eyes of the likes of the A’dal, Xin, and Rus, he walked to the altar and created a wall of spirituality.

After taking a look at the symbols, labels, and patterns engraved on the altar and confirming that there were no problems, he followed the process that had been engraved into his memories, and he began the ritual with great familiarity.

In the end, he bowed his head and chanted in a low voice:

“The Eternally Imperturbable Fog;

“A Barrier frozen in Space-Time;

“The Existence that contains Everything…”

Before the prayer ended, Klein had already placed his attention on the grayish-white fog, hoping to hear sounds coming from deep within.

For this, he had secretly controlled the large number of monster marionettes that walked in the surrounding darkness to separate. He spaced them out at a certain distance, hoping that he wouldn't miss any suspicious traces.

However, he didn't notice anything unusual until the ritual was completed.

After waiting for a while more, Klein cast his gaze at the High Priest of Moon City, Nim, and said calmly, "One more time."

…

Backlund, Empress Borough, in the Hall family's study.

After receiving permission, Audrey pushed open the door and walked in. Her father, Earl Hall, and her brother, Hibbert, were discussing some matters.

"Oh, baby, you don't look too well?" Earl Hall cast his gaze towards the door.

Audrey didn't act as she forced a smile and said, "There's a huge lack of food at the Poverty Relief Foundation. I would like to collect more. I visited many nobles today, but they told me that there's no more food left. It's the same even if I offered to buy it with gold pounds."

When these words were said, the nobles were either in a parlor or at a spot specially used for high tea. In front of them were high-quality black tea and many exquisite desserts. From time to time, they would invite Audrey to evaluate their dessert chef's culinary skills.

Their servants had rosy cheeks, and they took very light footsteps. They didn’t make a sound to prevent disturbing their guests.

“The current situation…” Earl Hall sighed when he heard that.

Audrey thought for a moment and said seriously, “Father, I remember that there should be quite a lot of food at home. Can I buy some of that with money?”

“Audrey, you’ve already done too much. There’s no need for you to do more,” Hibbert Hall said with a frown. As for Audrey, she only looked at her father and didn’t respond to her elder brother’s words.

Earl Hall’s expression that had relaxed after seeing his daughter became serious again.

“Audrey, the prerequisite for charity is not to affect your and your family’s life. This is a principle I wish for you to remember.”

Audrey, who was wearing a long, golden-white dress, relaxed her eyebrows and said sincerely, “Father, the amount of food we have stored at home is enough to last everyone in this house for an entire year, or even more. Besides, there’s also a lot of food over in East Chester County.”

As Winter County hadn’t completely fallen, the Feysac army that had invaded Midseashire didn’t attack East Chester County. As for the Feysac, Intis, and Feynapotter fleet, they were suppressed by the few ironclad warship fleets of Loen. They could only barely deal with the situation and protect the supply line at sea.

Seeing his daughter’s emerald-green eyes for a few seconds, he suddenly sighed and smiled.

“Audrey, you have really grown up. You have your own ideas and pretty commendable determination.

“However, we don’t know how long this war will last. We don’t know what the outcome will be. We have to leave a lot of food to deal with this.

“I can accept us having two less delicacies for every meal to help those who are in trouble, but I don’t want my dining table to become like what the newspaper says about the middle class. This will completely make us lose our dignity as nobles. This is something that we abide with every generation.

“Do you understand what I mean? I was just making an analogy. The essence of this is that I value the continuation and the future of the family line more. I value our status and standing. Only when it doesn’t affect them will I express my love and kindness.

“Audrey, what I said may be cruel, but you have already grown up. It’s time to hear this. Everyone is selfish, but at varying levels. In my heart, the entire Hall family is more important than me and your mother, yourself, Hibbert, and Alfred. Apart from these, it will first be faith and good friends. Next, it’s people we are acquainted with. Finally, it would be all of Backlund, those who are in need of help.

“If it doesn’t affect the ones first listed, I don’t mind helping them. Unfortunately, I have to consider even more things now.”

At this point, Earl Hall shook his head in a self-deprecating manner.

“I’m sorry to let you know that your father is such a selfish person.”

As Audrey listened to her father’s words, her expression changed slightly at first, but then it disappeared. Until the end, there were no additional emotions.

At that moment, she was silent for a moment before asking again, “…But we’ve already obtained a lot more than what we need. Can’t we even share a portion of it?”

Hibbert Hall interrupted angrily, “Why are you giving away the things we painstakingly obtained to others?

“This is produced from our land, farmland, and forests. This is what we bought with money. And these funds and assets were passed down the family. It was earned by Father’s acumen and powerful charisma. It was accumulated over generations.

“By doing charity to help others, it’s an additional display of love, not something that we have to do, do you understand?”

Earl Hall nodded.

“What Hibbert said is generally right. I share his thoughts as well.”

Audrey pursed her lips and slowly nodded.

“I understand…”

Earl Hall retracted his gaze and said to Hibbert, “We have to keep the food stored properly. If the outcome of the war cannot be reversed, try contacting the fellows from Intis and show them some of our sincerity.

“The battle has been going on for so long. Quite a number of people have died as well. Many fields have been abandoned, and the prices in the cities have soared. There must be a very high demand for food, cattle, and land. In addition, I have shares in the Intis Suchit Bank, as well as the shares in the Varvat Bank and Backlund Bank. I should be able to bribe them. Heh heh, in such times, only by satisfying these aspects can we talk about familial relationships.”

Intis and Loen often had marriage alliances. Many nobles were relatives, especially the believers of the God of Steam.

“Father, are you considering surrendering?” Hibbert asked in surprise.

Earl Hall nodded slightly and sighed again.

“How can I not consider it in light of the current situation?

“When the time comes, you will be the new Earl Hall.”

Hibbert’s heart palpitated when he heard that, but he was also puzzled.

“What about you, Father?”

Earl Hall replied with a bitter smile, “Both your mother and I are devout believers. We have a certain status in the Church. When Loen falls and the Church is destroyed, the outcome will not be good if we're still unwilling to step down."

At this point, he comforted his eldest son.

"As long as the Hall family is still around and the aristocratic title is still there, we won't lose much of our core assets. We won't be in such a miserable state for our advanced years. Remember to prepare a secret prayer room for us at home after you convert your faith to the God of Steam."

As the two of them conversed, Audrey, who was wearing a long, golden-white dress, watched quietly from the door. She was listening quietly, her green eyes shimmering like gems.

…

After repeated attempts, the projection of the altar vanished. The High Priest of Moon City, Nim, said to Gehrman Sparrow, who was holding the strange lantern, in deliberation, "It looks like it won't work today. We can try it tomorrow. It won't last more than two months."

At that moment, all Klein could think of was another question:

Could it be that the ritual was unsuccessful since it appears too perfunctory using Historical Void projections?

He reflected on himself deeply and decided to listen to the High Priest. They could try again tomorrow. When the time came, he would definitely get him to bring the real materials.

He was about to nod when he heard a faint voice.

The voice sounded from deep within the grayish-white fog. It was layered and indistinct.

It's effective? This ritual really does have an effect, but the delay is too great… Klein was delighted as he immediately raised his right hand and pressed down slightly, gesturing for the Beyonders of Moon City to be silent.

He immediately held his breath and focused on listening.

The voice that echoed within the grayish-white fog seemed to come from many different sources. They intertwined with each other, occasionally overlapping with each other in destructive interference and creating a resonance when in constructive interference.

Gradually, the voice became clearer in Klein's ears, especially when it resonated.

It seemed to be a language he was familiar with. It seemed like countless people were chanting a name together.

The name was:

"The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

Chapter 1215: Not Time Yet

“The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.”

When he heard the voices deep in the grayish-white mist, Klein trembled slightly as the back of his head turned numb.

This feeling quickly spread to every part of his body, causing tiny goosebumps to protrude on his skin.

This was the second time he had heard the name “The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings” in the real world. And the first time, it was said by Amon after “He” stole his thoughts. In fact, Amon didn’t know the exact meaning behind it, nor did “He” truly grasp the incantation.

Therefore, in essence, this was the first time.

At the borders of the legendary Western Continent, outside his hometown that had vanished, this was the first time that he heard the incantation that caused him to transmigrate into the real world. He heard one of the most important secrets hidden at the bottom of his heart and heard the oriental honorific name that was pointed at an unknown existence.

He stood there, his mind almost blank. His ears echoed with occasional sounds of chanting and shouting.

“The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings…

“The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings…

"The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings..."

When the voices became softer and softer until they almost disappeared, Klein finally recovered his train of thought.

As a fake god that had done a lot of "guilty matters," his first reaction was:

By changing 'The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings' to the 'King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck,' will I suffer divine punishment?

Back when he had set up the three-stanza honorific name of The Fool, the first stanza described his experience and state. Back then, he had thought that it was a transmigration, and he was afraid of exposing the problem. He had changed "The Fool from an alternate world" to "The Fool that doesn't belong to this era", but in the end, it pointed to his true nature. The second stanza was to bind the gray fog to him, making the direction clearer.

And in order to completely limit and not cause any ambiguity, Klein directly translated the last line of the incantation which was, "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

He originally thought that it was nothing, but later on, he suspected that his "transmigration" was a result of the former owner of the strange door of light in Sefirah Castle—The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. Or rather, it was a certain existence hiding "Their" true identity. Of course, it was also possible that the "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings" was the actual incarnation before creating another identity that suited the present world. As for what the identity was, Klein wasn't sure.

This was because he had never heard the honorific name of The

Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings elsewhere in the real world. Therefore, although there was suspicion and fear present, he didn't actually pay too much attention to it. It seemed like he was already used to it.

However, at that moment, the words "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings" were like salvos that kept blasting at his heart, bombarding his mind, causing all the concerns and fear that he had accumulated in his subconscious to surge out.

After regaining his composure, he began to force himself to use his rationality to think about his current situation:

Is this chanting hidden in the grayish-white fog, or is it from the vanished Western Continent?

I already thought that this fog's color and state is very close to the one below Sefirah Castle… Its power comes from "history"? One has to have the correct powers over "time" to open it?

Queen of Calamity Cohinem once said that the Western Continent would definitely reappear at the dawn of the apocalypse… In other words, only by pushing "time" towards that temporal node would the grayish-white fog come alive. Only then would it be possible to use the corresponding incantation to open it?

The person who made the Western Continent vanish, seal it, or create a protective quarantine… is The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, the existence suspected to be the previous owner of Sefirah Castle?

According to all the clues, Sefirah Castle and the rest were left behind by the original Creator. They were created by the various parts of "His" body, or something that "He" personally created…

The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings is equivalent to the former owner of Sefirah Castle, and also equivalent to the original Creator? However, Sefirah Castle existed only after the original Creator split. Furthermore, the chants of The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings only point to Sefirah Castle and don't affect places like the Chaos Sea...

Also, the disappearance of the Western Continent is definitely something from before the Second Epoch. As an ancient god, even Elf King Soniathrym was unable to return to "His" hometown...

In other words, in the chaotic and crazy First Epoch or even before then, the original Creator—the Oldest One—had split into objects like Chaos Sea and Sefirah Castle. More things happened before the ancient gods were born? These matters caused the Western Continent to vanish, and the former owner of Sefirah Castle to disappear?

The prophecy of the ancient sun god—the City of Silver's Creator—is also very interesting. It says that someone will walk out of this grayish-white fog, so "He" sent people to stay in Moon City and guard this place. Strictly speaking, I actually come from the Western continent or this grayish-white fog. However, I left the Western Continent to enter Sefirah Castle in a time long before the ancient sun god's prediction. The year I left the grayish-white fog was 1349 and found myself in Loen...

Yes, after going around in circles, I came here again and met with the people from Moon City... The ancient sun god's prophecy really has come true. It's just that the process is a little twisted and complicated, but the way it was achieved is rather unexpected...

As he pondered, his mood gradually improved. This was because the situation at the scene and his spiritual intuition had told him that there were still civilizations in the Western Continent that were isolated by the grayish-white fog. Many people were still alive.

This method of making the Western Continent vanish reminds me of the ritual for Miracle Invoker, as well as using the power of space-time. They are mainly from the Apprentice and Marauder pathways... So, the previous owner of Sefirah Castle, The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings, corresponds to these three neighboring pathways? Klein reined in his thoughts as he took two steps forward.

He then turned around and said to Nim and the rest, "I heard the voice clearly."

"...What are they saying?" Nim's grayish-white eyes suddenly widened, his deeply pockmarked face filled with excitement.

A'dal, Xin, Rus, and company had similar reactions, ones that were even more intense.

Even their bodies began to tremble.

This was a problem that had troubled the residents of Moon City for more than a thousand years. Resolving this problem was a symbol of escaping their current predicament!

Klein took a deep breath and said in the tone of a charlatan, "They are praying to my Lord."

This was definitely not a lie. After all, as The Fool, he had already gained initial mastery of Sefirah Castle. The last sentence of his honorific name was the "King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck," which was equivalent to "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

Nim and company fell silent. When they looked back at Klein, their eyes were filled with obvious respect and fear.

Together with the "miracles" Klein had displayed, they gradually viewed Mr. Fool as their savior.

Klein surveyed the area and said, "Retreat at least a hundred meters."

"Alright, Your Excellency." The High Priest, Nim, agreed without hesitation.

After the Moon City's Beyonders had retreated to a sufficient distance, Klein reached into the void with his right hand and quickly dragged out another projection of himself as his actual body disappeared.

Right on the heels of that, the Historical Void projection of Klein walked to the front of the solidified grayish-white fog. He extended his right hand and pressed it down.

It was as if there was an invisible barrier that was slightly cold, blocking everything.

After staring at it for two seconds, Klein opened his mouth, suppressed his voice, and recited in Chinese, "The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings."

As his voice echoed out, the grayish-white fog in front of him didn't react at all. It remained still and frozen.

He waited for nearly a minute. After some thought, he took a deep breath and muttered again:

“The Immortal Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings;

“The Sky Lord of Heaven and Earth for Blessings;

“The Exalted Thearch of Heaven and Earth for Blessings;

“The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.”

This was the complete incantation of the luck enhancement ritual.

As the last word was said, Klein’s right hand that was pressing on the invisible barrier suddenly felt an obvious tremble.

The gray fog began to shake as though a boulder had been thrown into a lake.

The ripples quickly spread, overlapping each other as they formed a “door” in front of him.

A bolt of lightning streaked across the sky, illuminating the scene. Not far away, the pupils of the Moon City Beyonders widened as they were unable to shift their eyes away.

Amongst them, the ones who arrived later felt their hearts waver after witnessing such a scene. They found it impossible to contain themselves.

To them, this was undoubtedly a miracle!

Klein held his breath as he waited for the door to take shape. However, the ripples finally calmed down. They were only a step away from success.

"…" After a moment of silence, Klein repeated the incantations again. However, even if the ripples in the grayish-white fog didn't disappear, they were unable to truly outline the door.

For a moment, he wanted to attempt with the complete ritual procedure. In other words, he would place four portions of food and recite the incantations while taking four steps counterclockwise. But very quickly, he was amused by his idea.

Because by doing this, he would enter Sefirah Castle without opening the invisible barrier here.

After exhaling, Klein took out a gold coin from the void and used divination to confirm that the effects of the complete ritual would be as he imagined.

It really isn't time yet because the apocalypse hasn't dawned on us? Klein looked at the grayish-white fog in front of him for a few minutes without any movement.

When a bolt of lightning tore through the sky and illuminated his face, he turned around and walked in front of the Moon City High Priest, Nim, with the lantern in hand. He said calmly, "It hasn't reached the correct point in time to open it, as spoken in the revelation. There's more than a decade of waiting left."

Without waiting for any response from the likes of Nim, A'dal, and the rest, Klein pointed to the nearby darkness with his empty right hand.

“I will be meditating here for some time. If you want to experience the radiance of the Lord and listen to ‘His’ teachings, you can come here anytime whenever the lightning frequency is high.

“I’ll do a single purification and treatment session every day, at a time when the lightning is most frequent.”

He didn’t attempt to get the residents of Moon City to convert their faiths, nor did he plan on heading directly to the city or ask about any specific information. He wanted to give them some time to take things in.

Nim secretly heaved a sigh of relief and replied with increasingly great respect, “I will pass on your words to everyone.”

Chapter 1216: Patience Will Ultimately Pay Off

City of Silver, at the top of the spire, in the Chief's room.

With white hair and an old scar on his face, Colin Iliad looked out of the window at the deep darkness. It was only when a silvery-white light suddenly burst out from afar, bringing a few seconds of light, that he retracted his gaze and nodded slightly.

Chirmont has succeeded in advancing…

His gaze landed on the two-meter-tall youth standing in the middle of the room.

"Derrick, do you know why I kept delaying the subsequent plans and didn't implement them after the first exploration of the Giant King's Court, despite already becoming a Sequence 3 Silver Knight?"

Derrick thought for a moment and said, "Your Excellency, on the one hand, you wish to see if there are any other paths you can take to the seaside. On the other hand, you are waiting for the other Elders of the six-member council to advance to Sequence 3."

And now, both matters were completed.

Nearly five months ago, an expedition team of the City of Silver discovered a hidden path. From there, they circled around the mountain where the Giant King's Court was located, and they arrived at the sea. However, the sea was illusory, and there was no way to pass through it. Forcefully entering the water only caused bodies to gradually crumble.

Now, another demigod of the six-member council, Waite Chirmont, had finally advanced, becoming a Sequence 3 Silver Knight. He could have an honorific name and receive the prayers of the other residents of the City of Silver within a certain range.

Colin Iliad sighed and said, “Very good. You have a very well-rounded understanding of the situation.

“If I had a choice, I truly do not wish to bring you to the Giant King’s Court again and attempt to open the palace where Dark Angel lays in slumber…”

At this point, Demon Hunter Colin paused for a moment before continuing, “I do not know what danger such an expedition will bring. I can only make ample preparations in advance. Now, Chirmont has finally succeeded. Even if an accident happens later and we are unable to return, he and the other Elders will be able to support the City of Silver, allowing everything to continue on as we await the next opportunity.”

He sized up Derrick for a few seconds before nodding in acknowledgment.

“Your growth is even better than I expected. If not for the fact that the Giant King’s Court matter originated because of you, I’d really want to keep you in the City of Silver and be an understudy Elder of the six-member council.”

Upon hearing this, Derrick Berg replied without hesitation, “Even if you wish to keep me here in the City of Silver, I would still apply to go.”

This was a glimmer of hope that he had seen. This was an opportunity in his heart that could save the City of Silver. He was willing to sacrifice everything for it.

Colin Iliad gave a rare smile.

“You are still too young. After you experience many things like me, you will understand that compared to drawing your sword and sacrificing your blood in a zealous fervor, enduring humiliation and helplessness, and persisting in the darkness is even more difficult and painful.

“If you don’t believe me, you can ask Chirmont later. Ask him if he is willing to lead an expedition team to the Giant King’s Court, or stay in the City of Silver.”

Derrick fell into silence, his mouth agape, but not a single word came out of it.

Colin Iliad didn’t continue on this topic and instead asked, “Have you completely digested the Priest of Light potion?”

“I digested it completely last week,” Derrick replied frankly.

Colin Iliad nodded and said, “Have you gathered all the supplementary ingredients?”

Derrick acknowledged tersely.

“I’ve gathered all of them. I’m just short of preparing the ritual.”

His ritual required him to extract the strongest emotions that he was unwilling to abandon, before injecting them again after consuming the potion.

After a few gatherings with the Tarot Club, as well as Miss Justice's private attempts, they had already come up with a well-formulated plan.

He was to complete it by relying on this Sequence 4 Manipulator's control of the psyche domain, and Mr. Fool's Angel's Embrace.

Demon Hunter Colin didn't rush him as he calmly said, "Don't be anxious. The second exploration of the Giant King's Court will still take some time."

"Until I become an Unshadowed?" Derrick asked.

Colin Iliad didn't deny it as he nodded slightly.

"I'm also waiting for Lovia to become a Black Knight. Her ingredients and ritual have been prepared."

Upon hearing this, Derrick immediately felt pressured.

…

At the capital of the Rorsted Archipelago, City of Generosity, Bayam. At the top of the bell tower of the City of Generosity.

The cardinal of the Church of Storms, the high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Sea King Jahn Kottman, stood behind the railing, looking at the sea which was no longer that blue. There was wreckage floating above it, burning with the remains of ships.

“Humph, in my territory at sea, even a War Bishop has to bow his head…” The muscular demigod with a chiseled face retracted his gaze as he muttered.

He had a head of dark blue hair and a pair of deep blue eyes that were as thick as a worm. He controlled the weather and sea around the Rorsted Archipelago.

Alger Wilson, who was standing beside the Sea King, didn’t show any signs of frustration. He patiently waited until Jahn Kottman turned his attention onto him.

Aside from most of the Beyonders of the Sailor pathway being bad-tempered, they often trembled in submission when facing High-Sequence Beyonders of the same pathway. This was a characteristic of a “Tyrant.”

After muttering to himself, Sea King Jahn Kottman finally cast his gaze at Alger, who was leading a “pirate” fleet. He said without any expression, “Your performance this time was remarkable. The Council of Cardinals has passed your review and has decided that I will preside over your advancement ritual.”

After receiving the item left behind by Queen of Calamity Cohinem, Alger found an opportunity to report the matter to Sea King Jahn Kottman.

Apart from two details that he modified, he had given an honest account of the exploration of the elven ruins from the time he arrived in the primitive forest of Sonia Island.

Firstly, he claimed that he had headed for the elven ruins as part of him taking the initiative to ambush the Feysacian troops. They had specially looked for a suitable venue, and there were many sailors present to verify it.

The second was to lessen the autonomy of the subsequent actions. He only claimed that he dreamed of a female high elf on the night of his exploration of the ruins. Nothing abnormal happened after he drank a glass of wine from her, so he hadn't paid too much attention to it. When he came to the Rorsted Archipelago and woke up one night from his sleep, he suddenly realized that he had entered a magnificent palace at the bottom of the sea, and had picked up a sparking coral.

Although many aspects of the evidence and physical evidence had indicated that Alger's description was real, Sea King Jahn Kottman didn't fully believe it. He was sent back to Pasu Island to be investigated by the pontiff, Gaard II.

With the help of "Angel's Embrace," Alger looked like he was trembling in front of the Tyrant's aura. Without holding back, he explained that he had developed a certain degree of ambition after meeting the female high elf in his dreams. For this, he had taken the initiative to head to the Rorsted Archipelago in hopes of receiving her inheritance, but in reality, he had covered up the core secrets and the most serious problem.

He had used the method of confessing his "ambition" to pass the investigation. As for the female high elf, whether it was a result of him having some elven blood that a fortuitous encounter was given to him, or if she had any hidden motives, he claimed that he was unsure. He hoped that the pontiff could figure out the answer to lessen his worries.

Alger displayed his fear of the unknown, making the cardinals believe that this was the main reason why he had reported the fortuitous encounter.

This proposal was designed by Alger himself, but with Miss Justice's suggestions, it was tweaked to be more in line with human nature.

Of course, as expected, Alger didn't receive the advancement ritual. Instead, he entered an inspection period.

The pontiff of the Church of Storms, the Grounded Angel, had reinforced the seal in Alger's body, preventing the Cataclysmic Interrer characteristic from seeping out for two years and affecting him.

In the past half a year, Alger had led the pirate fleet that had been assigned to him. He had worked hard to harass the ships of Feysac and Feynapotter. He had even participated in sea battles, taking great risks and making numerous contributions. This fully expressed his devotion to the Lord of Storms, as well as his submission to the orders given by the Church.

Finally, after this Rorsted sea battle, the situation had escalated. His patience paid off as the Council of Cardinals acknowledged him.

Alger took a deep breath and struck his right fist to his left breast, shouting loudly, "Holy Lord of Storms!"

His agitation was half an act, while the other half came from the bottom of his heart. This was because in the past half-year, he had suffered quite a bit of pressure.

Ma'am Hermit had already finished digesting the Mysticologist potion and was preparing to advance to Sequence 3, Clairvoyant;

Although Miss Justice had yet to fully digest the Manipulator potion, she had made significant progress. Furthermore, she was a complete rookie when she first joined the Tarot Club. Now, she had become a true demigod. She wasn't just a Sequence higher than Alger, but a whole tier;

Before long, The Sun could advance to Sequence 4, Unshadowed, and obtain godhood;

The Star had also finished digesting the Sequence 5 potion and had accumulated a significant amount of contributions. He was just waiting for the higher-ups to give him a chance;

Miss Magician wasn't far from digesting her potion after "Traveling" time and time again. Furthermore, her teacher had prepared the corresponding Sequence 4 Secrets Sorcerer ingredients for her;

There was no need to mention The World Gehrman Sparrow. Even if he were to suddenly inform them that he was an angel, Alger wouldn't find it surprising;

Miss Judgment was currently a Sequence 5 Disciplinary Paladin. She was digesting the potion and was trying her best to keep up with everyone's progress;

The Moon, who didn't like to work hard, became anxious as a result and was seeking to become a Sanguine Earl.

Faced with such a situation, as one of the most senior members of the Tarot Club, Alger naturally didn’t wish to be left behind. He desperately wished to advance to Sequence 4 and become a demigod.

So many days had gone by; yet, he suppressed his anxiety and patiently waited. There were two instances where he showed signs of losing control which required him to hire Miss Justice to treat him.

And now, he finally got the answer he wanted the most:

He had passed the assessment and was to prepare for the ritual!

Chapter 1217: The Five Mush and Two Rooms

Moon City.

Many humans walked out of buildings which stood unusually sturdily despite having mottled surfaces. Some of them were obviously deformed, while others had already developed some abnormalities.

The humans looked at each other and noticed some confusion on each other's faces.

There were still two to three months before the Sun Sacrifice. Why was the High Priest summoning everyone to the square?

Could something have happened? The residents of Moon City were filled with anxiety, fear, and confusion as they entered the only square from every street.

At this moment, the high platform was empty. The person who had convened them appeared to have not arrived.

The residents of Moon City gathered together in a very orderly manner according to their respective zones, and they discussed amongst each other in whispers.

"Why isn't the High Priest here yet?"

"Doesn't he like to wait and not want others to wait for him?"

"What happened exactly? Why did he suddenly gather all the city's residents aside from the guards?"

…

Amidst the voices, at the top of a tower near the square, High Priest Nim leaned against the wall and looked at the square from behind the crystal glass with a twisted expression as he endured something.

His grayish-white hair flared up as a bunch of short black hair grew on his face. His ribs and waist were squirming, forming a swollen patch.

These abnormal changes would disappear and occasionally appear. It was as if he was suffering from relapses again and again. His entire being was sinister and terrifying.

After about a minute, he finally calmed down. He let out a long breath and wiped the cold sweat on his forehead.

Just now, he had been resisting the madness that had accumulated in his body.

In fact, no matter which Beyonder pathway it was, the higher the Sequence, the greater the insanity and inhuman inclinations one had. This gradually exceeded one's own humanity. One had to rely on external anchors to maintain a balance.

Normally, such situations weren't obvious at Sequence 4 and Sequence 3. And at the level of an angel, even if there were enough anchors to stabilize them, they would fall into darkness from time to time. In the negative and abnormal states, one had to endure and resist on their own, waiting for them to ease up.

They were like a sacred and solemn existence who might appear unproblematic normally. They could respond to prayers, chat normally, and even joke. However, at times, they could only hide in dark rooms and in the shadows. They tore off the surface of their skin, revealing a sinister side that showed signs of madness.

As Nim often ate monster flesh, he had accumulated a lot of toxins, corruption, and madness. This forced him to endure such pain despite being a Sequence 4.

Of course, those who didn't know the acting method and relied on time or luck to advance to Sequence 4 and Sequence 3 would also share the same fate.

After composing himself, he turned and left the room. With the help of an illusory door, he appeared on the high platform in the middle of the square.

After the discussions died down, the residents of Moon City cast doubtful and uneasy gazes at the High Priest.

Nim looked around and directly said, "The hunting team led by A'dal met an outsider."

An outsider! The eyes of the residents of Moon City suddenly widened as though it was a bolt from out of the blue.

This was the first time in two thousand years for Moon City to encounter an outsider! Of course, this was referring to human interaction and not monsters.

Nim took a deep breath and continued, “He claims to be a missionary who’s here to spread the light of a deity. He caused the grayish-white fog to undergo obvious changes. He cleansed A’dal and the others of the corruption and toxins accumulated within them. Also, he treated their physical mutations.”

As he spoke, he nodded to the side of the platform, and A’dal and Xin, who were hiding in the shadows, immediately passed through the row of torches and walked to his side, using their own conditions to prove what the High Priest had just said.

“Oh my…”

“God!”

“Is that A’dal and Xin?”

“They really, really…”

Exclamations sounded out as surprise and shock mixed together into something almost physical.

A’dal and Xin exchanged looks, took two steps forward, and recounted what their hunting team encountered.

The crowd heard about the tiny flame that appeared in the darkness, the cross that emitted a bright light, the cane that could cure any mutations and ailments, the parting of the grayish-white fog, as well as the appearance of the door. Upon hearing the hunting team’s delightful description of their excellent condition, the residents of Moon City gradually fell silent.

Some of them had already unknowingly teared up—a result of the extreme fatigue and repression. Finally, they saw a ray of light.

The tears carried a mild and salty feeling as they flowed past their faces, slipping across the corner of their lips and dripping onto the ground.

In addition, a person who was still rational and clear-headed raised his arm to express his opinion.

“Could that missionary be a special monster from deep within the darkness?”

“Are A’dal and Xin acting like this because they’ve already been controlled and influenced?”

After the wave of doubt calmed down, Nim said in a deep and clear voice, “I’ve checked them and have also used the Sealed Artifacts. I haven’t found anything unusual for the time being.

“I will let them remain in the black tower and undergo at least fifteen days of quarantine.”

After making the promise, he paused and said, “That missionary named Gehrman Sparrow will be meditating in the vicinity of the grayish-white fog for some time. He has permitted us to experience the glory of the god he believes in, and listen to the corresponding teachings. And every day, at the time when the lightning frequency is highest, he will provide cleansing and treatment.

“Everyone can make their own decision on heading over there, but they have to report their decision in advance and follow instructions. No one is to act on their own accord and affect the city's defenses. After they return, they will be quarantined for fifteen days like A'dal and Xin."

The residents of Moon City fell silent. They looked at each other, unable to make up their minds.

At this moment, Rus and another member of the hunting team, who had previously missed the cleansing and treatment because of their choice to return to inform the High Priest, stepped forward.

"High Priest, I'm going!"

"Alright, I'll lead this… team tomorrow." Nim nodded and agreed.

He had originally planned to give this team a name, but he failed to come up with a good description. He could only stammer and skip it.

In his heart, there was actually a name, but he didn't dare say it out loud. It was: Pilgrimage.

With Rus and company leading the way, several Moon City residents stood forward, indicating that they were willing to take the risk.

When the frequency of lightning increased, it was the dawn of a brand new day. A group of seven to eight Moon City residents carried animal hide lanterns and began to traverse the darkness, heading towards the periphery of the grayish-white fog.

After darkness and light exchanged countless times, Rus and company's eyes suddenly lit up.

It was a bonfire that was slowly burning. Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing strange clothes and a strange hat, sat on the other side of it. He held an iron-black long skewer and was roasting something.

There were corpses of monsters lying around the bonfire. On these corpses, there were all sorts of strange objects. Some of them were white and full, as if they would spew out liquids the moment they were poked. Some of them were black, embedded with blood-colored lines and marbling. Some were covered with golden spots, while the tops were the size of a palm...

These items were densely packed, covering the different parts of the monster's corpse. They had a strange and alluring beauty to them.

After taking a few steps forward, High Priest Nim noticed that Gehrman Sparrow was roasting one of the strange objects. Drops of oil dripped down and produced sizzling sounds in the fire, brightening the light and allowing an alluring fragrance to spread.

Gulp. The residents of Moon City swallowed their saliva instinctively as they developed an irresistible urge to eat.

Every cell of theirs was screaming crazily:

I wish to eat it!

I want to eat it!

Give it to me!

Sitting on a rock, Klein raised his head and pointed at the colorful objects growing on the corpses of the monsters around him. He said in a deep voice, “These are called mushrooms. They’re divided into different types. If you’re willing, you can pick and eat them yourself, but do not touch the black ones. Furthermore, they have to be thoroughly cooked before you can eat them. Otherwise, you will encounter a terrifying curse.”

The High Priest of Moon City thought for a moment and replied on behalf of the others, “We would like to first listen to your Lord’s teachings and experience ‘His’ radiance.”

With a slight nod, Klein said as he rotated the long barbecue skewer that he had summoned from the Historical Void, “You may sit down and listen.”

When the eight Moon City residents sat opposite the bonfire, he said with a solemn expression, “I came from the Giant King’s Court.”

This was a term that all the residents of Moon City were familiar with. Their spirits were instantly lifted as they cast their attention away from the items above the burning fire and cast it at Gehrman Sparrow.

Following that, Klein described the situation outside the City of Silver and the situation beyond the cursed land. He also shared with them his sightings of city ruins along the way.

The residents of Moon City sighed when they heard this. Sometimes, they looked forward to it, but sometimes they found it hard to believe. At times, they could empathize with it and be filled with sorrow.

Halfway through his sentence, Klein suddenly stopped. He retracted the black long metal skewer, brought it to his mouth, and bit down on a mushroom.

Thick meat juices seeped out and, with a slightly scorching feeling, cleansed his mouth.

After spending half a year in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, Klein had already overcome his disgust towards mushrooms. After all, Danitz was often tasked by him with things to do. He was unable to meticulously prepare food and sacrifice things to him. During this period, he could only rely on mushrooms for sustenance.

He closed his eyes in satisfaction and handed over the long, black skewer. He smiled and said, “You can try some.”

High Priest Nim was still hesitant when Rus reached out his hand. As he expressed his gratitude, he got a mushroom and put it into his mouth.

He ate too quickly, so much so that his mouth was scalded. However, after his expression twisted, it suddenly froze.

Following that, his expression slowly relaxed as he gradually revealed a sense of intoxication, pleasure, and yearning.

In the end, Rus’s tears flowed out unknowingly as he muttered in a deep, choking voice, “This is the best and most superb food I’ve ever eaten…”

Even though their taste for food had changed after generations, humans couldn’t adapt to food with toxins and madness. They still yearned for sugar and fat.

At that moment, all the residents of Moon City could tell that Rus was moved.

Chapter 1218: Clue

“Give it a try too.” Klein handed the iron-black long skewer to the other residents of Moon City.

Their throats bobbed up and down as they couldn’t help but swallow another mouthful of saliva. However, they didn’t immediately respond. All of them cast their gazes at the High Priest, waiting for him to nod.

In his animal hide clothes, Nim took out an item. It looked like a magnifying glass with a handle.

At a glance, Klein almost imagined that he had seen a monocle. This fright made his heart skip a beat. Thankfully, he managed to control himself in time to confirm the details.

Holding the metallic handle, he placed the glass object in front of his right eye and observed Rus for a few seconds through the lens.

After a brief silence, he put down the item and nodded at the other Moon City residents.

People other than Rus finally reached out their hands and carefully removed a mushroom from the iron-black long skewer and stuffed it into their mouths.

The item that was void of nauseous smells and foulness made them instantly become intoxicated. Without caring about the scorching feeling in their oral cavities, they swallowed the mushrooms into their stomachs and instinctively reached out for another one.

However, all the mushrooms on the iron-black long skewer had already been distributed.

Nim retracted his gaze from the iron-black long skewer and waited for Gehrman Sparrow to continue explaining his experiences and The Fool's teachings.

Klein looked around and repeated the words he had previously said:

"The surrounding mushrooms can be taken at any time, apart from the pure black ones. In addition, they have to be fully cooked before they can be eaten. Otherwise, you will be cursed."

The residents of Moon City no longer hesitated. They immediately stood up and chose the mushrooms that they had been longing for.

With a glance, Klein added, "When the white mushrooms are cooked, they easily split open and have liquids flow out. You need to prepare some containers or drink them once that happens."

Without waiting for Rus and company to respond, he continued the topic that he had previously stopped mid-explanation. He went on until he mentioned how he heard the voices in the grayish-white fog chant Mr. Fool's honorific name.

Seeing that High Priest Nim so absorbed by his tales, to the point of being a little moved, Klein deliberated and said, "There are still many ways to make the grayish-white fog react, but they are all related to my Lord."

This was a reasonable guess. This was because not only was there one hanging person, but there wasn't only one way to enter the world above the gray fog. If Emperor Roselle had brought the mysterious silver plate that he had replicated here, there was a high chance that the invisible barrier would produce an anomaly. Of course, the prerequisite was that the Emperor belonged to one of the three pathways of Seer, Apprentice, or Marauder.

Seeing that there were no doubts from the others, Klein said warmly, "According to my observations, there isn't only one Beyonder pathway in Moon City."

The grizzled Nim didn't hide it from him and simply replied, "Yes, when we were selected to come to Moon City, the Oracle had intentionally ensured that there was a comprehensive record of Beyonder pathways. Unfortunately, after all these years and the repeated disasters, many of the potion formulas and Beyonder ingredients of the various pathways have been lost."

"Which pathway are you from?" Klein asked casually as he looked at the residents of Moon City using monster bones to roast the mushrooms.

"I'm a Nightwatcher," Nim said frankly.

Sequence 4 Nightwatcher of the Evernight pathway? Klein nodded slightly and asked, "Did anything unusual happen near this grayish-white fog?"

After pondering for about ten seconds, Nim with his pockmarked face said, "Yes."

Klein's heart stirred as he calmly asked, "What kind of abnormality was it?"

Nim glanced at the mushrooms that emitted fragrant smells, and he deliberated over his words.

“A small hill suddenly disappeared, leaving only a deep crater in the ground.

“There were no signs of an explosion in that area, nor was there any soil scattered around.”

What’s going on? That’s a little bizarre… As he threw the mushroom’s roots into the fire to turn them into fuel for the flames, Klein asked without any change in expression, “Did you investigate further?”

“Yes.” The High Priest of Moon City nodded and said, “An investigation team encountered a demonic wolf there. It wasn’t a demonic wolf that has already rotted or mutated, but the kind of demonic wolf from a long time ago.”

Demonic wolf? Klein didn’t expect to hear such information. His pupils changed slightly as he asked, “What did that demonic wolf look like?”

Nim unconsciously took a deep breath and said, “It’s the same as the demonic wolves described in ancient literature, but it’s even bigger. Even though it’s eight legs are on the ground, it’s still as tall as two or three people combined.

“Its fur wasn’t pure black. It exuded a dark and deep feeling. Its eyes were very strange. The pupils—black pupils—took up a large part of the eyes. Also, there was a tuft of gray short hair on its head…”

This… Isn't that the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar? It actually came to the far east of the Forsaken Land of the Gods, and was involved in an anomaly? If the power of the Western Continent's disappearance really comes from Sefirah Castle, it would still be quite normal for it to attract the Mythical Creatures that corresponded to Miracle Invoker… Klein frowned slightly and said, "It didn't attack your investigation team?"

Klein had deliberately used "it" instead of "He" to prevent frightening the residents of Moon City.

In his opinion, it was very easy for the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar, to wipe out an investigation team. It didn't even need to pay a huge price to turn the city into "His" marionette kingdom. Yet, this Mythical Creature had apparently spared Moon City.

If not for the Spirit Body Threads that he had seen in advance and that he confirmed their conditions, Klein would've suspected that he was only talking to a few marionettes.

"No, it left in a hurry," Nim replied.

This doesn't match the suspicious and cautious nature of the Dark Demonic Wolf… What frightened "Him" so much that he fled in such a hurry? "He" didn't even have the time to silence the people who saw "Him"… Or rather, there's something special about the people guarding Moon City under the ancient sun god's revelation, and unless it's necessary, the Dark Demonic Wolf wouldn't attack them? Klein continued without any change in his tone, "Did it leave any tracks?"

"No." Nim firmly shook his head. "Other than the hill turning into a deep crater, we didn't discover anything unusual."

As his thoughts raced, Klein tried to ask from another angle.

"When did this happen?"

The more he understood an object from the past, the more he could make contact with it in the fog of history.

After some thought, Nim said, "Two years ago, two months, and ten days ago."

He immediately explained, "There are too few things worth recording. It left a deep impression on me."

Two years ago, two months and ten days ago… Currently, it's 8th September 1351, and subtracting that time, it would be 28th June 1349… This… Klein's right hand suddenly trembled slightly.

His pupils and his expression were normal, but this was a result of using his Clown powers to control them.

He remembered very clearly that on 28th June 1349, he had "transmigrated." It was the day he became Klein Moretti, it was the day he repeated the luck enhancement ritual and entered Sefirah Castle!

The abnormality here, the appearance of the Dark Demonic Wolf, and the hasty departure of this Mythical Creature were all related to me? A huge wave of emotions surged through his heart.

For a moment, he couldn't find an explanation and pretended that nothing had happened. He thought for a moment and asked, "Did something similar happen in the past two to three thousand years?"

"No." Nim gave a clear answer.

"What about two hundred and eight years ago? Did anything special happen?" Klein asked.

That was the time when Emperor Roselle "transmigrated" to this world.

After hesitating for two seconds, Nim said, "I can't tell you the answer. I need to go back and read the corresponding records.

"Thankfully, the information and documents in the past three centuries haven't been damaged."

At this point, he added, "My limited impression tells me that there shouldn't be anything special."

If that's the case, then the cause of this anomaly was because I entered the world above the gray fog and bound Sefirah Castle to myself? Klein nodded slightly and didn't ask further. He simply said, "Tell me where the crater is."

By the time the High Priest, Nim, gave an answer, the mushrooms that the residents of Moon City had grilled could be eaten. Some of them took a small bite of the white mushrooms and were scalded by the milk inside. They couldn't bear to spit it out. Some chewed repeatedly, reminiscing over the faint sweetness. Some of them couldn't stop eating at all.

Nim was taken aback by what he saw, as though he couldn't believe that these people were from Moon City.

Every one of them was showing the conflicted looks of having cravings and being satisfied. Their expressions looked twisted, but they were brimming with pure joy.

“High Priest, try it as well.” Rus, whose eyes were very close to each other, handed a mushroom covered in golden spots that emitted a unique and sweet fragrance to Nim.

After hesitating for a moment, Nim carefully used the “magnifying glass” to take a look before taking the mushroom and stuffing it into his mouth.

In the next second, his expression changed slightly as he slowly closed his eyes.

He had a taste of something similar from some mutated tree roots, but it wasn’t as pure or memorable.

After an unknown period of time, he looked at the indifferent Gehrman Sparrow and said with an abnormally sincere tone, “Your Excellency, we would like to listen to Mr. Fool’s teachings.”

I haven’t had the time to make it up yet… However, as I’m getting closer and closer to being an angel, the corresponding matters should be prioritized… The anchors need to be prepared in advance… As his thoughts raced, Klein recalled what he had said when he had tricked—no, come up with to reform the believers of Sea God.

His expression quickly turned solemn as he raised his right hand and grabbed at the void. He pulled out a cross covered in bronze and sharp spikes.

Following that, he pressed his right thumb onto a thorn, letting the blood enter the Unshadowed Crucifix.

The bronze-green surface of the Unshadowed Crucifix quickly peeled off, revealing a body made of pure sunlight.

“God said…” Klein opened his mouth and said in a low voice as he raised the resplendent cross in his hand a lot higher.

Warm and bright light surged out like a tidal wave, instantly filling the surrounding area.

The darkness and discomfort accumulated in the bodies of Nim, Rus, and company began to rapidly melt away; It was as if their bodies were being cleansed.

They were in a daze when they heard the oracle, who was holding the resplendent cross and covered in holy radiance, solemnly say, “God said…

“First Commandment: Thou shalt not sacrifice unto me living human sacrifices.”

“Second Commandment: Thou shalt not use my name in vain.

Chapter 1219: Changing the Goal

In the Fog Sea, which hadn't been engulfed by war, the Future slowly began to sail towards the Berserk Sea amidst a convoy of ships.

Admiral of Stars Cattleya hadn't had much to do recently. All she had to do was wait for the Moses Ascetic Order to respond to her request. As she strolled the deck, she enjoyed the sunlight that shone through the thin mist.

With a sweep of her gaze, she saw Frank Lee.

This first mate of the Future, the second most important person of the Star Pirates, was wearing light blue pants and a white shirt with the top two buttons unbuttoned, revealing thick brown chest hair. He was like a humanoid giant bear.

He stood at the bow of the boat, looking into the distance. It was unknown what he was thinking, but he looked rather down.

Cattleya involuntarily slowed down a little as she turned to enter the cabin.

"Captain!" Frank noticed her and looked over with anticipation, as though he was waiting for this Admiral of Stars to answer his questions.

Cattleya's figure paused as she adjusted the heavy glasses on her nose and asked in a seemingly casual manner, "What are you stumped with?"

Frank thought about how to phrase his question and replied in a serious manner, “I’m reevaluating the inventions and creations I’ve created over the years.”

“…What are your thoughts?” Cattleya asked cooperatively.

Frank nodded and said in distress, “There are too many matters I need to reflect on.

“The most important thing is that the things I’ve created are still missing the most important thing.”

Cattleya was puzzled, but she didn’t wish to ask further. In the end, she still held onto the thought of taking responsibility for all the crew members on the Future. She deliberated and said, “What is it?”

Frank’s expression instantly turned solemn.

“They all lack souls!”

“It’s a good thing that malt, grapes, and mushrooms don’t have souls…” Cattleya subconsciously advised before saying, “This isn’t something you can dabble in right now. You’re only a Sequence 5 Druid.”

Frank’s eyes lit up when he heard that as he blurted out, “I’ve got it!”

Cattleya frowned indiscernibly.

“What… did you get?”

Frank was no longer depressed.

“I understand the problem. That is, the creations I want have exceeded the limits of a Druid’s abilities.

“Therefore, Captain, I’m not going to be a Druid anymore. I want to become a Classical Alchemist!”

This was Sequence 4 of the Planter pathway, the starting point of a demigod.

Cattleya’s expression froze for a few seconds before she took on the posture of a captain and a demigod. She nodded gently and said, “Having a goal is a good thing, but you have to understand how difficult it is.”

Underlying those words, she wanted him to not hold any hopes and not to take this goal seriously.

Frank Lee nodded heavily after receiving her “encouragement.”

“I will do my best!”

To prevent Frank Lee from acting rashly, Cattleya decided to take the progress of the matter into her own hands.

“I will help you too.”

When the time came, even if she had any progress, she could inform Frank Lee that she had tried to no avail.

Frank was very happy as he thanked his captain from the bottom of his heart before continuing, “I’ll also write to Gehrman Sparrow and ask him for help.

“He’s my good friend!”

What Frank didn’t know was that the letters he had written for the past half a year had gone through a rather convoluted process:

The letter went to the messenger before being delivered to Fors. Fors would then transfer it to Gehrman Sparrow or request Mr. Fool’s help at the Tarot Gathering.

Cattleya nudged her thick glasses again and, without another word, turned and entered the cabin.

She returned to the captain’s cabin. Before she could think about what had just happened, she saw a letter on the desk with the brass sextant.

Cattleya was delighted. Ignoring the use of her Beyonder powers, she quickly walked over, picked up the letter, and opened it.

It was from Bernadette. After exchanging a few simple pleasantries, she wrote:

“If you are free anytime, you can come to La Cha incognito.”

La Cha was a rather hidden island in the Fog Sea. It hid Queen Mystic's palace, also known as "Emerald City."

Cattleya repeated the sentence a few times before the corners of her mouth curled up involuntarily.

…

Backlund, West Borough, within the Odora family's villa.

Emlyn White once again met the middle-aged, gentlemanly Sanguine Baron, Cosmi Odora.

"What did Lord Nibbs say?" Emlyn controlled his emotions, trying his best to appear less eager.

Cosmi looked at Emlyn's bright red eyes and said, "He only wanted me to tell you that the entire Sanguine race doesn't have any excess Earl Beyonder characteristics. You can only wait for the present Earls to die of old age or accidents, leaving behind their inheritance."

Compared to humans, the Sanguine had a long lifespan. Even without a noble title, ordinary ones could live about three hundred years old. Under such circumstances, they could slowly accumulate and occupy every level, preventing any excess in Beyonder characteristics.

Therefore, it wasn't easy for ordinary ones to advance to Baron or become a Viscount. They either waited for the existing nobles to die, or they would obtain it from external sources. Otherwise, they would have to make sufficient contributions and receive the precious inheritance.

Compared to the first two Sequences, it was even more difficult for a Viscount to become an Earl. This was because being a Sanguine Earl meant being a demigod, and he could easily live for more than a thousand years. Those Viscounts' descendants had to pass generations before they could wait for a chance of an Earl's passing.

And it was precisely because of this that, as long as there was a vacancy in the Earl position, it would immediately be distributed and not "in stock."

For Baron and Viscount characteristics, they existed in the Sanguine's treasury in the form of Beyonder ingredients and Sealed Artifacts, but the numbers were few and far between. Every bestowment had to be strictly administered. There really weren't any spare Earl characteristics.

This answer was within Emlyn's expectations. He looked at Baron Cosmi and nodded slightly.

"In other words, as long as any Count passes away, it will be my turn?"

"No." Cosmi shook his head. "Although you have contributed plenty, you haven't reached first place on the waiting list yet."

"What's my ranking?" Emlyn first frowned before relaxing his brows to prevent his eagerness from showing.

Cosmi coughed and cleared his throat.

"Twelfth."

...This might not even happen when the apocalypse arrives... Since the Ancestor has given me the important task of saving the race, why didn't "She" arrange all these matters? My Scarlet Scholar potion has been digested for months... Could it be that another test? Emlyn thought to himself silently for a few seconds before asking thoughtfully, "If I obtain an Earl's characteristic from external sources, will the race help me prepare the ritual?"

Cosmi exhaled and said, "Of course!"

Emlyn didn't stay any longer. He left Odora's villa and took a carriage back to his residence.

Ever since Feynapotter declared war on Loen, he had never been to the Harvest Church. He had only heard from The Star that the door had been smashed and many things had been stolen. It had become a place for the homeless.

As for Father Utravsky, he spent half a month in a cell behind Chanis Gate. The rest of the month was spent in a room on the upper level of Saint Samuel Cathedral, with the archbishop of Backlund next door. This arrangement was repeated over and over again.

This was because they were worried that if Father Utravsky were to stay behind Chanis Gate for an extended period of time, he would suffer irreversible damage. Under such a tense situation, the Church of Evernight wished to leave some buffer time so that they could use this opportunity to express their goodwill and begin negotiations.

Although Emlyn wasn't a believer in Evernight, and he even somewhat detested the cathedral, he went to Saint Samuel Cathedral twice a month to visit Father Utravsky.

Where can I obtain an Earl's characteristic… Emlyn, who felt that he had fallen behind and might not be able to bear the responsibility of saving his race, looked at the bleak streets while seriously considering every possibility.

He quickly had some ideas.

Ma'am Hermit had mentioned before that the Aurora Order's Saint, Saint Tenebrous, had Grazed a Shaman King. This corresponded to the Earl characteristic. If I could hunt this demigod of the Shepherd pathway like the Saint of Secrets, the problem would be resolved…

However, after the previous lesson, Saint Tenebrous probably wouldn't fall into a trap so easily…

There's also a possibility of directly attracting a King of Angels…

This was something everyone had discussed in the Tarot Club. The conclusion was that they had been attacking the Aurora Order for the past year, so it was best not to provoke them further.

Apart from Saint Tenebrous having a Sequence 4 Shaman King characteristic, Emlyn White could only think of one other option:

The Rose School of Thought!

Be it the Life School of Thought's Artificial Vampires or the Primordial Moon worshipers that originally existed in the Southern Continent, they were now part of the Rose School of Thought.

Of course, there were definitely some people who sought freedom. They hadn't joined any organizations yet, but either they were not at high Sequences, or they didn't have enough information to leak out.

Upon thinking of the Rose School of Thought, Emlyn instantly recalled a person.

Maric!

Maric represented the temperance faction of the Rose School of Thought. It was a faction that resisted the Mother Tree of Desire.

They also appear like they want to obtain something from the Rose School of Thought. Perhaps I can cooperate with them… Emlyn nodded slightly.

…

A number of residents in Moon City anxiously gathered at the entrance, casting their sights east from time to time.

They were the relatives of the people who had previously been led by the High Priest. They were also the representatives of most people in Moon City.

Finally, as the flames flickered, High Priest Nim, brought Rus and company closer to Moon City.

A man went forward and looked at his sister. He noticed that there were still traces of tears on her face.

This Moon City resident, who wasn’t deformed, could sense her brother’s gaze. She couldn’t help but open her mouth, tears streaming down her face.

“God, God is here to save us…” She started to cry. It was such a sad and free cry as she let out her emotions.

Chapter 1220: A “Curtain”

“God, God is here to save us…”

The words spoken in a sob-filled voice echoed at the entrance of Moon City, causing the residents who were waiting to fall into a trance.

…

At the edges of the grayish-white fog, a fire quietly burned.

After eating another batch of mushrooms, Klein dispelled the iron-black skewer in his hand and looked up at the crater described by Moon City’s High Priest, Nim.

He then reached out with his right hand and gently pulled, dragging “himself” out from fifteen minutes ago.

After exchanging looks, Klein’s true form rapidly vanished and entered the fog of history. He ran all the way to a time before the First Epoch, and he sat in the old stacked cities.

His historical projection stood up and snapped his fingers repeatedly, flashing through the crimson flames as he headed for his destination.

When the crater that was once a hill was almost right in front of him, he stopped. He cautiously extended his right palm and pulled Qonas Kilgor out of the void.

The burly Earl of The Fallen's facial muscles twitched as he quickly transformed into another Gehrman Sparrow.

He took out a lantern from the fog of history with one hand and rubbed his temples with the other as he muttered softly, "Why does a marionette have to change its appearance?

"There's no one else here…

"I can't develop OCD…"

A few seconds later, the marionette's projection carried a lantern that emitted faint yellow light as it walked towards the crater not far away.

As the light flickered, Klein saw his target location and realized that it wasn't too deep. The difference between the bottom and the ground wasn't more than two meters. Of course, compared to the original hill, this change was indeed huge.

Inside the "crater," the soil was smooth, and there were a few rocks in it. There were many twisted, mutated plants around it whose species were difficult to distinguish. It looked no different from other places.

After observing for a while, Klein, who had stealthily activated Spirit Body Threads and Spirit Body Threads vision, slowly entered the crater, planning on following his preplanned route and reassessing everything worth paying attention to.

As he walked, he frowned slightly and let out an exclamation.

He realized that his thoughts had turned sluggish, but it didn't affect his thinking!

It was as if he had slept too much and had just woken up—having a heavy head with insufficiently active thoughts.

This was a situation that a person would occasionally experience. Beyonders of the other pathways might not be able to detect it, but as a demigod of the Seer pathway, Klein could clearly sense something amiss.

If it were any deeper, it would be close to the effect when a Marionettist controls Spirit Body Threads… The influence left behind by Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar? That's not right. If "He" didn't mean to leave it behind, it means that "He" showed "His" complete Mythical Creature form back then. That would've resulted in Moon City's investigation team in breaking down and losing control… If "He" had intentionally left it behind, what would be the purpose? Telling others that "He" was here? Klein circled the area in puzzlement, but he didn't discover any anomalies.

After some thought, he let his main body that was hiding in the Historical Void in a time before the First Epoch take four steps counterclockwise as he recited the incantation and went above the gray fog.

He wanted to do a divination!

With the exact time and location, Nim's description, and a real-world survey of the area, as well as lighting up some of the historical fragments, he believed that the prerequisite for making a "divination" had basically been met.

This didn't mean it was enough, but that he could barely give it a try. Besides, if the hill turning into a crater incident had something to do with Sefirah Castle and him, then the chances of a successful divination would greatly increase. The revelation would be very clear and not be interfered with.

Without any further thought, he sat on The Fool's high-back chair. He conjured a dark red fountain pen and yellow parchment and wrote:

“28th June of June 1349 of the Fifth Epoch. The anomaly that happened here.”

He put down the fountain pen and grabbed with his left hand. He pulled out a handful of crater soil from the fog of history to use it as a medium for divination.

With one hand holding the soil and the other holding the parchment, he leaned back in his chair and recited the divination statement seven times. Then, with the help of Cogitation, he fell asleep.

In the hazy dream world, Klein saw the grayish-white solidified fog. He saw the hill that was tens of meters high, and the twisted vegetation around it.

A few seconds later, the fog began to churn and rapidly “vomited” a black shadow.

The black shadow was like a huge velvet curtain, madly absorbing all the light around it.

Its translucency increased as it completely enveloped the hill.

Following that, the hill vanished without a trace, leaving behind only a crater.

The strange plants at the edge of the crater were also suddenly covered and had black illusory Spirit Body Threads that extended towards different parts of the black “curtain.”

The “curtain” became more and more transparent and illusory until it reached a point where one couldn’t see it with the naked eye. If not for the fact that he had Spirit Body Threads vision to observe the reality of the scene, Klein wouldn’t have been able to discover that the “curtain” had covered the crater’s surface.

The scene flashed, and the dreamscape twisted to reveal a new scene.

Moon City’s 5-man patrol team approached and discovered that a crater had replaced the hill that had vanished.

They stopped in their tracks and left the area without hesitation. They didn’t rashly investigate.

After an unknown period of time, a gigantic figure suddenly appeared in another direction.

It was a demonic wolf covered in dark fur with eight legs. It was about four to five meters tall.

The demonic wolf had a tuft of short, grayish-white fur on its forehead. Its pure black pupils covered at least three-quarters of the space of its eyes. It was none other than the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar.

The Dark Demonic Wolf raised “His” head and opened “His” mouth, as though “He” was screaming, but nothing happened.

In the next second, a figure appeared in front of “Him.” It was another “Him.”

The Dark Demonic Wolf’s historical projection did a simple step with “His” eight legs and “He” instantly arrived beside the crater.

After “He” surveyed the area, “He” carefully lowered “His” head and picked up the completely transparent “curtain” that had made the entire hill disappear.

The “curtain” suddenly came alive as it rapidly contracted and spun. It wrapped around the black demonic wolf as if it was adding half a black translucent piece of clothing to “Him.”

The Dark Demonic Wolf trembled slightly, as if it had become a “clothed” marionette in two to three seconds.

However, this was only a Historical Void projection. The next breath didn’t happen as the main body stopped maintaining the projection.

The “curtain” lost its support as it instantly collapsed and lay spread out on the ground.

Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar didn’t give up. “He” occasionally transformed the monsters around “Him” into marionettes or summoned historical projections, allowing them to go forward again and again, experiencing all kinds of failures. However, in the end, “His” newest batch of marionettes still managed to pick up and control the “curtain.”

The entire process was silent, as though it was a mime act.

Following that, the gigantic demonic wolf made the marionettes bring the “curtain” to “Him.”

At that moment, the grayish-white fog around “Him” churned again, forming a vortex that was comparable to a hill.

The vortex emitted an invisible suction force, causing the strange “curtain” and Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar to be thrown towards it at the same time!

Such a scene caused a substantial ripple to appear in the dreamscape. Countless points of light appeared, making it difficult for him to see the specific details.

When everything returned to normal, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar draped the transparent “curtain” around “Him” and rapidly flew away from the solidified fog.

And at that moment, the Moon City investigation team arrived and saw the ancient subsidiary god leave.

Kotar glanced at them, but “He” didn’t stop, vanishing into the darkness.

At this point, the scene shattered and the dream ended. Klein woke up.

He sat up straight and tapped the edge of the long mottled table with his fingers as he silently muttered, *It’s not that there weren’t any anomalies before I arrived. More likely it is that the* *guards from Moon City didn't discover it. After all, the fog extends outwards to an unknown limit…*

What's that "curtain" that was spat out by the grayish-white fog? It can cover a hill when it's large, turning it into a crater, as though by magic. When it's small, it can be used as "clothes" by the demonic wolf, turning "Him" into a marionette… It's a little like a high Sequence item of the Seer pathway…

It was spat out because I entered the world above the gray fog and completed the binding with Sefirah Castle?

It seems to be able to turn the surrounding vegetation into its marionettes… This gives me a familiar feeling…

Yes, there was something wrong with the food laid out in the rooms of the foggy town back then. Spirit Body Threads were growing out of them, reaching out towards the core of the cathedral. Once they've been eaten, one will instantly evaporate and vanish. Yes, they end up hanging in the cathedral and becoming a marionette…

In other words, once one reaches the level of Miracle Invoker or Attendant of Mysteries, one can make plants or objects with spirituality grow Spirit Body Threads, so as to turn them into marionettes?

…Is that "curtain" the Beyonder characteristics of a Miracle Invoker or Attendant of Mysteries?

Judging from the Dark Demonic Wolf's performance, it might very well be the latter…

This is the reason why one Attendant of Mysteries characteristic has been missing for a long period of time. There were only clues, but no one could find it?

Before Sefirah Castle had an "owner," the grayish-white fog unconsciously attracted the high Sequence characteristics of the three pathways across space and accommodated them? What is it trying to do?

That suction force is really very strong. It frightened even Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar. "He" didn't even stop, only having thoughts of escaping…

What was "He" suspecting? What was "He" afraid of?

After some analysis, there was a look of excitement on his face.

If he could successfully hunt down an angel like the Dark Demonic Wolf, it would be an unparalleled harvest!

Of course, the Dark Demonic Wolf, who now had the "curtain," was much harder to deal with than before. This matter had greatly reduced his confidence in succeeding.

As his thoughts raced, he suddenly recalled something:

From the timing of these sequence of events, the Dark Demonic Wolf clearly had the "curtain" by the time he arrived in the northern city ruins, Nois…

"He" turned the entire city into marionettes and created a marionette city. It wasn't to settle down, nor was it to accumulate

helpers. It was to prepare the ritual for Attendant of Mysteries?

Chapter 1221: Leaving a Message

If the Dark Demonic Wolf really is preparing the Attendant of Mysteries ritual, then "His" whereabouts won't lack traces… Klein nodded slowly. He already had some vague ideas on his mind, but he was still unable to truly sort them out.

He instinctively wanted to divine the location of the "curtain" by using the soil that had been tainted by the "curtain," so as to lock onto the location of the Dark Demonic Wolf. However, considering how the latter was an angel, such a method would most likely alarm "Him," alerting "Him" and causing "Him" to take precautionary measures. Therefore, Klein rationally gave up on this idea and returned to the real world. He thought hard about formulating a plan.

The next day, when there was a high frequency of lightning, another batch of Moon City residents came to Gehrman Sparrow's bonfire under the leadership of a priest named Duke. They listened to his teachings, enjoyed the mushrooms, and waited to be cleansed.

After the residents of Moon City experienced the cleansing, with tears streaming down their faces, Klein looked around and casually asked, "The sun god told you to guard this land and to take note of anyone walking out of the fog?"

Duke, who had been cured of his bloated ailment, knew that the High Priest had mentioned this matter to the oracle before him. He answered rather calmly, "Yes."

Klein nodded slightly and continued on the topic.

"If you really discover someone walking out of the fog, what will you need to do?"

Duke said without hesitation, "Recite the honorific name of the great sun god immediately and… report this matter to 'Him'…"

As he spoke, his tone became very depressed. In the end, he was unable to formulate his words. This was because the sun god—the Creator—hadn't given any response for more than two thousand years. Even though Moon City had held the most complete rituals and repeatedly chanted the honorific name, there had been no response.

"Anything else?" Klein pressed as he sharply noticed something.

This was a revelation from his spiritual intuition, and also a result of a certain degree of deduction. It was obvious that the ancient sun god and the City of Silver Creator would have considered this problem. One possibility was that the person who walked out of the grayish-white fog was extremely careful. He was very cautious and didn't enjoy being watched or monitored. After discovering the patrol team in Moon City, he would be inclined to use his Beyonder powers to affect their minds, making them forget that they had seen him or reciting the honorific name.

In this situation, the ancient sun god should've made certain arrangements.

Of course, this wasn't absolute. If Amon's father could accurately predict that the person walking out of the grayish-white fog was a rookie, then there was no need to say too much in the revelation.

However, considering how the ancient sun god—the City of

Silver's Creator—had made an error in predicting where he would come out from the grayish-white fog, Klein was doubtful of the aforementioned possibility.

Duke thought for a moment and hesitated before saying, "To welcome that person and tell him a single word."

Klein's spirits were immediately lifted as he asked without batting an eyelid, "What word?"

Duke's lips quivered as though he was mimicking the pronunciation. Then, he said in a strange tone, "Chernobyl."

"..." Klein's mind froze for a second before he let out a silent sigh.

...

The Loen Kingdom, East Chester County, in a forest.

The nearby villagers gathered here and plucked strange mushrooms that were covered in roots, deadwood, and shrubs.

According to the kingdom's laws, everything that grew in this forest belonged to its owner, Miss Audrey Hall. However, with the war escalating, the demand of food, and the high taxes, these factors made it so that the farmers could no longer care about breaking the law. It was something that needed to be considered only if they survived. Furthermore, with more people participating, they naturally became emboldened.

They formed small teams and very efficiently plucked the mushrooms that were covered in golden stars or marbling streaks. They were divided into two parts, and a small portion was reserved for consumption. Most of them were prepared to be sold to grain merchants waiting outside the forest to exchange for gold pounds, for salt, fabric and other essential items.

These farmers didn’t go overboard. Other than the mushrooms, they only took a portion of the fruits on the trees. They left behind what was sufficient for the rangers of the forest to submit to their masters.

In just two or three hours, the farmers sold large amounts of mushrooms and fruits. With the gold pounds in hand, they returned to their hamlets with beaming smiles.

To them, everything that happened today was what they wanted to do and they had also achieved their predetermined goals.

The grain merchant who had a full beard was equally happy because this was an unexpected harvest. With the present situation, he could earn a lot of money.

He led the workers with him to move large amounts of mushrooms and fruits to the processing point outside the city. After making the necessary arrangements, he placed them all into the warehouse.

As a meticulous businessman, he checked the warehouse again after sending the workers away. After confirming that there were no mistakes, he closed the door and locked it.

At this moment, he saw a thick wad of cash on the ground. They were all ten-pound notes.

When did I drop so much money? The grain merchant bent down in joy and picked up the stack of notes.

As he counted, he suddenly recalled the origins of the money.

They were the profits from selling the mushroom powder, dried mushroom, and dried fruits!

How generous! The bearded businessman sighed in satisfaction and turned to leave the warehouse.

Inside the warehouse, Audrey, who was wearing a light blue dress, removed her Psychological Invisibility and took out a black pocket.

This was the Traveler's Bag that she had rented from Xio.

Following that, the blonde, simple-looking Audrey easily threw bags of food into the black pocket.

After doing all of this, she took out a hard-covered bronze notebook and flipped to a page with "Teleportation."

This was from Fors—Leymano's Travels.

And what had conspired here was secretly manipulated by Audrey.

She first gave the fast-growing mushrooms provided by Ma'am Hermit to the animals in the woods. With their help, she "planted" them at suitable spots. Following that, she "influenced" the farmers in the surrounding hamlets, strengthening their inner desires, and making them overcome their fear of the law. And that grain merchant "happened" to pass by and discovered this.

This sort of manipulation of a person's heart was intoxicating, like a master of all beings. However, Audrey didn't smile at all. Instead, she sighed softly.

It's still not enough… I'm still lacking plenty. Lots…

The mushrooms she had obtained wasn't the type that Little Sun said could absorb the flesh and blood of monsters to flourish. They needed sufficient nutrients to rapidly grow. Therefore, there was no way to plant a second batch of mushrooms in this forest in a short time; otherwise, it was very likely to become a desert.

Staring at the empty cloth bags that had been emptied out, Audrey's green eyes flashed. She couldn't help but think, *A large amount of food is concentrated at the Church, the royal family, the military, the government, the nobles, and the businessmen…*

There are also some from Feysac, Intis, and Feynapotter, but who knows how many times I'll have to move them with only Traveler's Bag…

Manipulating the nobles, businessmen, and military personnel is very dangerous. I might be discovered if I'm not careful…

If the situation hadn't deteriorated to such a state, I might have never known that some people would have such a side to them…

When the environment and circumstances are different, the masks that everyone wears are different. I have to take note of this in the future…

As her thoughts raced, Audrey, who lacked experience in handling such matters, decided to seek Mr. World's advice to see if he had any suggestions.

As The World Gehrman Sparrow had been walking alone in the uninhabited Forsaken Land of the Gods, he was surrounded by darkness and despair. Audrey suggested that he should seek her out regularly for psychological counseling. This might not necessarily imply any treatment. A casual chat could effectively relieve the pressure, loneliness, and misery.

Gehrman Sparrow followed his doctor's advice, and from their chats, Audrey knew that, apart from asking her for medical advice, this powerful adventurer would also gossip with Mr. Star above the gray fog from time to time, maintaining a rather good state of mind.

With this decision, Audrey immediately activated her "Traveling" ability and returned to Backlund.

But on second thought, she felt a little depressed.

This was because she knew that, even if she gathered a large amount of food, she could only quell the residents of Backlund for some time. If the war didn't end, the situation would still worsen.

War… Audrey closed her eyes. She had no idea how she could stop it.

She had heard from Ma'am Hermit that the nature of this war was very likely to be a battle of gods. And the prelude to a battle of gods had always been very consistent; it was to spend a certain amount of time and strength to shake the anchors of "Their" opponents.

After some thought, Audrey pursed her lips and decided to start with what she could do.

As the notebook emitted a misty glow, her figure quickly turned transparent and disappeared.

…

Beside the quietly burning bonfire, Klein, who had just sent away the "guests" from Moon City, couldn't help but recall the words Blasphemer Amon had said before.

"He" said that there were many clues and things in the past that "He" wanted to explore that were buried deep within Chernobyl.

The ancient sun god had also specially emphasized "Chernobyl"… Amidst his thoughts, he suddenly had the urge to explore Chernobyl.

This wasn't considered rash. It was something he had always wanted to do. However, he didn't dare to do so because of Amon.

I've been heading east for more than half a year. Who would've thought that I would suddenly arrive at Chernobyl… Amon has obtained the last Worm of Time Beyonder characteristic and is preparing the ritual. It's impossible for "His" true body to still be in Chernobyl… Yes, "He" is a very patient King of Angels. Perhaps, *“His” avatars have been waiting in Chernobyl all this time…* After analyzing the present situation, Klein decided to let a projection from the Historical Void make an attempt.

In any case, he would never head there directly with his actual body!

After making up his mind, Klein went above the gray fog to do a divination. Then, he returned to the real world and reached out his hand to grab into the void, dragging his past self from five minutes ago.

As his main body disappeared, his projection gained consciousness. Following that, he grabbed a few times and took out the black staff embedded with many gems.

The Staff of the Stars!

He wanted to use the power of the Staff of the Stars to directly “Teleport” to Chernobyl!

Chapter 1222: “Research Facility”

When he held the Staff of the Stars, Klein pulled out a gold coin out of thin air with his other hand and flicked it.

As the gold coin tumbled, a revelation from his “divination” appeared in his mind.

It was an extremely deep ravine. At the bottom of it was a thick and vast building that was covered in layers of “grayish-white.”

Every detail was restored to the Chernobyl that Klein had seen at the beginning. However, it didn’t originate from the spirit world, but from his own subconscious.

Using the technique of dream divination, he reproduced the images he had seen in his mind.

And the moment this scene was completed, the gems embedded in the Staff of the Stars emitted a faint glow. It instantly vanished along with Klein’s Historical Void projection and appeared above the grayish-white building.

In just a second, Klein returned from the easternmost front of the Forsaken Land of the Gods to Chernobyl!

This was one of the main powers of the Staff of the Stars: if the corresponding scene that surfaced in the mind of the wielder still existed in the real world, then the Staff of the Stars could allow them to cross all obstacles and distances, directly descending to their desired destination.

Of course, the prerequisite was that the outlined scene had to be absolutely correct and not visually be any different from the original.

The reason why he chose the deep ravine where Chernobyl was located, and not the grayish-yellow fog, was because he knew that the Giant King's youngest son, the God of Glory, Bladel, had perished after being freed from the curse. The area would definitely experience major changes, and the only thing that wasn't affected was the mysterious Chernobyl, which was valued by the ancient sun god and Amon.

This also didn't mean that the deep ravine and grayish-white building wouldn't have any visible changes. In fact, Klein had already prepared himself for the failure of his "Teleportation" attempt. After all, the person performing it was fake, and the item in his hand was also fake. It wouldn't be a pity if he lost it.

In midair, Klein, with the Staff of the Stars in his hand, didn't even have time to examine his surroundings when his entire body suddenly sank and plummeted downwards.

He didn't wear Creeping Hunger, nor did he transform into an avian creature. He was currently unable to fly.

Therefore, even though the demigods of the Seer pathway were bizarre and terrifying, they actually had a human side to them.

As his thoughts raced, a Beyonder power appeared in his mind.

Following that, the Staff of the Stars lit up with different colors, causing the surroundings to be filled with violent winds.

The wind swirled around him, causing his black trench coat to flap and his body to slowly descend.

During this process, Klein's right hand trembled, allowing the Staff of the Stars's historical projection to return to its normal location, doing so to prevent accidents from happening to him because of him imagining certain scenes.

Right on the heels of that, his left hand pressed down on the half top hat on his head. Just as the lightning in the sky was about to pass, he pulled out a lantern from the void.

Under the dim yellow light of the lantern, Klein stepped firmly onto the ground beneath the deep ravine with his buckle-less leather shoes. The endless darkness around him seemed to contain monsters.

He was standing in front of the "grayish-white" Chernobyl which was formed in layers.

Under the synchronized effects of the lightning and the lantern in his hand, Klein quickly discovered a situation.

There was no door to this thick and vast grayish-white building!

Hmm, every place is sealed… I remember that the ancient sun god had opened an illusory crack on the grayish-white wall before coming out… As if in thought, Klein found the spot in his memories and began chanting the honorific name of The Fool.

At the easternmost front of the Forsaken Land of the Gods, by the solidified fog near Moon City, Klein, who was hiding in the Historical Void, immediately entered Sefirah Castle. With the help of the prayer light, he used his “true vision” to scan the situation at Chernobyl.

In the deep ravine and desolate plains with remnant grayish-yellow fog, there wasn’t a single Amon present.

As for Chernobyl itself, even with the “true vision” provided by Sefirah Castle, it wasn’t enough for him to clearly see what was going on inside.

Underneath the layers and layers of “grayish-white,” there appeared to be absolute nothingness, a space without any color.

Indeed it’s not simple… As expected of the place where the ancient sun god—the City of Silver’s Creator—walked out of… After sighing inwardly, he quickly left Sefirah Castle and returned to the historical fragment from before the First Epoch.

Klein, who was standing outside of Chernobyl, regained consciousness. He reached out his hand and took out Leymano’s Travels.

He quickly flipped to one of the pages and prepared to use the “Door Opening” power of an Apprentice.

Such an action was actually a little rash for him, but considering that this was just a projection in the Historical Void, he felt that there weren’t any problems with that.

The Beyonders of the Seer pathway are indeed both cautious and reckless at the same time. They’re careful when making preparations, but reckless after making preparations. They show traits of caution and recklessness at the same time… As he lampooned himself, Klein silently passed through the obstacle and entered Chernobyl’s interior.

After “Door Opening” repeatedly, he finally left the “grayish-white” buildings. He saw an ajar heavy metal door in front of him.

The metal door wasn’t very tall, only about 2.5 meters tall. It was obviously prepared for humans.

In front of it, there were two pitch-black marks and two machine guns that were more sci-fi than any weapon belonging to this era.

These two machine guns looked a little similar to the ones he had seen when he was flipping through some magazines in his previous life. However, he wasn’t a fan of such things, so he couldn’t be sure.

Klein didn’t pick them up or attempt to study them. His spiritual intuition told him that the two firearm-like weapons had completely corroded. Any contact with them would instantly cause them to disintegrate.

After taking a few looks, he dispelled Leymano’s Travels. With the lantern in hand, he passed through two pitch-black marks and arrived behind the metal door.

There was a wide aisle here, and on both sides were rooms of different sizes. The tables and chairs inside were toppled, some were fine and others were broken in half. The walls were covered with black streaks.

It looks like a research facility… Klein set off from the remnants and overall layout, coming to a preliminary conclusion.

There was no need for him to deliberately search for anything. He quickly found a room with a destroyed machine. There were a few pieces of paper on the table that had a yellow tint to it.

It seemed like someone had casually placed it there after collecting it.

The ancient sun god or Amon? After hesitating for two seconds, he finally stepped into the room.

The dim yellow light dispersed the darkness inside as he picked up the few pieces of paper and quickly scanned them.

Ten seconds later, Klein put down the piece of paper and the corner of his mouth twitched.

He didn't recognize any of the words on those pages!

In my previous life, *I only barely passed English*, *let alone other languages?* Klein suddenly felt the feelings of the other Beyonders in this world when they read Roselle's diary.

He slowly exhaled as he extended his hand into the void and took out an item.

This was a translating device that Zhou Mingrui had bought before going on a trip overseas which he had saved up for. When the luck enhancement ritual was held, it was inside a computer bag by his side.

To him, the greatest advantage of this translating device was that it could do offline translations—as long as it didn't exceed the internally stored database.

After fiddling with it, he finally understood what the few pages wrote:

...Research of the appearance of oil in a dried-up oil field... Why would they need to build a research facility in such an unimaginable place for such matters?

...God, what did they discover deep in the oil field...

...This is some amazing material...

...What exactly happened? The doctor turned into a puddle of black oil in front of me!

...More and more people have turned into oil. This research facility has been sealed from the outside... No one can leave. No one can leave...

...Mad, they've all gone mad. We're still normal, but our food is almost running out...

...I seem to be hearing things. There seems to be sounds coming from underground. It's summoning me. "He" is summoning me!

These lines of simple words sent a chill down Klein's spine. He felt as though he was walking towards madness and death.

At the same time, a thought naturally came to his mind:

The corruption that stems from underground.

The cause of all this was the unnecessary experiments involved after the discovery of some strange material in a dried-up oil field? Then, the world was destroyed? But if it was a disaster caused by such a coincidence, then there's no reason for me, Emperor Roselle, and the others to obtain items to help us "transmigrate" ahead of time… Perhaps, there are chances amidst inevitability, and in chance, there is inevitability? The underground corruption has always been influencing the human world in an unobvious manner. It can intermittently bring about certain mysterious events. Only when the research facility probed deeper was "He" fully awakened? Klein subconsciously swallowed a mouthful of saliva.

With the lantern in hand, he left the room and headed towards the depths of the research facility. He also paid close attention to anything that was worth paying attention to.

After walking for nearly a minute, his vision suddenly darkened.

More than half of the dim yellow light's radiance was consumed by the area ahead!

When he took a closer look, he realized that there was a cliff two steps away from him.

That portion of the research facility had collapsed into the ground. It was dark and empty, with no end to it.

Faintly, he seemed to hear a silent cry. It sounded in his mind from deep underground.

This feeling was something Klein had experienced before—from behind the bronze door in the Hall of Truth.

He frowned slightly and took a few steps back, prepared to dispel the Historical Void projection at any moment.

At this moment, a palm that was so dry that it only had skin and bones stuck out from the darkness, grabbing onto the edge of the cliff.

Then, a figure leaped out and landed in front of him.

He was wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe. He had a monocle on his right eye. It was none other than Angel of Time, Amon.

However, this Amon's condition was very abnormal. It was like a skeleton covered in a skin membrane.

Klein subconsciously took a few steps back and saw the flesh and blood of the man before him rapidly fill up.

"He" adjusted "His" monocle said with a smile, "Ah, a visitor. I wasn't expecting that.

"And you are?"

Chapter 1223: That Level

Who am I? Just as Klein was about to remove the Historical Void projection, he was taken aback by Amon's question.

He controlled himself and didn't frown. Instead of answering, he asked, "You aren't Amon's true body?"

Standing at the edge of the cliff, Amon took a step forward and smiled.

"Of course not.

"You seem to know my true body or my other avatars?"

Although the Amon in front of him didn't take any action, the step "He" took still gave Klein an indescribable pressure. It wasn't easy for him to keep still without retreating, which would betray his cowardice.

He grunted and replied in a low voice, "That's why I'm curious as to why you don't know me."

"Are you very famous?" said the Amon who had crawled out of the darkness. "He" then raised "His" hand and adjusted "His" crystal monocle on "His" right eye.

This action lasted for a few seconds before it came to an end. As though in thought, Amon muttered, "There are no other 'me's nearby... Are there really none, or has the connection been completely severed?"

What kind of accident caused this Amon to be independent? No way, I can't believe this fellow's acts. "He" is a top-notch swindler... Klein's heart stirred at first before he suppressed his corresponding thoughts and asked, "Why did you crawl out from underground?"

Amon's expression returned to normal as "He" chuckled.

"Guess."

Be it "His" actual body or "His" avatars, the fact that he has a terrible personality doesn't change... Klein thought to himself and tried to probe with an answer, "You are exploring the secret that lays underground."

Amon nodded slightly and said, "Isn't that obvious?"

"He" then half-turned "His" body and pointed at the darkness beyond the cliff that the light failed to light up.

"My father crawled out of here just like I did.

"Ah, right. It has a name. You should have heard of it—Chaos Sea."

Chaos Sea? The Chaos Sea, one of the nine sefirots... It is indeed hidden deep underground... Is the corruption behind the bronze door really brought about by it? Previously, I was made aware of this mysticism knowledge through my casual chats with Amon... The ancient sun god was originally a member of this research facility. Then, he fell into the deep depths of the Chaos Sea, only to awaken in the Second Epoch and crawl out? As he was only an ordinary person back then, based on the law that proximity to the *underground increases in danger with higher Sequences, he wasn't affected too much?* Klein's mind raced as he recalled many matters and came up with various guesses.

Three seconds later, he said in response, "So you took the risk and jumped in to search for the truth of the buried history and the world?"

"Something like that." Amon man pinched the edge of his monocle and said in a self-deprecating tone, "But I didn't do it willingly."

"Ah?" Klein used a terse exclamation to express his doubts.

Amon smiled and said, "Every single one of me knows that it's very dangerous deep underground. We don't want to go down alone. We have tried many detours, including creating a marionette to replace us. However, we failed to succeed and failed to obtain any feedback.

"In the end, under the true body's watch, we held a fair vote. Unfortunately, I was chosen."

...It's a miracle that Amon hasn't completely gone mad yet... As expected of the God of Mischief... Internal decisions have to be done in such a way... Klein resisted the urge to lampoon.

"And then, you jumped down yourself?"

"What else? Let 'Them' throw me down?" Amon said as "He" spread "His" hands.

Having said that, “He” seemed to finally understand something as “He” muttered to “Himself,” “The Chaos Sea made ‘me’ sever ties with my main body and the surrounding avatars?

“Am I independent?”

Independent… Previously, in front of the bronze door of the Hall of Truth, I felt that every cell and every Worm of Spirit were giving birth to a new consciousness, generating a different form of self… It’s very normal for there to be similar changes in Amon’s avatar after directly entering the Chaos Sea… An independent Amon avatar should be able to effectively trick Amon’s true body… No, I can’t trust “Him”… Klein validated Amon’s words using his own experience, but he quickly reminded himself not to trust the God of Deceit.

He smiled and said, “I suspect you’re bluffing.”

Amon held up the crystal monocle and sized up Klein for a few seconds.

“It doesn’t matter whether you believe me or not. Even if I want to find a partner, it wouldn’t be someone as weak as you.”

In the era of the eight Kings of Angels, were you very close to Red Angel Medici… Having made up his mind not to trust the independence of the Amon in front of him, Klein tried asking, “What did you discover in the Chaos Sea?”

“Plenty of things. Guess what they are,” Amon said with a smile.

“You didn’t discover anything,” Klein said deliberately.

Amon shook “His” head.

“The other ‘me’s probably think so too. Besides, I haven’t been out for a very long time, and I didn’t respond. It’s logical to believe that I had already been corroded and was digested by Chaos Sea.”

Without waiting for Klein’s response, Amon continued, “Chaos Sea is very large. It almost fills the core, and goes to a further layer. It’s also the only sefirah that merges the real and the illusory and has an entrance in the real world. The others are either completely illusory and hidden somewhere unknown, or they’re definitely real while existing in the real world.

“I found something very interesting inside. The first Blasphemy slate was likely born there, but it was later attracted by some power and left the ground before it was complete.

“My father might’ve browsed through that Blasphemy Slate in the beginning, which is why ‘His’ condensed into the second Blasphemy Slate when ‘He’ perished.”

This is the origins of the two Blasphemy Slates? It’s no wonder the ancient sun god was so powerful in the late stages of the Second Epoch… Klein vaguely understood something and subconsciously asked, “What’s so different about the two Blasphemy Slates?”

Amon adjusted the crystal monocle and said, “The second Blasphemy Slate changed some of the Sequence names and added content.

“Those contents contain secrets about transcending Sequences.”

“Transcending Sequences?” Klein’s pupils widened slightly. He felt that his long-term guess had been confirmed. “Become the Creator?”

Amon smiled and said, “More or less, but this description isn’t accurate enough.

“I like to refer to that level as ‘Above the Sequences.’ There are also a number of true deities who name it in other ways. Some call it ‘Great Old Ones,’ others refer to it as ‘Outer Deities’ or ‘Cosmos.’”

Cosmos… The moment Klein heard this term, his spiritual intuition began to give crazy warnings.

He remembered very clearly that the ascetic leader of the Church of Evernight, Arianna, had told him before that unless he became an angel, he shouldn’t attempt to understand the cosmos. Otherwise, just having knowledge of it would bring him great danger!

Without any hesitation, Klein, who had been hiding in the Historical Void’s in a time before the First Epoch, gave up maintaining the projection. He stood up from the stacked cities of old, and he took four steps counterclockwise.

Almost at the same time, the violent lightning that streaked across the sky of the Forsaken Land of the Gods calmed down. The endless darkness vanished as well.

A gigantic crimson moon covered half the sky.

The light on the surface of the crimson moon stretched out as if it was alive.

Outside this world, the moon that was revolving around the Earth had a crimson sea flowing. It drowned everything, as though it was digesting this huge natural satellite.

The blood-colored sea boiled when Klein learned about the news of “Great Old Ones,” “Outer Deities,” and “Cosmos.”

They quickly gathered towards the middle, constantly piling together until they formed an indiscernible, blood-red phantom image.

This phantom image was many times bigger than the moon. It had countless eyes, and “it” looked down at the blue planet. It cast its gaze at Klein’s main body through the connection that was established the moment he learned about these matters!

As the crimson sea “receded,” many craters appeared on the surface of the moon.

From the ground, the moon no longer crimson. It was bright and clear. It had remained the same despite the hundreds of millions of years.

Further out in space, the Brown Star, Orange Star, Scarlet Planet, Gold Planet, and Blue Planet twinkled like the blinking of eyes.

In the fog of history, boils began to emerge from the surface of Klein’s body. Each boil had a mutated Worm of Spirit. They wore the faces of Zhou Mingrui, Klein Moretti, Gehrman Sparrow, and Dwayne Dantès. They were trying their best to drill out of his body.

Klein’s thoughts quickly turned chaotic. His entire Spirit Body seemed to be torn apart by an invisible blade, but he still forced himself to finish reciting the last sentence of the incantation.

“The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings.”

Silently, Klein’s Spirit Body tore through the gray fog and entered Sefirah Castle. The power of the entire space began to boil as it surged forward and enveloped him, melting away wisps of black gas, streams of red light, and boils, severing the invisible connection.

Nearly ten seconds later, the struggling Klein finally regained consciousness. He stood up using the high-back chair as support.

Inside Chernobyl, Amon, who was standing at the edge of the cliff, said to “Himself” in a low voice as “He” adjusted the crystal monocle on “His” right eye, “Quite a fast reaction…”

If Klein had been a second slower and was embroiled in that chaotic state, Amon could deceive the connection between the projection and the actual body before Klein could remove the maintenance of the historical projection. “He” could then appear inside the corresponding historical fragment.

Above the gray fog, Klein sat down and rubbed his temples.

That Amon was indeed lying…

“He” should be the avatar that stayed behind to guard Chernobyl. When “He” discovered that I had come, “He” hid somewhere between the cliff and the Chaos Sea, pretending that “He” had just crawled out. “He” was unable to deal with my main body by bypassing the historical projection. Furthermore, “He” might not

have the strength of a Sequence 2 angel. Therefore, “He” pretended to be an independent avatar so as to carry out the deceit…

On the surface, “He” attempted to make me believe that “He” was an independent avatar and could be cooperated with. “He” made me focus on this aspect, but in fact, “He” concealed the danger in “His” words…

Even in a normal conversation with the God of Deceit, one can still be scammed…

However, in order to achieve “His” goals, “He” had also given a sufficient amount of secrets…

Chapter 1224: Guesses About the Apocalypse

Loen Kingdom, Backlund.

Fors, who was still sleeping soundly, suddenly woke up from her dream. She subconsciously cast her gaze out the window.

She didn't lack similar experiences. Before she became a member of the Tarot Club, she often woke up in the middle of the night due to the curse of the full moon. But today, she didn't feel any familiar pain, but her heart throbbed for some unknown reason.

As the curtain had blocked the window, Fors was unable to determine what time it was from the weak light. She subconsciously got out of bed, walked to the window, and drew the curtains.

The sunlight that penetrated the thin fog shone into the room, dispersing the accumulated darkness. Fors stood by the window and looked up into the sky with an obvious look of confusion.

The sun has already risen, and the crimson moon had long set. Why do I still feel the sensation I have during the curse of the full moon?

Furthermore, there were still many days to the full moon!

...

The Intis Republic capital, Trier.

One by one, the astronomers, who had woken up early, as well as mysticism enthusiasts, as well as the covert Beyonders, cast their gazes high into the sky.

The layers of evening clouds disappeared, and the huge and bright moon outshone the light of the stars.

The moon’s color was no longer the usual crimson color. It was white and unusually bright.

All who saw it were stunned. This was a moon that they had never seen before.

Be it the normal textbooks of human society or books related to mysticism, none of them recorded similar phenomena!

Apart from the common new moon, full moon, and the occasional Blood Moon, the moon had never experienced such changes. At least for the past 1300 years since the beginning of the Fifth Epoch, there had been absolutely no such change!

At this moment, the onlookers realized that, other than the crimson and blood-red states, the moon had another color.

…

The Forsaken Land of the Gods, the City of Silver.

As it was in the afternoon when the frequency of lightning was high, Derrick and company noticed the abnormality in the sky.

They were used to the familiar lightning and darkness. In just a few seconds, all of that completely disappeared without a trace. The blood-colored circular glow that blotted out half the sky was so obvious. It’s massive size illuminated everything to great visibility.

The people of the City of Silver who had relatively agile thoughts immediately thought of the description and the corresponding picture of the moon in the general knowledge book. They suddenly had a thought that came to them:

“Could this be the moon?”

“The crimson moon?”

“We actually saw the crimson moon…”

Soon, the blood-red colors of the crimson moon in front of them drained inch by inch, revealing its bright and clear body.

The City of Silver residents were increasingly at a loss, unsure of what had happened.

Having heard Mr. Hanged Man, Miss Justice, and the other members of the Tarot Club talk about the outside world, Derrick Berg was even more shocked and surprised than them. This was because there was no such natural phenomenon outside the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

A few seconds later, the moon disappeared and the darkness once again engulfed everything. The frequent flashes of lightning became the main source of light.

"What happened just now?"

"Did you see that red circle?"

"Moon! That's the moon!"

"That's the crimson moon!"

"Is this a sign that we are about to escape our current situation?"

"Our second exploration of the Giant King's Court will go very smoothly and we will open the door that leads to the outside world?"

Amidst the confusion, most of the residents of the City of Silver subconsciously treated this phenomenon as a good thing, treating it as an auspicious sign from mysticism. Only the Chief, Colin Iliad, and the Elders of the six-member council like Lovia had serious looks on their faces as they frowned.

…

Above the grayish-white fog, inside the ancient palace.

Having gained a general understanding of Amon's scam, Klein instinctively turned his attention back to the "secret" he had learned.

He previously had some guesses about the corresponding content, but when it was truly revealed, he realized that it was even more terrifying and exaggerated than he had imagined. It made him even more hopeless.

To be able to successfully attract the attention of the Cosmos, this means that most of the secrets that Amon revealed are true…

There really is another level above Sequence 0. This should be the level which the ancient sun god was at. However, "His" condition didn't seem too right. "He" ended up being stabbed in the back, perished, and divided up.

…According to what Amon said, using the Creator to describe this level isn't accurate enough. "He" named it as "Above the Sequences"… There are also existences who use the term "Transcending Sequences" to describe that level, indicating that they have escaped the restrictions of the Beyonder pathway?

…Deities refer to this level as "Great Old Ones," "Outer Deities," "Cosmos"… From this, one can tell that there are two matters. One is the vast universe outside this world. In the boundless cosmos, there are "Great Old Ones" and "Outer Deities," who are existences at the Creator's level. For example, the one who controls the moon…

… From the looks of it, the brown star and orange star were the original planets. They have changed, making Emperor Roselle unable to recognize them… This is because there are Great Old Ones or Outer Deities entrenched in them, watching our world?

…The Box of the Great Old Ones mutated after being corrupted by the cosmos…

…Yes, there are most likely more than one Great Old One or Outer Deity… Why are "They" all surrounding this planet? What are "They" spying on?

…"They" didn't directly invade because there's a power that temporarily keeps them out?

…Thanks to the seven deities?

…Connecting this to the prophecy of the apocalypse in 1368, the seven deities might not be playing a crucial role in this. "They" have yet to transcend the Sequences… When the true barrier disappears in 1368, the Great Old Ones and the Outer Deities will no longer be obstructed. Then, the apocalypse will descend upon us?

Upon thinking of this, the questions that he had accumulated in his mind suddenly flashed through his mind.

Why did the Evernight Goddess take the risk of bringing about a battle of gods to seize the Uniqueness of the Death pathway?

Why did the seven deities tacitly acquiesce to having a Black Emperor?

Why did Adam, Amon, and the other Kings of Angels, after being silent for so many years, step out from behind the scenes in this era?

Why were the legacies of the ancient gods from the Second Epoch appearing one after another?

Why was there only one transmigrator released from Sefirah Castle in the first four epochs, but two in the Fifth Epoch, a period spanning slightly more than a thousand years?

Phew, be "They" good or bad, everyone is working hard to improve *themselves to usher in the apocalypse… The Goddess, who is so good at setting things into motion, chose such a risky method because "She" wanted to transcend the Sequences and become a Great Old One? There's only a decade or so left. Time waits for no man… Did "She" provide me help in secret because "She" had similar hopes? Adam didn't take action even though "He" could finish me off twice. Apart from "Him" and me not having any significant grudges, this plays a role in everything?* Klein gently rapped the edge of the long, mottled table as he muttered softly, "The key to becoming a Great Old One or Outer Deity is one of the nine sefirot?"

Looking around the empty Sefirah Castle, Klein sighed and muttered to himself, "As for the exact situation, I have to look at the second Blasphemy Slate to know. Unfortunately, I don't know when I'll have a chance…"

He then focused his attention on something else.

I'm not sure if the ancient sun god had completely transcended the Sequences… If a native Great Old One were to be born, humanity might still have a sliver of hope when the apocalypse happens… "His" death is even more complicated than I imagined…

It's no wonder Emperor Roselle said that only a Sequence 0 could preserve "Themselves" and protect the people "They" value…

I wonder if those Great Old Ones or Outer Deities have infiltrated the Earth with their powers?

Yes, according to how the seven orthodox deities and the other evil gods like the True Creator view the Primordial Moon and the Mother Tree of Desire with animosity, the latter might be Great Old Ones or Outer Deities…

It's no wonder the Mother Tree of Desire could directly mislead my divination above the gray fog. "She" is the most dangerous existence in my books!

I understand what those Great Old Ones and Outer Deities are gathered around this world for…

They likely want to obtain the nine sefirot; destroying the world is just something done in passing…

As he thought of this, Klein suddenly recalled the phrase the Mother Tree of Desire had said through Cynthia:

"Admiral, I want to have a child with you."

He couldn't help but shudder as he seriously considered his safety after returning to the real world.

He already had a certain level of understanding of the cosmos. As long as he subconsciously thought of something related, he would directly establish a connection with the Great Old Ones and the Outer Deities, and be corrupted!

If not for the fact that Sefirah Castle had cut off all contact from before, I wouldn't dare return to reality… After some thought, Klein decided to invite his psychiatrist, Miss Justice, to help hypnotize him and seal the corresponding information deep within his subconscious. Only when he saw a preset reminder would he recall it.

He originally wanted to directly summon the projection of "Justice" from the Historical Void to do this, but considering that this was an intricate task, it was very likely a mistake or oversight might happen if the person didn't have a deep understanding of the mind. And once there was a slip-up, the Great Old Ones and Outer Deities would cast "Their" eyes on him.

Phew, I need to remember to get Miss Justice to hypnotize herself to forget this matter… After some deliberation, Klein turned the corresponding request into a stream of light and threw it into the crimson star representing Justice.

Not long after, just after breakfast, Audrey, who had yet to leave home, arrived above the gray fog.

The long bronze table had vanished. There was a desk and two chairs placed in the ancient palace.

"Mr. World, what is the matter that you wish to forget this time?" Audrey looked at Gehrman Sparrow who was sitting opposite her and raised the most important question.

Klein rubbed his temples and used a deep voice to describe the secrets of the Cosmos, Great Old Ones, and Outer Deities.

Upon hearing this, Audrey's eyes widened bit by bit as if she had been possessed by an evil god.

After he was done, she fell silent for a few seconds before saying with the same deep and slightly confused voice, "This is the truth of the apocalypse?

"Even the seven deities are unable to save us?"

Without waiting for Klein's reply, Audrey laughed self-deprecatingly.

“I thought what I’ve been doing recently was very meaningful…

“I thought the worst news I could think of was the defeat of Loen and the annihilation of the Church…

“But compared to the secrets you told me, all of this is so insignificant.”

Chapter 1225: Counseling

When he heard Miss Justice's slightly bleak and confused words, Klein could empathize with her. This was because he had previously had similar thoughts.

After recalling snippets from self-help books, he deliberated and said, "A father's death is so insignificant to the entirety of Loen. One or more cases might happen every day, but to his child's family, it is something that can change their fate.

"Similarly, if we don't reach the level of an angel, everyone's outcome will be sealed—death and be buried. But this doesn't mean that the time from when we were born to the time we die is meaningless."

Audrey nodded slightly when she heard that. She once again said in a self-deprecating tone, "I understand all of this. However, the secrets you mentioned had a huge impact on me, and I couldn't control my emotions.

"As a Psychiatrist, I actually needed someone else to counsel me..."

Klein smiled and said, "Isn't this very normal? Many times, we can tell if someone else's condition is normal, but we can't clearly see our own problems. Didn't you mention that you and Susie counsel each other from time to time?"

Due to the fact that Dwayne Dantès had seen Susie, the golden retriever, Audrey didn't hide anything related to her during their chats.

Audrey nodded gently and said, “Yes… that’s right.

“I’ve already straightened my thoughts out. I should do what I can and not leave any regrets.”

She gradually adjusted her mental state.

Klein then said, “It’s not just a matter of not leaving any regrets; we might be able to add to the forces that resist against the apocalypse.

“Compared to the whole, this might be trivial, but even the vastest desert is made up of grains of sand. The boundless ocean is also formed by droplets of water. As long as everyone sends out as much light as the heat inside them [1], it might bring some hope.”

“Sends out as much light as the heat inside them…” Audrey repeated the keywords in Gehrman Sparrow’s words softly.

“Don’t quote me,” Klein added with a smile.

The corners of Audrey’s mouth curled up as she replied with a faint smile, “Could it be something Emperor Roselle said?”

That I don’t know… I have to endure a strong sense of shame when flipping through his quotations. I hadn’t finished reading it all this time… Klein didn’t give an affirmative answer, nor did he deny it. Instead, he said, “Start hypnotizing me. Let me forget things related to the cosmos, and only remember the corresponding reminder.”

“A little while longer. I would like your advice on something.” Audrey openly made a request. She took this opportunity to recount what she had been doing recently, as well as the difficulties and perplexities she had encountered. “...Mr. World, what suggestions do you have? What should I do to lessen the suffering of the people of Backlund before the war ends?”

As for stopping the war, although she wanted to, she knew that she didn’t have the ability to do so.

At the same time, she also understood that even Mr. World wouldn’t be able to do it. Even if Mr. Fool personally intervened, he would at most be able to turn the situation around. There was no way to stop the war. After all, this world war was essentially a battle between deities.

After hesitating for a few seconds, Klein calmly said, “Although the Spectator pathway tries to act behind the scenes as much as possible, and although I always keep the words ‘caution’ and ‘carefulness’ in my mind for everything I do, and try not to put myself in a dangerous situation...”

When he said this, Audrey subconsciously thought to herself, *From the various rumors at sea, the descriptions of Fors and the others, and the demigod battle I witnessed, I really can’t see the “caution” and “carefulness.” There’s only “dominance” and “radicalism”... Hmm, to be able to do those things and survive on strength alone is indeed not enough...*

Seeing that Miss Justice was listening seriously with her green eyes filled with attentiveness, he continued, “In this world, nothing can be easily resolved without taking risks.

“Sometimes, I do something with the thought that ‘death is a possibility.’”

The muttering in Audrey's heart stopped. She fell silent for a while before slowly saying, "I understand what you mean.

"There are many times when you can't do what you want while ensuring absolute safety. You can only choose one of them."

Klein nodded and decided to let Miss Justice understand the reality of this world better, so as to prevent her from being overly idealistic when she did things.

"The method you mentioned just now is the most feasible, with the least risks. The people who can help the people of Backlund are the nobles, Churches, businessmen, and the royal family.

"Why don't we rob Feysac, Intis, and the Feynapotter army of their food?" Audrey subconsciously asked.

Klein calmly said, "This is because the three armies have already entered the Loen Kingdom's borders. Even if you can escape a demigod's notice and successfully snatch the food, they will not collapse. They will definitely snatch the food from the surrounding people for sustenance. The effects will not be significant in the short term. As for the long term, we might not have the luxury of time to wait that long."

When that happened, it was obvious to Audrey who would be the true victims.

This was the difference between a war between deities and an ordinary war.

"Besides, I'm unable to do that. The capacity of Traveler's Bag is limited. It's the same for the "Teleportation" recorded in

Leymano’s Travels.” Justice Audrey began to counsel herself as she asked thoughtfully, “If I were to really obtain food from the nobles, businessmen, and royal family, what reaction would the Church have when they discover traces of my interference?”

Klein maintained his previous tone and said, “A tacit acquiesce.”

“…” Audrey vaguely felt that this was the answer, but she couldn’t figure out the reason.

Klein continued, “Believers are the anchors of the deities. One believer is an anchor point. In this aspect, there is no difference between a noble and a poor person. In essence, no one is nobler or lowlier.

“Under normal circumstances, nobles and merchants can use their status, power, wealth, and influence to help the Church maintain its system and spread its faith. Therefore, they are more important. But in this situation, who is more important—thousands of anchors, or millions of anchors?

“This is a simple problem in mathematics.”

Faced with the truth of the veil that had been ripped off, Audrey was momentarily speechless.

Seeing this, Klein added, “From this point of view, whatever you want to do on a wider level has its meaning.

“You will help the Evernight Goddess and the Lord of Storms stabilize their anchors. In the future, this might be critical to resisting the apocalypse.”

Audrey pursed her lips bit by bit, holding them pursed for a long time before relaxing them. She chuckled and said, “Only now do I realize that I’m actually a little proud of my status as a noble.”

“Nobility is in your character, not status.” Klein helped her finish her sentence.

Audrey slowly exhaled and calmed her chaotic inner thoughts. She didn’t make up her mind as a result.

She casually said, “Our Tarot Club and the Church… Uh, the relationship with the Church of Evernight seems pretty good.

“Mr. Fool and the Evernight Goddess are allies?”

This question stumps me… I do wish to become allies with the Goddess, but “She” might not be interested… After lampooning a few times, Klein said in a serious tone, “You can think of ‘Them’ as allies at the moment.”

He deliberately emphasized that it was only now, so as to prevent himself from being slapped in the face by reality in the future.

At the same time, he muttered the real answer in his heart:

Based on the current situation, the Goddess was an angel investor of the Tarot Club, the major shareholder…

Audrey nodded slowly and suddenly smiled.

“I was just thinking about what you could be mumbling inwardly when you answered ‘allies at the moment.’ It must be interesting, just like when we were exploring Liveseyd.”

…Lady, a Psychiatrist isn’t suited to joking with a patient on such matters… Is it because we’ve been chatting for too long in the past half year and have become much more familiar with each other that you’ve revealed your true nature? Please show some respect to this adventurer in front of you who is famous for being cold and crazy… Yes, I have to say, the Spectator pathway’s ability to adjust their own emotions is indeed impressive… It was all Leonard’s fault that time… Klein was first taken aback before he pretended that nothing had happened as he leaned back into his chair.

“Let’s begin.”

Audrey immediately reined in her emotions and began to seriously and carefully attempt to hypnotize him.

After everything was over, Klein confirmed that Miss Justice wasn’t under the notice of the Great Old Ones through the crimson star after she returned to the real world.

Of course, he had already forgotten anything regarding the Great Old Ones or Outer Deities. He was just able to confirm that nothing abnormal had happened from Miss Justice’s condition.

Phew… Klein heaved a sigh of relief. He threw the piece of paper that could awaken his memories into the junk pile and told himself to wait until he became an angel.

…

Backlund, Bridge area, in an apartment.

Emlyn White looked at Maric, who had suddenly appeared in front of him. The former took off his hat and bowed in an extremely gentlemanly manner.

“What’s the matter?” Maric sat on the sofa and leaned forward, his hands clasped.

Emlyn pulled a chair and sat down. He smiled and asked, “Do you still wish to deal with the important figures of the Rose School of Thought’s indulgence faction?”

“Do you have any leads?” Maric asked indifferently.

Emlyn was definitely prepared before he paid the “visit,” so he said unhurriedly, “I do not have any clues regarding the person-in-charge of the Rose School of Thought in Backlund.

“However, after the war escalated, the Southern Continent’s East and West Balam, Star Highlands, Paz Valley, and Haagenti Plains have been thrown into chaos. Many of the Rose School of Thought demigods have emerged and walked onto the stage. They are no longer so difficult to lock onto.”

Maric looked at the red-eyed and thin-lipped Emlyn and said, “Which duke or marquis of the Sanguine are you representing?”

“Am I not allowed to represent myself?” Emlyn raised his chin slightly and asked with a smile.

Maric shook his head seriously and said, “You are only a

Sequence 5; you aren’t qualified enough.”

He had said it so directly that Emlyn was momentarily at a loss for words.

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1. Quote from a leading figure of modern Chinese literature, Lu Xun.

Chapter 1226: Handing Out Mushrooms

Emlyn maintained his smile and calmed himself down before responding, “I can find helpers of a sufficient level.”

He didn’t wish to borrow the forces of the Sanguine too much on this matter, because if that happened, he would undoubtedly end up as a liaison, a bystander, and a messenger. He would not have any say in the eventual distribution of the spoils of war.

As for the Sanguine Dukes and Marquises, they had no lack of direct descendants who wished to advance to become a demigod and become an Earl.

At the very beginning, Emlyn believed in his identity as the Sanguine’s savior. He believed that the important figures would treat every single member fairly. However, as The Hanged Man analyzed the various high-level Sanguine orders from Marquis Nibbs and the other high-level Sanguine, Emlyn gradually became wary of them.

He frowned slightly and said, “Sherlock Moriarty?”

Emlyn was puzzled as he shifted in his seat.

“Why do you think it’s him?”

If it was in the past, he would have directly said, “Why are you mentioning Sherlock Moriarty? He has been away from Backlund for nearly two years.” But now, he could acutely grasp that there was some hidden information in Maric’s words. He subconsciously adjusted his question.

In the eyes of this Wraith, Sherlock Moriarty isn't simple? Yes, indeed, he isn't simple… As he spoke, Emlyn made a guess.

Upon hearing Emlyn's question, Maric's expression immediately turned odd, as though it was his first time meeting this Sanguine Viscount.

He quickly restrained the abnormality on the surface and said without emotion, "We need to consider it.

"I hope you can come up with a more convincing plan the next time we meet."

"No problem." Emlyn secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

He immediately stood up and bowed gentlemanly.

After deciding on the means of communication, he put on his silk hat and walked out of the room.

As he returned to his residence, Emlyn couldn't help but run through his initial plan.

As long as I complete a cooperative agreement with the demigod of the Rose School of Thought's temperance faction, I can use it to apply for a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact from the Marquises and Dukes of the race…

Using the reason that it's under the cooperating partner's behest that they object to having demigods of the race be involved, I can stop them from directly interfering…

Yes, in order to make an agreement, I have to show enough strength to convince Maric and the others… I can only commission the mission at the Tarot Club to see if Ma'am Hermit, Miss Justice, and Mr. Hanged Man are willing to accept the commission. Miss Magician can also be considered. She can summon the projection of Gehrman Sparrow…

The biggest problem now is that I can't provide enough compensation…

I can only try to make an advance or a promise. Once I become an Earl, I'll return the payment one by one…

With this in mind, Emlyn suddenly felt thankful that he had joined the Tarot Club.

This was the only organization he knew that could use a future promise to exchange for current material goods.

And within the Sanguine, or in the orthodox Churches, one had to accumulate enough contributions until one reached the end of the line where the characteristics and advancement ritual was awarded. Sometimes, a Beyonder might not be able to accumulate enough contributions in their entire lives.

This is like a credit loan underwritten by Mr. Fool. It can be used to issue missions, and when the advancement succeeds, it can be paid in installments… Emlyn habitually leaned towards the things he was familiar with.

Although he had never borrowed money from the bank, some of the Sanguine had rich experience in such areas and would often talk within their own circles.

Most of them had a fixed, expensive hobby. The precious items might not be liquidated easily at times, so they had no choice but to borrow money from close friends or the bank to ensure the necessary cash flow.

Emlyn remembered that there was a Sanguine who wasn't good at wealth management. He relied solely on his profession as a doctor to earn money. When he took a fancy to a precious piece of art, he bought it using a loan from the Backlund Bank.

After that, he couldn't bear to pledge his property up for the mortgage. Exploiting his long life, he spent two hundred years repaying the debt. Of course, in name, his father had died, and the son took over the debt. When the son died, the grandson took over the debt.

Emlyn's evaluation of this was: very honest.

…

North Borough in Backlund. Outside Saint Samuel Cathedral.

The citizens lined up in rows as they received the grilled bread, dried mushrooms, preserved fruits, and other food from the workers of the Loen Poverty Relief Foundation.

Their lines extended from the main entrance of the cathedral all the way to the square and circled it several times. At a glance, it was densely packed with people.

Audrey stood on the steps behind Melissa and took in everything.

She saw the pale faces of the citizens, their eyes filled with longing. Seeing a mother holding a baby in her arms, she anxiously coaxed the child while eagerly observing the line in front of her that didn’t seem to shorten. She saw many people dressed in bright clothes, formal suits, and long skirts. Some of them pressed down their hats and wore veils, as if they didn’t want the people around them to recognize them.

At times, some people didn’t want to keep order and were dragged out by the priests and policemen who were helping to maintain the order. They were thrown to the back of the lines.

As food was delivered, the cloth bags piled behind the long table slowly dwindled until there was none.

Finally, all the food had been distributed, but the long line had only been reduced by half.

The citizens who were unable to receive the help couldn’t resist revealing their disappointment, frustration, and reluctance. However, they didn’t make a scene or argue. They moved their feet mechanically towards other handout points.

They had experienced this many times in the past one or two months. They had long known that unnecessary emotions would only waste the energy they had little of. It would hamper their quick movements to other relief points or fair-price food outlets.

At this moment, their expressions were numb, their eyes vacant as they left the square like a bunch of zombies.

During this process, a woman carrying a child had her legs give way as she fell to the ground.

Her child started wailing loudly, his voice laced with pain.

As he cried, the child sobbed and said, “Mommy, I’m so hungry…”

“There’ll be food soon. There’ll be food soon. There’s food at Memorial Square…” The woman carried the child and patted his back. Tears streamed down her face as she spoke.

Upon seeing this scene, Audrey was just about to say something when she saw Melissa take out a plate of food from a wooden crate under a long table and run towards the mother and son.

“I didn’t see it just now. There’s still one more…” Melissa crouched down and handed the bread, dried mushrooms, and preserved fruit over. Then, she explained in a soft voice, afraid that it would cause a dispute among the citizens.

The rest of the food was actually prepared for the foundation staff who had been busy all this while. The portion that Melissa had given them was hers.

The woman took the food and handed it to the child as she said repeatedly, “Thank you, thank you…”

The child hugged the food tightly and mimicked his mother in his nascent voice, “Thank you, thank you…”

Audrey subconsciously looked around and noticed that the Church’s priests, most of the police, as well as the “Nighthawks” who were mixed among the people to secretly prevent any accidents, were all showing sympathy, pity, and sadness.

After the citizens had left, Audrey picked up her own set of food and handed it to Melissa.

“You deserve it.”

Melissa looked at Miss Hall before her and shook her head.

“I gave my own share.

“Miss Hall, don’t worry. I’ll have food when I get home. My brother is a civil servant…”

With a faint smile, Audrey stuffed the grilled bread, dried mushrooms, and preserved fruits into Melissa’s hands.

“You don’t have to worry about me. My family has prepared snacks for me when I’m out busying myself.”

As she spoke, she took a wooden box from her personal maidservant, Annie, and opened it for Melissa to see.

The wooden box contained exquisite cucumber sandwiches, cream muffins, and a small carrot cake.

A look of astonishment appeared on Melissa’s face. She stared at the snacks for a few seconds before looking up at Miss Audrey Hall.

She immediately lowered her head and, without saying a word, she ate the grilled bread and water that Saint Samuel Cathedral had prepared.

As if “petrified” by her gaze, Audrey held the wooden box and stood rooted to the ground. For a few seconds, she didn’t move and only pursed her lips tightly.

…

After the fifth batch of residents from Moon City received cleansing and treatment and enjoyed the magical mushrooms, this ancient city became a believer of The Fool without any resistance. It welcomed the saint and oracle, Gehrman Sparrow, into the city.

With that, Klein held a large Mass and used the Unshadowed Crucifix and the Life’s Cane to heal the remaining Moon City residents.

High Priest Nim, who had finished his quarantine, came out and respectfully asked at the end of the Mass, “Oracle, what is the complete honorific name of the mighty Lord?”

Klein looked around and said solemnly with his face tightened, “The Fool that doesn’t belong to this era…”

After giving out the honorific name, he specially emphasized, “Don’t chant the complete honorific name in normal times. Do so only when important matters arise.”

Otherwise, as Mr. Fool, he would suffer a mental breakdown from all the “phone calls from work.”

Nim wasn’t surprised at all, because the ancient sun god was the same.

After some thought, he asked, “What are the requirements for the ritual of the Lord?”

Klein said confidently like a charlatan, “God says: Eighth Commandment: Serve me with your heart, not with your offerings.

“The most important thing for a ritual is to be pious. There are no other requirements. It can be very simple.”

After all, the Lord does not care [1]... After saying that, Klein silently added in his heart.

After explaining this, he raised his right hand and pointed at the pile of mushrooms in front of him.

“The Lord has bestowed these mushrooms to you because he wants you to enjoy a bumper harvest.

“These mushrooms are nourished by the flesh and blood of monsters. They can rapidly grow and accumulate all the toxins, corruption, and madness into those pure black mushrooms. This can be used as a medium for curses or to smear the heads of arrows...”

The Moon City residents listened in excitement as they clasped their hands and bowed their heads, shouting, “Praise be to The Fool!”

At that moment, it was as if Klein could hear countless illusory voices coming from the air. They were mixed with the real praises, circling him and anchoring him.

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1. Quote from The Dark Forest of the Three Body Problem trilogy.

Chapter 1227: Summoning Ritual

After Mass, Klein followed the newly appointed Priest of The Fool, Nim, into the black tower.

With no reservations, Nim gave a detailed description of how many demigods and Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts there were in Moon City.

Three demigods... Five Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts... Moon City isn't weak at all... As expected of a power that can directly receive a revelation and guard the border... Furthermore, they had people relatively well-distributed across the twenty-two Beyonder pathways in the beginning. They could work together effectively so that some rituals didn't need any requests for external help or become restricted by the environment... Yes, compared to the City of Silver in how their surroundings is worse and how they do not have Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts to support them, it's already extraordinary for them to survive to this day... If it wasn't because they couldn't find suitable food, they should be able to survive in the darkness for centuries... Klein felt wistful after hearing the introduction.

At this moment, Nim said respectfully, "Oracle, we are willing to sacrifice all the Sealed Artifacts and Beyonder characteristics to the Lord. I wonder which one of them will be more pleasing to him?"

This High Priest had previously mentioned that apart from him, a Nightwatcher, Moon City also had an Iron-blooded Knight and an Imperative Mage. They were respectively the Lightning Priest and Night Priest.

As for the five Grade 1 Sealed Artifacts, one of them belonged to the Monster pathway. It seemed to be a portion of Misfortune Mage characteristic mixed with a little of a Chaoswalker's characteristic. One of them came from Puppet from the Mutant pathway, and the other was bestowed by Red Angel Medici. It allowed everyone to gather all their powers together. One of them was suspected to be the amalgamation of a Bizarro Sorcerer's characteristic, and there was one of an unknown pathway. It had extremely strong discernment abilities, but it was rather dangerous due to an unknown corruption.

Hearing that, Klein's eyelids twitched as he smiled.

"Serve the Lord with your heart, not with your offerings.

"The Lord accommodates the entire world and doesn't care about these things."

Having said that, he paused and said, "Of course, if you don't mind, you can bring me around for a tour to broaden my horizons."

"No problem!" Nim answered without hesitation.

He originally imagined that Gehrman Sparrow would take away a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact while taking the tour, but to his surprise, the Oracle only wanted to get a better understanding of the specific situation and had no intention of reaping any benefits. He picked up every Sealed Artifact to take a look but put them back in the end.

After the tour ended, Klein said to the three demigod priests, "The opportunity to leave this cursed land isn't here yet. You need to hold on for a while longer.

"And I will continue my journey to find other survivors and spread the light of the Lord."

"Yes, Oracle," Nim and the other priests replied without any hesitation.

With those mushrooms, they would be spared from annihilation for at least another three generations.

After settling the matters in Moon City, Klein walked out into the darkness in his trench coat and top hat.

What he was going to do next was very clear:

Find Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar and hunt for this God of Wishes!

My wish is to obtain the Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic and that "curtain." I wonder if "He" will be able to help me achieve it… As Klein walked, he made a mockery in his heart.

With him out of sight of Moon City's residents, he pulled another "him" out of the fog of history.

His main body entered the Historical Void, causing his consciousness to shift to the projection.

This projection also summoned the historical projection of the Staff of the Stars. With its Beyonder powers, he descended directly into the place in his mind:

The completely destroyed northern ancient city, Nois!

After successfully reaching his destination, the projection quickly disappeared, and Klein's body returned to the wilderness outside Moon City.

Following that, he summoned the Staff of the Stars's projection and repeated the process, allowing him to instantly reach the Nois ruins.

The main purpose of the Historical Void's projection was to scout ahead and ensure that the scenes that surfaced in his mind were identical to the real world, without having any discrepancies. This prevented the Staff of the Stars from creating its random effects.

This was the cautiousness of a Scholar of Yore.

…

In the middle of the quiet and dark training grounds of the City of Silver.

Colin Iliad, who was carrying two swords on his back, stood by the side. He watched as Derrick Berg set up the ritual and prayed to Mr. Fool, asking him to send a holy spirit down upon him to provide him with help.

This was different from a normal summoning ritual. The corresponding incantation was more complicated:

“The Great Fool;

“You are the ruler above the gray fog;

“You are the King of Yellow and Black who wields good luck.”

“I pray for your loving grace.

“I pray for your notice.

“I pray for the power of concealment and change.

“I!

“I summon in the name of the great Fool:

“The Holy Spirit that sees through Everything, the Loving Grace of the King of Yellow and Black, the Traveler from the Dream and Mind.”

As the Jotun words echoed at the altar, the flames at the tip of the candles suddenly expanded, forming an illusory door covered in mysterious patterns.

The door slowly opened and a woman wearing a pure white dress and silver mask walked out. She stepped out of the void and walked across the ground.

Her hair was red and her eyes were golden. They were limpid and deep, as if they could see through everyone’s hearts.

This was Justice Audrey. She had used Lie to change her height, and a mask to conceal her main features.

She came to the Forsaken Land of the Gods, the City of Silver in the form of a Spirit Body.

In fact, the summoning ritual wasn't complicated at all. Klein had pulled Audrey's spirit above the gray fog ahead of time. He waited for the Door of Summoning to be established before helping her open it, allowing her to pass through and settle the entire matter.

That also meant that the description of "Holy Spirit that sees through Everything" could equally have changed to "Sleeping Princess, the Holder of the Golden Apple, the Previous Owner of the Crystal Slippers," and Justice Audrey would still be able to descend. This was dependent on who Klein allowed to pass through the Door of Summoning. After all, the key point of the ritual was to use The Fool's name for the summoning and using the power of Sefirah Castle to communicate with the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

The silver-masked Audrey secretly surveyed her surroundings. She sized up the lightning-lit sky, the darkness that spelled lurking danger, and the City of Silver's Chief, Colin Iliad.

She then looked away and nodded at Little Sun.

"We can begin."

As she spoke, she couldn't help but sigh at his height.

Although this could be seen during the Tarot Gathering, it was still something that left her in a daze when she met him in real life.

She remembered very clearly that The Sun was a few years younger than her. According to Loen's standards, he was definitely still underage. To her surprise, he was more than two meters tall. This made Audrey, who had used Lie to deliberately increase her height, still have to look up.

Without any hesitation, Derrick relaxed his mind and cast his gaze at the golden potion placed on the altar.

Gradually, he felt a little dazed as scenes involuntarily flashed across his mind.

Scenes of his parents who remained alive inside the coffin;

The silver sword that stabbed down, hard. The blood that splattered and blinded his eyes momentarily.

It was the heartwarming scenes of his family in the past;

It was the City of Silver that was on the verge of collapse in the darkness.

They were teammates who supported each other and watched each others' backs;

It was the Elders standing in front of everyone, blocking the storm.

It was the repeated curses, the hope he saw in the lightning amidst the darkness;

It was a dream that had existed for more than two thousand years. It was something that generations of people yearned for daily.

The emotions that Derrick was most unwilling to give up were very complicated. It contained his anger towards reality, the fondness of the past, the pain of his circumstances, the repression of history, and the desire to save the City of Silver.

Audrey slowly separated these emotions as though she had experienced the despair and sadness of the City of Silver, experiencing their unity and sacrifices.

Her golden eyes sometimes turned gloomy and heavy, while there were glints at other times, as if she had grabbed something and taken it in; yet, she still remained lost.

After a while, she saw the twelve-white-winged angel of light. This was another response from Mr. Fool to The Sun.

Audrey seized the opportunity and attached all the intense feelings onto the angel phantom, preventing them from disappearing or undergoing a resurgence for a short period of time. By doing so, they didn't stay completely separate from Derrick's body.

It's done. She didn't open her mouth, but instead, allowed her voice to echo in his heart.

At this moment, Derrick's eyes became abnormally cold, as if he no longer knew what joy, sadness, pain, and depression were.

He picked up the golden potion in front of him and poured it into his mouth.

This was a demigod potion obtained from shattering the Unshadowed Crucifix.

The Sealed Artifact that originated from the ancient sun god no longer existed. Of course, for Klein, anything he once possessed remained as enduring as the universe.

A hot, violent liquid gushed down Derrick's throat, instantly filling his entire body and occupying his soul.

Rays of bright sunlight burst out from his body, washing away the remnants of his body's corruption and the heaviness of his soul.

Derrick's body became purer and clearer, like a holy spirit formed from pure light.

His self-awareness and emotions were being purified and repelled. It wouldn't take long for him to only have the instinct to praise the Sun.

At this moment, Audrey no longer let the strong emotions that she had stripped from him remain attached to the angel projection. She guided them back towards Little Sun.

One scene after another surfaced in Derrick's mind, causing him to experience abnormally complicated emotions.

He once again experienced the pain of personally killing his parents, the despair brought about by the circumstances of the

City of Silver, and the joy of receiving Mr. Fool's loving grace.

This drilled deep into him, becoming a foundation of his mind world. It was very sturdy and very reliable, allowing him to withstand the last few rounds of the potion's cleansing forces.

Finally, Derrick opened his eyes—it was pure white.

When he saw a ray of light in front of him, he instinctively extended his right hand in an attempt to grab it.

However, the light quickly dimmed and extinguished.

Derrick was stunned for a moment before he clenched his right hand tightly.

Beams of light rose up and enveloped the entire City of Silver.

The legendary noon descended for a brief moment.

All the residents of the City of Silver were stunned by what they saw. This was even more shocking than any of the previous demigods' advancement.

Sunlight.

It was sunlight that illuminated the entire city.

…

After ending the summoning, Audrey returned above the gray fog.

At that moment, Mr. Fool was no longer around. The ancient palace only had The World Gehrman Sparrow, who had planned on observing the ritual.

“You don’t seem to be in a good state?” asked Klein.

Audrey sat down and smiled.

“I’m just a little edgy, hesitant, and confused.”

“That’s very normal. Before truly making up one’s mind, everyone would behave like this. There are countless people who retreat and regret their decision,” Klein calmly said.

Audrey didn’t directly answer the topic at hand and instead said with a faint smile, “Ever since I became a Spectator, I’ve always displayed what would be the most acceptable side to them in front of others, taking care of their most delicate emotions. This isn’t a bad thing, but this way, I won’t be able to know what I really look like in the eyes of others. I won’t be able to unveil the gorgeous clothes and see the rotting flesh beneath me. I won’t be able to figure out the problem.

“Recently, I’ve been trying to show my true state in some details. I want to see how the people around me will react under such a situation. I want to see if they still think that I’m the kind, amiable, and virtuous young lady.”

At this point, she suddenly fell silent. A few seconds later, she sighed and said, “The gap…”

Chapter 1228: Wishes

Without waiting for The World Gehrman Sparrow to respond, Audrey, who was maintaining her posture, slowly said a few words:

“Heaviness…

“Pain…

“Shame…”

Klein listened silently without commenting on what Miss Justice said. Instead, he asked in a gentle tone that was closer to the image of Dwayne Dantès, “Why do you suddenly want to do such a test?”

“It’s not a test.” Audrey shook her head. “It’s just to reveal the details that I usually hide and avoid. I want to see what I really look like in the eyes of others.”

After pausing for a moment, she moved her lips without a smile.

“After our previous conversation, I really am trying to come up with a plan. I plan to secretly do some manipulating, so that the nobles, businessmen, royal family, and the Church can release enough food from their stockpiles.

“Theoretically, this is a simple matter, but when actually trying to put it into action, I realize that I can’t be as determined and decisive as I thought.

“Some of them are my uncles and aunts, some of them are my cousins. Some of them are friends I’ve known since I was young, while others are elders who have been very protective of me. Some of them I often meet with during various charity events and are rather friendly. They formed my childhood and gave me too much. It was a part of my growth, a part of the beautiful memories of my past…

“Besides, the food they accumulated wasn’t stolen. Their explanation is actually reasonable.

“I really can’t do it—to make them my target in an attempt to rob them of a portion of their wealth. At least, it’s like this now.”

As she spoke, Audrey’s voice unknowingly escalated into a crescendo, as if she was arguing with someone.

She then realized that she had lost her composure, and remained silent for two seconds before continuing, “That’s why I want to know more about myself. I want to strip away the false image from our past relationships. Under different circumstances, I want to ask myself what I really want, whether my thoughts in the past were impulsive, hypocritical, and naive, or strong beliefs from my heart.”

At this point, Audrey suddenly smiled.

“Although I haven’t come to any conclusions, the attempt has already brought some added benefits.

“I used to think that I had strictly abided by the principle of ‘you’re only acting,’ but now I realize that I’m almost addicted to acting.

“Other pathways require different identities and occupations. The Spectator pathway’s acting is completely consistent with one’s daily life. Sometimes, it’s hard to clearly differentiate between them.

“The simplest example: Who wouldn’t want to be loved by everyone? Hence, when facing different people, I would wear a different mask and use the powers of the Spectator pathway to create an image that suits the other party’s expectations the best. When there are more and more of such things, when you face everyone, you would actually be obsessed with ‘acting.’ You would almost lose yourself.”

Klein nodded slightly and said, “That’s a good lesson.”

He didn’t comment on Miss Justice’s prior words.

After a moment of silence, Audrey slowly said, “During this period of time, I’ve read the East Borough investigation report that my father hired someone to do. I’ve experienced many different things.

“Before the war, many of the poor people, workers, and farmers have lived lives that are as difficult as the lives today. They’ve been in constant hunger and pain. The changes to the Poor Law, and the strict laws about the working hours and environment, has indeed brought about some improvement to the management of the pollution in the air, but just a little…

“After the war ends, and if—if we overcome the apocalypse, will such things happen again?”

As she spoke, Audrey pursed her lips tightly and fell into silence.

Klein could sense Miss Justice's confusion and perplexity. After some deliberation, he didn't say the answer in his heart. He said in a deep voice, "These questions of yours, including what you said about your true thoughts, require you to find the answers yourself. No one can replace you.

"I can only give you some advice. Go to the fields and take a look at the hardworking farmers. Go to the factories and take a look at the diligent workers. Go to the East district and experience them. Go to the library and read through the past newspapers and other related works."

Audrey listened attentively and nodded seriously.

"I will try."

She immediately stood up and bowed towards the end of the long, mottled table. Although Mr. Fool had left, she believed that "He" was watching.

Just as she was waiting for Mr. Fool to send her back to the real world, The World suddenly said, "Hold on."

"Oh?" Audrey expressed her curiosity with a nasal grunt.

Klein looked at her and conjured a piece of paper.

"This is the description of a Mythical Creature's character and behaviors. I hope you can provide me with some help. Based on this analysis, determine what kind of reactions 'He' will carry out in different situations."

"Alright." Audrey did not refuse and agreed.

After she took the piece of paper and finished reading the content, Klein deliberated and said, "Regarding what you just said, I have another suggestion:

"There are two types of questions that you have. Some of them are indeed very pressing, while the others are not. You can wait for things to calm down and do a deeper investigation. Well, once a person is anxious, they will easily make mistakes. It's best you be clear about the differences."

Audrey thought for a moment and nodded solemnly.

"I understand."

After responding, she suddenly laughed.

"I thought you called me at the last moment to give me your blessings, hoping that I will still love this world after seeing the world as it is."

Klein was first taken aback before he asked with a smile, "You seem to have read a lot of Emperor Roselle's novels?"

"He's an outstanding novelist and also a very complicated and contradictory person," Audrey said with a faint smile.

Klein nodded indiscernibly and spoke slowly, "If I wanted to give you my blessings, I wouldn't have said that.

"I would have said, I hope that you will still love your family and friends after seeing them as they are."

Audrey was taken aback as her lips quivered, as though she was repeating the words.

After a few seconds, she closed her eyes and said with a slightly hoarse voice, "Thank you…"

…

Sonia Sea, in the waters of the Rorsted Archipelago.

The Blue Avenger led a pirate fleet through the battlefield that was ravaged by war.

Suddenly, a huge fireball flew over from nowhere. Intertwined silver beams split apart the surface of the sea, creating a passageway that didn't originally exist. Surrounded by the massive waves on both sides, it pointed straight at the Blue Avenger.

Alger Wilson, who was standing at the bow, raised his right hand without a change in expression when he saw this scene.

A violent hurricane suddenly appeared, sweeping up the azure-blue seawater and curling up the silver rays, like a long snake that shot into the sky, colliding with the huge fireball.

Boom!

The water splashed down like rain.

Alger immediately locked onto a battleship, opened his mouth, and let out an angry roar.

With a boom, the boat was suddenly lifted into the air by a ferocious wave.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, the Blue Avenger's cannons automatically fired as a series of salvos echoed continuously.

Realizing that the Beyonder on the other party's warship was trying to use the force of the fireball's detonation to allow the ship to drift sideways, Alger suddenly pulled down his right hand.

A thick bolt of silver lightning struck down, charring the Beyonder's body as he constantly convulsed.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

As artillery shells hit their target, the ship disintegrated in midair.

At that instant, Alger felt a little dazed. He couldn't help but look down at his right hand.

This is the power of a Cataclysmic Interrer. Is this how it feels to be a demigod? He sighed in his heart in a somewhat intoxicated manner before quickly snapping back to his senses. He got the Blue Avenger to pursue the enemy.

An hour later, the intense sea battle was over. Loen's side had once again secured the Rorsted Archipelago.

Alger was in a rather good mood. After returning to the port on the Blue Avenger, he called the sailors down and headed for one of the few bars that still remained open for business.

Loen had already issued an alcohol ban during wartime as a way to add to the food rationing efforts. But to sailors, alcohol was indispensable. Therefore, in the area controlled by the Church of the Lord of Storms, the restrictions in this area weren't too strict. Furthermore, the Rorsted Archipelago had plenty of produce and there weren't too many people. The shipping lines were under control, so their food supply hadn't been disrupted.

After walking for a distance, Alger's gaze suddenly froze.

The street in front of him had been hit, and many houses had already collapsed. One of them had a huge crater in a concrete field, while the four-story building beside it was left in ruins.

The smile on Alger's face gradually disappeared.

…

On Monday afternoon, 3:00 p.m. Backlund time.

Dark red beams of light shot up from both sides of the long bronze table, coagulating into blurry figures.

After all the members bowed to Mr. Fool, the gathering's transaction segment began since there weren't any more Roselle diary pages or accumulated questions.

Emlyn immediately sat up straight and surveyed the area.

“Ladies and gentlemen, I have a commission.”

“Which Shaman King do you wish to hunt?” Cattleya asked according to her understanding of Mr. Moon.

“…” Emlyn took two seconds to digest her question. He maintained his elegant smile and said, “You guessed correctly.”

Cattleya nodded slightly and said, “What kind of payment can you provide?”

Emlyn was once again at a loss for words, a little embarrassed to say what he had prepared to say.

At this moment, The World at the bottom end of the long bronze table suddenly said, “You found someone from the Rose School of Thought temperance faction to cooperate with?”

Emlyn heaved a sigh of relief.

“That’s right.”

“Then I can take on this commission.” As this was related to Miss Messenger, Miss Sharron, and Maric, Klein controlled The World to take the initiative to accept the mission. “Of course, this requires a certain medium.”

Without waiting for Emlyn to respond, he made Gehrman Sparrow look at Miss Magician.

“Make some preparations in advance.”

??? Fors, who had been watching the entire thing play out like a performance, wore a blank look on her face.

Chapter 1229: Collective Wisdom

Seeing that Miss Magician had yet to react, Klein made The World add, “You don’t need to be there. Just summon my historical projection in advance.”

“...Alright!” Fors nodded hurriedly.

At that moment, because Gehrman Sparrow had accepted his mission, Emlyn clearly relaxed.

From what he knew, this meant that the success rate of the matter had skyrocketed.

In the next second, The World looked at him and hoarsely asked, “What kind of payment can you provide?”

Emlyn fell silent for two seconds before saying with his eyes darting upwards slightly, “Once I become a Shaman King, I’ll provide a free promise on similar matters.

“Also, I only want the Shaman King’s Beyonder characteristic. The members of the Rose School of Thought temperance faction should have a clear goal. The rest will be yours.”

Mr. Moon isn’t very stolid. He doesn’t have much confidence... Through his actions and words, Audrey came to a conclusion.

This fellow, Emlyn, has learned how to use “consumption loans”... Klein secretly laughed and made The World indifferently reply:

"It looks like you can only afford a demigod like me."

If Mr. Moon can provide a large amount of food, I don't mind participating… Justice Audrey mumbled inwardly.

However, she didn't need to say anything to know what Mr. Moon would say.

Why would we Sanguine be hoarding so many snacks?

To the Sanguine, their staple was the blood of humans with abundant spirituality. Bread and meat products were all non-essentials.

Seeing that The World Gehrman Sparrow didn't reject his offer, Emlyn secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

"What other requests do you have? I'll try my best to fulfill them."

Gehrman Sparrow thought for a moment before saying, "Give me a mystical item or a Sealed Artifact that can greatly increase the wielder's spirituality for a short period of time."

This was for Miss Magician, allowing her to maintain the Historical Void projection for a few more minutes. And there was no doubt that the Moon domain had such Beyonder powers. For example, the Scarlet Scholar could create a full moon state, allowing their spirituality to be enhanced.

Phew… Emlyn quickly nodded.

"Alright, no problem."

Seeing that the human and vampire had come to an agreement, Fors hurriedly raised her hand and said, "No Full Moon."

That way, ignoring the enhancement of her spirituality, she would be considered lucky if she didn't die on the spot. After all, the higher the Sequence, the clearer one could hear Mr. Door's ravings. Fors had long since advanced from Sequence 6 Scribe to Sequence 5 Traveler.

Emlyn also knew about Miss Magician's "full moon curse," so he had no questions about it. He acknowledged tersely, indicating that he had taken note.

At this moment, Alger, who was listening to the completed transaction beside him, said in thought, "Although the Beyonders of the Rose School of Thought are easily controlled by their emotions and instincts, this didn't mean that their brains had already disappeared along with their zombification. Even if they're gone, they still have members of the Moon domain.

"Since their demigods were directly involved in the Southern Continent's war and have exposed their locations, they wouldn't dismiss the possibility of an attack from the Sanguine and temperance faction. I believe there's a high chance of them laying a trap."

"That's right." Leonard echoed, "Many dossiers indicate that, although the Beyonders of the Rose School of Thought are well known for indulging themselves in bloodshed, cruelty, and desires, they still act very meticulously. Their actions show certain cunningness and sinisterness."

Xio glanced at her friend and said, "I encountered a supernatural incident involving the Rose School of Thought two months ago. The target was obviously deceived and fell into a trap."

The World Gehrman Sparrow listened attentively before scoffing. He then said to Emlyn, "Which Shaman King is your target?"

Emlyn didn't hide anything.

"The Shaman King who led the natives from East Balam's North Olite County to attack the Loen's main colonial city."

Upon hearing this, a thought flashed across Klein's mind:

The Mother Tree of Desire doesn't seem to want the Goddess to control the Uniqueness of the Death pathway. "She" was driving the natives and using the war to waver the fundamental faith of the Church of Evernight in the Southern Continent.

As this thought flashed through his mind, he made The World Gehrman Sparrow look at Emlyn and chuckle.

"Then my target will be another Shaman King. This has nothing to do with your operation."

There was no need for him to be too direct. Emlyn, Cattleya, and company quickly understood his plan.

This was a simple plan:

Gehrman Sparrow hunted another Shaman King and took the initiative to step into a trap to attract the hidden forces of the

Rose School of Thought. And at that moment, the Moon and the Rose School of Thought’s temperance faction would take the opportunity to attack the real target.

“Isn’t this too dangerous?” Emlyn subconsciously replied.

The danger was of course directed to Gehrman Sparrow who would be walking into a trap.

The World Gehrman Sparrow replied very calmly, “It will just be a historical projection.”

If he dies, so be it…

Upon hearing such an answer, Emlyn, Leonard, and the other members of the Tarot Club were at a loss as to what expression to show as a response. It was unknown if they should reflect on the fact that Sequence 3 demigods were different, or be envious that Scholars of Yore had such Beyonder powers.

Klein continued to let The World speak, “If the Rose School of Thought has any doubts about my sudden attack, and only divert a portion of their strength to stop me so as to still maintain a relatively complete trap, then I will try to hunt that Shaman King seriously and turn the false target into the true target. After all, all you want is the corresponding items. You don’t care who the original owner is.”

A simple but effective plan… The key point is that Gehrman Sparrow has to have a strength that exceeds his limits, one that can put up resistance even when facing an angel… Audrey learned from him seriously and evaluated this inwardly.

Emlyn no longer had any doubts. After some thought, he said, “Before the official operation, I need to meet with the members of the Rose School of Thought temperance faction to finalize the details.”

The World Gehrman Sparrow nodded and said, “Make arrangements for it.”

After the exchange, Klein made The World conjure a paper stack and distributed it to the members of the Tarot Club.

“Some existences and I will be dealing with a Mythical Creature. You can raise your opinion and share your thoughts.”

The piece of paper was written with the character and actions of the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar, as well as the various analysis Miss Justice had made.

He hoped that he could find inspiration through different people with their different personalities and knowledge.

Mythical Creature… The World has set his sights on Mythical Creatures? Alger, who had been much quieter than usual, couldn’t help but look at the bottom end of the long bronze table.

Although he was already mentally prepared for this, he felt that he wouldn’t be surprised even if The World Gehrman Sparrow suddenly called himself an angel. However, when he realized that the other party was really targeting a Mythical Creature, he couldn’t help but feel a little shocked and perturbed.

Cattleya had similar feelings as well, but she immediately recalled the Snake of Fate, the Death Consul, and the Ancient

Bane.

This matched the Gehrman Sparrow’s words of “some existences.”

It was very normal for three angels and a Sequence 3 Blessed to hunt a Mythical Creature!

One by one, they retracted their gazes from the bottom end of the long, mottled table, and they began reading the information in their hands seriously.

At this moment, as they weren’t involved in the commission or involved in a transaction, nor were they sharing information; yet, the members of the Tarot Club had a baffling feeling of working together for one common goal. They felt like they were starting to feel like an organization.

After reading the contents, Alger was the first to speak.

“According to Miss Justice’s analysis, no bait will trap that paranoid Mythical Creature. It will only push ‘Him’ to escape further.

“Under the situation of ‘Him’ suspected to wield a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic, ‘He’ really doesn’t need to chase after other things. Advancing ‘Himself’ is the most important thing at hand. If you want to deal with ‘Him,’ we can only consider it from this point of view.”

Upon hearing this, Xio said from a professional point of view, “But this Mythical creature is very cautious. ‘He’ doesn’t leave any clues behind. And according to the intel, the location ‘He’ can use to prepare for the Sequence 1 ritual isn't actually restricted in an environment like the Forsaken Land of the Gods."

"Yes, there are too many monsters for 'Him' to use." Derrick confirmed what Miss Judgment had said.

There was silence immediately. Leonard thought for a moment and said, "Can we rely on the law of Beyonder characteristics convergence?"

As he spoke, he looked at Klein Moretti.

"That Mythical Creature seems to be from the same pathway as you."

"Just relying on the effect that comes from the convergence of Beyonder characteristic at this level to 'chance' upon this Mythical Creature might take a year or two, perhaps even longer. Furthermore, the other party is a complete Mythical Creature. 'He' has the ability to cause some interference." Klein overruled Leonard's suggestion.

Of course, if he augmented the power of Sefirah Castle onto himself, he might be able to meet the Dark Demonic Wolf the next time he used the Staff of the Stars's random teleportation. However, the problem was that if that happened, the chances of a "coincidental encounter" with Amon would be much, much higher. This was the standard way of knocking on death's door.

After hearing everyone's discussion, Cattleya said in thought according to what the Queen found taboo, "Can we use this Mythical Creature's honorific name to establish a connection?"

If the Dark Demonic Wolf hadn't been tracked by Amon in the past, that might have been possible. But now, what can be thought must have been thought of by Amon. Under such circumstances, the fact that the Dark Demonic Wolf hasn't perished implies that "He" is wary of such matters… The World Gehrman Sparrow slowly shook his head.

"With 'His' paranoid character, 'He' definitely wouldn't respond automatically."

Just as he said that, he suddenly had an idea.

Not receiving a response from the Dark Demonic Wolf didn't mean that "He" wouldn't pay attention to the corresponding prayer light!

Chapter 1230: Meeting Again

As he had personal experience, Klein placed himself in the shoes of the Dark Demonic Wolf and pondered.

Usually, he would shut down the automatic prayer response to prevent an enemy from using the feedback to establish a connection and lock onto his position;

Under this premise, to receive a sudden prayer from a stranger would no doubt lead to “Him” relying on the corresponding point of light to observe the supplicant and grasp more information. This allowed “Him” to make preparations for what might happen in the future;

If the person chanting the honorific name was a powerful existence like Amon or someone relatively more familiar, it would be best to destroy that point of light immediately. However, if the person was a stranger, under such a situation where “He” was completely safe, “He” would monitor him for a long period of time to understand the exact situation and see if there was a need for a counterattack. It was something that every rational creature would most likely do. At the very least, Klein would do so.

The essence of this matter was that non-Mythical Creatures were marked by high-level existences. They could die in a baffling and tragic manner at any moment. To the supplicant, this was equivalent to suicide or something even more terrifying. To the Dark Demonic Wolf, it was only a positive outcome, nothing negative.

At the beginning, the suspicious Dark Demonic Wolf would definitely suspect that there was a conspiracy. “He” wouldn’t dare to establish a connection and influence Klein from a distance. However, with the passage of time, as the observations deepened and a confirmation was made that the other party was a non-angel weakling who possessed the aura of Sefirah Castle with signs of being unprepared, “He” would definitely find an opportunity to attack from afar. At the time when Klein was most unprepared, “He” would mark the prayer light and deal a remote attack.

This aligned with Klein’s previous conclusion about his advantage that Klein—“I’m very weak.”

The only problem with this plan was that the initiative was completely in the hands of the Dark Demonic Wolf. Everything Klein did would be monitored, and there was no way to prepare ahead of time. Once the other party tried to exert “His” influence on him, he would not be able to fight back and wouldn’t be spared.

Phew, by doing so, I would successfully bait the prey, but kill the hunter as a result... It’s meaningless... Yet, if I don’t place myself in such a passive position, it will be difficult to bait an angel of the Seer pathway, the paranoid demonic wolf... This is something that a marionette or others cannot do in my stead... If only I can be certain that the Dark Demonic Wolf wouldn’t rashly attack remotely because of “His” paranoia and will only choose to monitor and observe... Thoughts raced through Klein’s mind as he sought out the possibilities amongst numerous impossibilities.

With regards to this, he could only sigh inwardly, feeling regretful for not being an angel from the Spectator pathway.

According to his assumptions, the angels of the Spectator pathway would more or less have some special characteristics of “the more others know about you, the more you understand them.” When the Dark Demonic Wolf monitored him closely through prayer light and ended up carefully observing an angel from the Spectator pathway, "His" position would undoubtedly be exposed to the other party.

Unfortunately, I'm not... Besides, the Spectator pathway's Sequence 2 might not be able to do so. I can only be certain that a Sequence 1 has this special trait... Summoning 0-08 from the fog of history? No, let's not talk about whether I can summon that quill without Groselle's Travels. Even if I successfully create a projection, the quill is a quill while I am still myself. The Dark Demonic Wolf's understanding of me doesn't make 0-08 do the reverse. Also, I can only use it for a mere two minutes. It wouldn't be enough to sense anything... It can be used as supplementary to the plan, writing the development I wish to see happen, making the Dark Demonic Wolf's "choice" appear reasonable so as to eliminate uncertain elements... Klein considered for a long while, but he failed to find a suitable plan to bait his prey.

Apart from feeling regretful that he wasn't a Sequence 1 angel of the Spectator pathway, he had also thought of the cosmos:

Just learning of it would result in corruption from the cosmos!

If I had the nature of the cosmos, then after the Dark Demonic Wolf uses the prayer point of light to monitor me, "He" would be corrupted, allowing me to lock onto "His" position. However, the cosmos's nature is higher than that of an angel. How could I have it... I keep feeling like I've forgotten something... Klein made The World Gehrman Sparrow shake his head indiscernibly as he surveyed the area.

"There's no need to discuss the answer now. You can go back and communicate with the right person with suitable methods."

He focused his attention on The Star Leonard and The Hermit Cattleya, hoping that they would be able to get advice from the existences that were more experienced such as Pallez Zoroast and Queen Mystic Bernadette.

As for himself, he would return to Backlund with the aid of the historical projection. He would seek advice from Miss Messenger, Will Auceptin, and the ascetic, Arianna.

This is what it means to seek the opinions of angels or quasi-Angels before making a major decision... Klein made a self-deprecatory comment.

When Leonard and Cattleya heard that, they nodded in unison.

“Alright.”

Following that, the members of the Tarot Club began discussing the situations of the various battlefields until the end of the gathering.

...

After returning to the real world, Leonard, who was resting in Saint Samuel Cathedral’s basement, spoke in a low voice, explaining all the questions that Klein had posed to him and said, “Old Man, do you have any suggestions?”

“This is him trying to obtain the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic left behind in the Forsaken Land of the Gods...” Pallez Zoroast was first enlightened before he chuckled. “Tell your former colleague that there’s no way he can resolve this matter himself. I only have one suggestion. That is to seek help from The Fool!”

Leonard knew Old Man's character very well. He hurriedly asked, "Is this really the only suggestion?"

Pallez Zoroast harrumphed and said, "That's a Mythical Creature that even Amon can't capture. It's possible only by relying on The Fool's help."

Only then did Leonard nod and sigh.

"It seems that's the only way..."

...

Two days later, two minutes before the meeting time that The Moon Emlyn had agreed to meet Maric.

Fors sat on a reclining chair beside the fireplace and listened to the commotion on the second floor. She cast her gaze at her friend, Xio.

"If the war continues, Backlund will definitely suffer more attacks. Are you really not going to evacuate your mother and brother to the surrounding villages?"

Xio's short, light-blonde hair was parted in an asymmetrical fashion and was neatly combed. Compared to last year, she looked more serious and had the bearing of an adjudicator. She was like a high-ranking knight leading an order of knights.

She hesitantly said, "The population in the surrounding villages has reached its limit. Besides, I can still get enough food from MI9 now."

Having said that, she paused and said, “If the flames of war really reach Backlund, take them ‘Traveling’ to Intis and Feynapotter…”

“It seems that’s the only way…” Just as Fors was about to mention the matter of her buying food in Intis a few days ago, she suddenly heard the alarm ring.

She shivered and suddenly sat up straight. She stretched out her right hand, which was wearing a red string, and grabbed into the air.

Her arm sank as she pulled out Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a silk top hat and a black trench coat without glasses.

The cold adventurer’s eyes rolled and gained consciousness, reducing the amount of spirituality that Miss Magician had to expend.

He nodded gently as he made the glove on his left hand become transparent.

In less than a second, Gehrman Sparrow “Teleported” away and disappeared from Fors and Xio’s rented apartment.

“…” Fors was stunned for a moment before the corners of her mouth twitched slightly. She turned to Xio and said, “I think I’m just a tool…”

…

The sky was already dark, but the street lamps weren’t lit up.

Only the crimson moon illuminated the entire city.

When Klein arrived at the agreed-upon place, he looked around and saw the unusually cold streets, the burning marks on the walls, and the collapsed buildings not far away for a few seconds.

Just based on what he saw, Backlund was desolate and dilapidated. It even had the smell of gunpowder wafting through the city.

At this moment, Emlyn White walked out of an alley and nodded at the crazy adventurer.

According to Gehrman Sparrow's instructions, he didn't say a word or bow. To prevent any delay in whatever precious time Gehrman Sparrow had, he led him to a nearby house and knocked on the door rhythmically.

With a creak, the door opened automatically, revealing a dark environment blanketed with faint moonlight.

The moment Emlyn and Klein entered, they saw the white-shirt and black-vested Maric sitting on the sofa. The door behind them seemed to have a life of its own as it slammed to a close.

After taking a glance at him, Emlyn smiled and pointed at him.

"This is my partner, Mr. Gehrman Sparrow."

Just as he finished speaking, he suddenly realized that the way Maric looked at him was even odder, as though he was examining an idiot.

"Long time no see." Maric immediately stood up, pressed his hand to his chest, and bowed at Sherlock Moriarty.

Since the other party didn't appear in the image of Sherlock Moriarty, he definitely wouldn't take the initiative to mention such matters.

"Long time no see." Klein took off his hat and surveyed the area. "Miss Sharron, please come out for the discussion. I have limited time."

As he spoke, he took out a silver adventurer's harmonica and blew into it.

A figure wearing a dark and complicated long dress holding four blonde, red-eyed heads walked out from the void.

The messenger summoned by the harmonica's historical projection was an objective existence. It didn't increase the spirituality burden of Fors.

At the same time, Maric nodded and said, "Alright."

He cast his gaze on the high stool on the other side of the room.

Emlyn looked at the Wraith in a daze, then at Gehrman Sparrow and the spirit world creature he summoned. For some reason, he felt like he had been ostracized and didn't belong here.

And on that high stool, a figure quickly outlined itself. Her skin was fair like a doll, and she wore an exquisite black regal dress and a small bonnet of the same color. Her blonde hair and blue eyes were slightly pale in color.

Chapter 1231: “Visiting” Everywhere

Emlyn subconsciously looked at the high stool on the other side of the room, and saw the “exquisite doll.”

His eyes immediately revealed a look of amazement, admiration, ardor, and other mixed emotions. He opened his mouth and almost blurted out the question of where he could buy such a doll and who was the master behind this piece of work.

However, he was already an adult and had experienced plenty of things. He knew that bringing up such a question was very impolite, so he planned to find an opportunity to ask after the discussion on serious matters were finished.

Sharron frowned indiscernibly as her body floated up. She bowed at Reinette Tinekerr and Sherlock Moriarty.

“There’s no need for small talk,” Klein said simply. “Our initial plan is this...”

He shared how he would let his historical projection take the initiative to step into a trap to attract the attention of the Rose School of Thought and described it in detail.

Sharron with her black bonnet listened quietly and said with a slightly ethereal voice, “They might not fall for it.

“After realizing that you are the attacker, that Shaman King will likely choose to retreat under the protection of Sealed Artifacts or angels.”

This way, it could only implicate a portion of the Rose School of Thought's strength.

Without waiting for Klein and Emlyn to respond, Reinette Tinekerr's four heads opened their mouths and said at a faster pace, "Their…" "Main…" "Target…" "Should… "Likely…" "Be…" "Me…"

Emlyn was a little lost hearing this, but he could roughly tell that the spirit world creature that Gehrman Sparrow had summoned had quite a status. Furthermore, it had a deep relationship with the Rose School of Thought's temperance faction.

That's right… Even if the Mother Tree thinks highly of me, the setup would most likely attract Miss Messenger… After a moment of silence, Klein gave an addendum:

"Madam, you and I will attack the other Shaman King in the form of Historical Void projections."

"…" *Gehrman Sparrow is very respectful towards this spirit world creature…* Just as this thought flashed through Emlyn's mind, he saw the eight eyes on the four heads sweep at him.

He shivered and instinctively joined in the discussion.

"Can this fool those from the Rose School of Thought?"

Since Klein had suggested that, he must have thought of a corresponding solution.

“I have an item that can be lent to Miss Tinekerr.”

Having said that, he looked at Reinette Tinekerr and said, “That item can mimic the Beyonder powers that surface in your mind.

“I hope you can use it to summon your past self, then move yourself into a concealed state and inject your consciousness into the projection. This way, the Rose School of Thought won’t be able to discover anything abnormal in a short period of time. It’s very likely that they will fall for it and gather all their strength to surround and kill you and me, allowing Miss Sharron and Emlyn to find a chance to launch a surprise attack.

“If they’re more cautious than I thought…”

Klein paused for a moment before revealing a smile.

“In that short period of time, if you join forces with me in your peak condition, there is a chance of killing the Shaman King despite him being under the protection of a Sealed Artifact.

“Now, the main point is, do you know enough about the Beyonder powers to summon Historical Void projections, as well as entering into a concealed state?

“I can demonstrate the former to you, but I will think of a way for the latter.”

Reinette Tinekerr’s four heads shook up and down at the same time.

“I…” “Can…” “No…” “Problem…”

"That's the general gist of it. You can confirm the details in the next few days." Klein silently estimated the time, as if he made his delivery succinct.

Sharron nodded indiscernibly and said, "The most important thing is intel. Teacher can provide a portion of it. The rest can be obtained through magic mirror divination."

Maric echoed, "I remember the symbol you drew back then."

She also remembered that the question posed by the hidden existence didn't violate much of her privacy, and didn't bring about too much shame.

Emlyn thought for a moment and carefully asked, "How do we communicate on both sides?

"If we can't grasp the timing accurately, the plan will definitely fail."

The Blood Clan's Oath of Rose was unable to transmit what they saw and heard at such a great distance.

Sharron glanced at Reinette Tinekerr and said, "Teacher's main body can stay on our side. Ten seconds after 'She' enters a concealed state, we will take action.

"Once 'She' exits the concealed state, we will immediately leave regardless of whether we succeed."

"*She*"… Emlyn jumped in fright as he instinctively turned his head to look at Gehrman Sparrow.

He remembered very clearly that “She” was summoned by Mr. World.

How terrifying… Emlyn didn’t know if he was referring to the spirit world creature or Gehrman Sparrow.

“After the intelligence gathering is done, you can communicate again.” Seeing that it was almost time, Klein took off his hat and bade farewell.

Emlyn’s lips quivered, but he didn’t ask anything in the end. He followed Gehrman Sparrow out of the house where Sharron and Maric were.

Miss Messenger actually didn’t ask for any gold coins… This is because I’m helping “Her.” If “She” really wants payment, all the gold coins I have are historical projections. I can only rely on Emlyn… I have to say, the Bangle of Spirituality that Emlyn provided to Miss Magician has pretty good effects. On the one hand, it can strengthen Miss Magician’s spirituality, and on the other hand, it can speed up her spirituality recovery, allowing her to last this long… Just as the thoughts ran through Klein’s mind, he heard Emlyn asked in puzzlement, “That ma’am—uh, Miss Sharron is a Sequence 4 demigod of the Mutant pathway?”

“That’s right. The potion’s name is Puppet,” Klein kindly informed him.

Emlyn was instantly enlightened as he fell silent for two seconds before saying with a complicated expression, “If only she didn’t speak or move, then she would be perfect.”

…If it wasn’t for the fact that a Clown could be described as a master in terms of expression management, Klein nearly spewed a mouthful of water at Emlyn.

He thought that the other party would praise Miss Sharron's beauty and doll-like characteristics, showing his infatuation and fervor, but in the end…

I can't understand what's on this fellow's mind… After controlling his urge to spew out whatever was in his mouth, Klein sighed inwardly.

Emlyn glanced at him and seemed to have guessed what he was thinking. He scoffed and said, "Which two things do you like the most?"

With Gehrman Sparrow's character, he wouldn't have answered such a mundane question. However, he was still Sherlock Moriarty—a friend of the vampire in front of him. After some thought, he walked into the alley and casually said, "Money and delicacies."

"Then, I'll give you a stack of edible gold pounds. Would you like it?" Emlyn asked further as he walked beside Gehrman Sparrow without any fear of the crazy adventurer like Miss Magician.

Klein imagined it and felt that this would taint the value of the gold pounds, but also caused the delicacies to lose their attractiveness. Hence, he slowly shook his head.

"So…" The corners of Emlyn's mouth curled up. "Although I also like exquisite, beautiful dolls and pure girls, if they were to combine together, it would inevitably make me find it a little odd. Yes, I believe that every doll of mine has their own character and story. If they suddenly come to life and not be like what I imagined. I would be very disappointed and worried… Of course, if I had the chance to obtain the Puppet potion and sprinkle some on all my puppets, I might try it…"

As Emlyn spoke of his contradictory thoughts, he acted like a philosopher.

If Miss Justice were here, she should be able to analyze Emlyn's mental state from such a reaction... Before he could respond, Klein's figure instantly faded and vanished.

...

In the rental apartment where Fors and Xio lived.

In front of the fireplace, Fors leaned back against the reclining chair with a pale face. She pulled up the wool blanket covering her body and, with the help of Cogitation, entered a deep sleep.

Two hours later, she woke up feeling energized, but there was still some fatigue on her face.

This Miss Magician took a slow, deep breath and extended her hand again, pulling Gehrman Sparrow out of the air in front of her.

Half of her demigod-level "Records" were the summoning of Historical Void projections.

Klein glanced at her. This time, without even nodding his head, he directly "Teleported" out of the house and entered an empty room in a hotel.

Two hours ago, he had been busy with Emlyn and Miss Sharron's matters. This time, he had "returned" to Backlund for himself.

Without wasting any time, Klein immediately took out the adventurer’s harmonica and blew it.

When Miss Messenger stepped out of the void once again, Klein recounted how he wanted to hunt the Dark Demonic Wolf and finally asked, “Do you have any suggestions?”

Reinette Tinekerr’s four blonde, red-eyed heads bobbed up and down at the same time.

“Sefirah Castle!”

In essence, it’s the same as Pallez Zoroast’s answer… Klein pressed curiously, “How?”

“I don’t know!” Reinette Tinekerr’s four heads answered in unison.

Klein silently exhaled and thanked “Her.”

“Sorry to trouble you.

“You can leave now.”

The blonde, red-eyed heads held by Reinette Tinekerr immediately replied:

“Bill…” “Records…” “For…” “1351…”

"September…" "For…" "Gehrman… "Sparrow…"

"Owes…" "Me…" "One…" "Gold coin…"

With that said, "She" turned transparent and returned to the spirit world.

"…" Klein was stunned for two seconds before he slowly took out his wallet from his inner pocket and picked up a paper crane.

"I have some questions to ask of you." He wrote on the paper crane he carried with him.

After doing all of this, Klein lay on the bed and fell asleep.

In the hazy dream world, he once again saw Will Auceptin, who was lying in a black pram and wrapped in silver silk.

You're already over a year old. Do you still think you're a baby that's a few months old? Pretending that he didn't see him sucking his fingers, Klein quickly described his conundrum.

The plump Will Auceptin retracted his thumb and sized up Klein.

"Isn't the answer obvious?"

"Ah?" Klein was pleasantly surprised and puzzled.

Will Auceptin smiled and said, "You must've been eating too few desserts recently, causing your memory to be bad… Do you still remember what happens to a Beyonder below an angel of the Fate pathway when they see you directly?”

This… Klein’s eyes lit up.

Chapter 1232: Comparison Experiments

After becoming a demigod and gaining some level of control over Sefirah Castle, Klein was able to prevent its aura from permeating out into the real world and augmenting him. This made him stop considering similar problems. After all, this would result in abnormalities, causing him to be recognized by the Beyonders of the "Fate" pathway at a glance—it was rather unsafe. And at this moment, once he received Will Auceptin's reminder, he felt that it opened up new possibilities.

When I was only a subsidiary to Sefirah Castle and only had the right to use it, the aura and projection of Sefirah Castle made a saint of the Fate pathway not dare to look at me directly. I was equivalent to a Mythical Creature in the eyes to the corresponding Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders. Now that I have initial control over Sefirah Castle, there's a high chance I can make the "effects" better... This can affect angels who are complete Mythical Creatures "Themselves"? Sefirah Castle's level reaches that of Sequence 0 at the very least? Yes, according to my deductions, it might even be higher than Sequence 0... It has the trait that just knowing of it will result in corruption? Klein's mind whirred with activity as though streaks of lightning were flashing across his mind.

He quickly made up his mind. After returning to the Forsaken Land of the Gods, he would find the monsters in the depths of the darkness and do some experiments with the marionettes in the fog of history, so as to deduce if his idea worked.

He smiled and said to the one-year-old child in the black pram, "I understand what you mean. I'll get someone to send you ice-cream soon."

Will Auceptin, who was wrapped in silver silk, slowly turned his head and looked to the side.

“No, there’s no need.

“I’ve been eating too much ice-cream during this period of time, and it’s starting to affect my body’s development…”

Klein pricked up his brows and asked, “Genuine, top-grade ice-cream produced right from the Intis capital, Trier.”

“…Give it to me next week.” Will Auceptin hesitated before answering.

With that said, the plump one-year-old child turned around and buried his face into a tiny pillow in the pram.

Due to the limited time Miss Magician had at maintaining the Historical Void projection, Klein didn’t say anything else. Using his unique trait, he forcefully escaped the dream and woke up before getting out of bed.

Right on the heels of that, he stretched out his right hand and repeatedly pulled at the air.

Four to five times later, his arm sank as he dragged out a woman wearing a simple linen robe with a tree bark belt. She was barefooted and had long black hair. She was a lady with average looks.

The leader of the ascetics of the Church of Evernight, Servant of Concealment, Arianna!

At the same moment, in Hillston Borough, in an apartment, Fors, who was sitting in a reclining chair, seemed to be pulled by invisible threads as she sat up abruptly. Her body straightened as the blood vessels on her forehead throbbed.

She felt that her spirituality was like a flood that flowed towards the void in front of her, one that she couldn't stop no matter how hard she tried. She was on the brink of being sucked dry.

In the next second, this sudden surge eased quite a bit, but it remained frightening. It wasn't something that she could handle now.

In a hotel room, Klein spoke succinctly once he saw the Historical Void projection of Ma'am Arianna gaining sentience.

"I plan on cooperating with others to deal with a particular Shaman King of the Rose School of Thought."

Arianna nodded gently, indicating that she understood, but she didn't give any suggestions.

Seeing that the ascetic leader didn't give him any warnings, Klein felt a lot more at ease with the plan to hunt the Shaman King. He then said, "I've been planning on targeting the Dark Demonic Wolf recently."

Arianna opened her mouth slightly and said, "Be careful."

...Did "She" mean to say that I shouldn't belittle the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar? Just as he was about to ask a question, his consciousness suddenly blurred. He saw the woman opposite him and his reflection in "Her" eyes fade away as they quickly disappeared.

Thud!

Fors collapsed into the reclining chair as her facial muscles twitched slightly.

“This is more tiring than writing all night long…” She gritted her teeth and tried Cogitating to fall asleep.

Extreme exhaustion might sometimes paradoxically cause insomnia to a person.

…

In the Forsaken Land of the Gods, near Nois ancient city in the north, there was no one in the dark wilderness.

With the lantern emitting a faint yellow light, Klein circled around to confirm his surroundings.

Then, he found a rock and sat down, no longer shielding the aura of the gray fog from seeping into reality.

On this foundation, Klein consciously strengthened the projection that Sefirah Castle placed on him.

After he was done with his preparations, he quickly turned a monster hidden in the darkness around him into a marionette.

The marionette walked out of the darkness. Under the illumination of the lantern, it approached Klein and cast its gaze on him.

In the eyes of this monster marionette, other than the coated and hatted Klein having deeper, more profound eyes, his temperament had also become even more indescribable. There wasn't much of a difference from before.

After repeatedly testing the different types of monster marionettes, Klein confirmed that ordinary people, or most Beyonders, were unable to discover that he had the aura of Sefirah Castle on him.

Following that, he reached out with his right hand and pulled out his body from half a day ago. He controlled the rather dull historical projection to cast his gaze over.

This time, "Klein" saw a layer of grayish-white fog covering his body. Its interior was shimmering with light, but it didn't reveal its actual appearance.

He then removed the projection's support and attempted to pull out Marionettist Rosago and other Beyonders of the Seer pathway to repeat the experiment.

Yes, after enhancing the projection, Beyonders of the Seer pathway can directly discover something abnormal. However, those below the level of an angel can at least confirm that I'm related to Sefirah Castle. There's no way to directly see the strange door of light, which is also the projection of Sefirah Castle... This outcome wasn't too surprising for Klein.

He took a deep breath and, after preparing himself to "rescue himself," he raised his hand and pulled out Winner Enuni from back when he hadn't been his marionette for long.

Enuni raised his head bit by bit, and his eyes gradually reflected Klein's figure. There was a faint gray fog that emanated outwards.

Deep in the fog, transparent or translucent twisted maggots were clustered around countless spherical lights. The spherical lights formed a door of light that was dyed bluish-black.

The door of light was much clearer than before as it appeared even more textured. At the same time, its shape changed as it extended even higher up.

This made it look like a tall and thin, brilliant figure. And the grayish-white fog around it was the figure's hooded robe.

The spherical lights constantly flashed, making Klein feel like he was being watched by this deep, mysterious, towering, and terrifying figure with his numerous eyes.

With a boom, Klein's head involuntarily tilted back as blood mixed with transparent maggots spurted out of his pores.

The Worms of Spirit fell to the ground as they frantically rolled and struggled. Some of them rapidly dissipated, while some eventually calmed down before crawling back into his body and into his pores.

Man… It's much better than directly losing consciousness and suffering memory loss the last time… Klein rubbed his temples and sighed silently.

Enuni, who was standing in front of him, had already vanished because of the impact that Klein had received. Unable to maintain the Historical Void projection, Enuni vanished.

This was also one of the reasons why Klein didn't suffer too much damage this time.

Without Winner Enuni, he was unable to see the mutated strange door of light. This reduced the continuous assault on his senses.

After two seconds, Klein entered the fog of history, took four steps counterclockwise, and went above the gray fog.

Looking at the faint dark glow rising from his body and melting away, Klein finally heaved a sigh of relief and gave a self-deprecating laugh.

I nearly corrupted and corroded myself…

In the future, I'll use Rosago and the other Beyonders of the Seer pathway to do additional experiments: If there's no direct assault, I need to confirm if there will be a reverse corruption from Sefirah Castle's projection with the increase in observation time…

…

The Southern Continent, East Balam, Faoltec City that was under attack.

Under the illumination of the crimson moon, the Loen soldiers hiding behind a simple shelter took turns to rest to recover their energy.

Their faces were black and covered with traces of gunpowder. Occasionally, someone would wake up and take out some dried tobacco leaves and casually roll it. Then, they would use the remaining matchstick to light it up and bring it to their mouths to suck deeply at it. In turn, their eyes exuded mostly numbness and blankness.

When the soldiers guarding this line of defense smelled the tobacco, they instinctively sniffed and looked over.

“Do you still have any more tobacco leaves?” a soldier with a rifle asked his companion in a low voice.

His comrade shook his head.

“I’ve already finished smoking it.”

“I don’t know when the next batch will arrive… I’m going crazy without the tobacco!” The soldier who first spoke gestured outside the shelter with his chin. “Do you see that? There are so many corpses, so many hands and feet. They all belonged to living people.”

Before the sun set, the Resistance had launched a fierce attack by feverishly storming the various defensive lines at Faoltec City. Their disregard for their own lives frightened the Loen soldiers and servant-army who had been guarding the city. They almost had victory at hand, but ultimately failed to break through the critical line of defense. They left behind copious numbers of corpses before receding like the tide.

His comrade fell silent for a moment before saying, “Maybe tomorrow or the day after tomorrow, we will be joining them.”

Having said that, he looked up at the crimson moon and said in a dreamy voice, “I wonder how Backlund is. I haven’t received a letter from home in a long while… I wonder if they have enough food, or if they can find a doctor when they are sick…”

The soldier who had wanted to smoke was about to curse at the damn war and the damned enemy when his eyes suddenly widened. Trembling, he raised his right hand and pointed ahead.

“Th-they… They’re alive…”

One by one, the soldiers looked over and saw that under the crimson moon, the dismembered corpses that the Resistance had left behind were beginning to crawl up one by one, swaying as they tried to approach the defense line.

In the distance, a mysterious hooded person in black robe with embroidered crimson patterns stood behind the Resistance and spread out his arms slightly.

The spirituality of the entire battlefield was rapidly being nourished.

Chapter 1233: Two Spots

Ever since the war became prolonged, the Loen soldiers had seen countless unnatural phenomena. It happened so many that they were somewhat numb to it. However, the scene of the dismembered corpses crawling up remained a shocking scene. It left them horrified and confused. They felt as though they were unable to survive the impending disaster, and would eventually become zombies.

Of course, there was a reason why they were able to maintain their morale after seeing such unnatural phenomena.

Just as they were feeling extreme fear, a series of chants sounded from behind them.

“Lacking clothes and food, they have no shelter in the cold.

“…

“The Evernight did not forsake them, but bestowed them with love [1].”

The holy and sympathetic prayer reverberated across the entire defense line, causing the fear in every soldier to quickly dissipate, their bodies and minds turning tranquil.

Then, a number of the soldiers followed orders and moved out cannons covered in silver patterns. They adjusted the muzzles and aimed at the dismembered corpses that were rushing at them.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Sparks flew as shells landed in different spots on the battlefield, exploding and emitting a thick darkness.

The dismembered corpses collapsed, the strength within them vanishing; otherwise, they were directly destroyed, returning to their eternal slumber.

The mysterious black-robed man behind the Resistance army raised his arms upon seeing this, as though he was hugging the crimson moon.

At that moment, his body suddenly turned incorporeal, his body dyed a faint red as he transformed into a hazy ray of moonlight.

The moonlight shattered instantly, turning into red scales before dissipating in place.

Moonlight Transformation!

This was a Beyonder power that a Sequence 5 Scarlet Scholar of the Apothecary pathway possessed. To a Sequence 4 Shaman King, it was almost instinctive.

And at the spot where the Shaman King had been, a figure quickly outlined itself.

It was a huge cloth doll. “It” had blonde hair and bright red eyes, and wore a long black gothic dress with countless mysterious patterns engraved on it. Swirling around it was sinister vines. Its skin had a luster that no human should possess.

Reinette Tinekerr!

“She” had used the Staff of the Stars to summon “Herself” back when she was in perfect condition.

Of course, the Staff of the Stars that was lent to Miss Messenger was the real one. Klein had brought it back to the real world from above the gray fog ahead of time.

If that wasn’t the case, it would be equivalent to Klein’s historical projection summoning a Staff of the Stars projection; then, the projection of the Staff of the Stars would summon Reinette Tinekerr in her peak state. The whole burden would be placed on Fors, causing her spirituality to be quickly drained.

A solution to this problem was to temporarily lend the actual Staff of the Stars to Reinette Tinekerr. The draining of spirituality would be borne by this Ancient Bane.

At the same time, Reinette Tinekerr was probably one of the existences that were the least afraid of the negative effects of the staff.

As a key representative of the temperance faction, and as a Puppet and a “cloth doll,” “She” could stop unwanted scenes from surfacing in “Her” mind. And after changing into a concealed state, the Staff of the Stars could hardly affect “Her” Historical Void projection.

The peak state Reinette Tinekerr had attempted to sneak closer to directly possess the Rose School of Thought’s Shaman King and instantly end the battle. However, the other party had discovered the danger ahead of time. Using the moonlight’s illumination, he was one step ahead of the Wraith’s possession.

Amidst the crimson glow that enveloped the ground, red scales rapidly reformed into the black-robed, hooded Rose School of Thought Shaman King. His eyes were closed eyes tightly, not daring to look at the Ancient Bane opposite him.

At the same time, on the other side of the battlefield, a figure rapidly appeared. It was none other than Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a black trench coat and a half top hat. He had a transparent glove on his left hand as he raised his right hand and snapped his fingers.

Scarlet flames rose up from various parts of the battlefield, as if they were announcing the beginning of a grand performance.

Just as the Shaman King finished reforming, he reached out his left hand and tore apart the clothes on his chest. At that moment, Reinette Tinekerr's bright red eyes reflected his figure.

If things went as expected, the Rose School of Thought Shaman King would've transformed into a rabbit or a goat in the next second. He would "lose" most of his characteristics and Beyonder powers, but his body only emitted a faint glow without any change.

His exposed chest revealed a long, thin brown puppet which was embedded there.

The puppet seemed to grow out of the Shaman King's body, its body connected to his internal organs. Its eyes and mouth were like crescents. The surface of its body was grown with dried flowers and withered grass, giving off an indescribable bizarreness in the moonlight.

Suddenly, the puppet was dyed red as though it was soaked in blood.

It immediately turned into a pool of mud that surged into the organs of the Shaman King.

Amidst the mud, an arm stretched out.

Its surface was flowing with a black sticky liquid that kept protruding out with strange objects. Some were skulls, some had barbed tongues, while others had three-dimensional eyes.

Abomination Suah!

This Rose School of Thought's leader, an existence at Sequence 1, had crossed the vast distance and descended with the help of prior arrangements!

That evil aura instantly caused the surrounding members of the Rose School of Thought and supporting members to either die, mutate, or wildly attack their comrades. Apart from the Shaman King, no one was spared.

…

West Balam, in a port city.

Shaman King Klarman, who wielded the highest authority here, stood at the top floor of a cathedral that once belonged to the Church of Evernight as he looked down at the sparsely-lit city.

In a house not far away, Emlyn White glanced at the doll-like Sharron and took out a bronze box with many ruby gems embedded in it.

Inside the box was an eyeball-shaped glass sphere. It was a Sealed Artifact which Emlyn had requested from the Sanguine, known as the Vision of White—an artifact of the Sun domain.

It was very effective at dealing with the Mutant pathway's demigods and Shaman Kings. It could even be considered able to restrain them in certain aspects.

Of course, it wouldn't feel any sense of pity and kindness just because Emlyn and Sharron were Beyonders on its side.

Upon seeing Sharron nod slightly to indicate that there were no problems, Emlyn's body phased away as the moonlight that shone into the room, and he disintegrated into a series of colorful red scales.

At the apex of the nearby cathedral, Klarman was pacing back and forth with his puffy, black-and-white hair. He sneered at the city's Nighthawks and Mandated Punishers for moving the Loen citizens and all the Sealed Artifacts away ahead of time.

If the group consisted only of Beyonders, it wouldn't be impossible to escape, but with so many ordinary people, how can you effectively move without being noticed? There's no need for me to send people to track you. Simply locking down the surrounding docks and food supplies is enough to break you down without my interference…

As he muttered silently to himself, this Shaman King, who had been active in the Southern Continent since the early Fifth Epoch and was even suspected to be dead, cast his gaze out the window and stared at the crimson moon high in the sky.

Previously, the abnormal phenomenon of the "crimson moon turning white" made Klarman feel the anger of the Primordial

Moon. He had always felt uneasy and disturbed.

He had become a Primordial Moon believer over time while researching natural interactions, secret deeds, and other mysterious knowledge.

Normally, it was relatively easy for a Shaman King to live a thousand years, but later on, his physical condition waned—an irreversible form of aging and the decay of his Spirit Body. Therefore, 1,200 years was commonly the natural limit of Shaman Kings and Sanguine Earls. To continue living, one could only rely on various methods to survive. For example, sealing oneself and sleeping in a coffin deep within a castle.

Klarman was nearly 1400 years old and still brimming with energy. He didn't need to limit his movements, because he had received the Primordial Moon's blessings.

This was also the reason why he had disappeared for so many years.

Later on, he received a revelation from the Primordial Moon and joined the Rose School of Thought.

In this aspect, Klarman always had his suspicions. Sometimes, he believed that the Mother Tree of Desire and the Primordial Moon were one entity. They were different sides of the same great existence. Yet, there were other times when he felt that the Mother Tree of Desire and the Primordial Moon were not only different, but there was also a deep conflict between them.

This resulted in the Primordial Moon believers not getting enough attention when they later joined the Rose School of Thought. Apart from receiving some bestowments in the form of items, they were placed in noncritical positions.

Just as Klarman was focused on sensing the crimson moon in an attempt to gain a revelation, the crimson moonlight that fell onto the cathedral's bell tower had pure red scales of light appear as they gathered together. It then manifested into Emlyn White who wore a tuxedo and a bow tie.

Behind this Sanguine, a thick black gas emanated, forming a pair of illusory bat wings.

Emlyn had already consumed the corresponding potion to remove his scent and spirituality fluctuations, allowing him to approach his target in secret.

Of course, he was up against a demigod, a Sequence 4 demigod of the same pathway. Even if he was fully prepared, he didn't dare get too close, or else he would easily be discovered.

Looking at the window where Shaman King Klarman was, he examined the projection on the glass for a second. Emlyn White opened the bronze box with the rubies embedded in it, and he used his black velvet-gloved left hand to pick up the Vision of White.

His expression twisted as he experienced the pain that came from being exposed to the blazing sun.

Suppressing the pain, Emlyn pushed the eyeball-shaped glass sphere to his right eye.

All the buildings in front of him had suddenly disappeared from his vision, leaving only shadows of cold, crimson, or fallen evil.

Among them, there was a figure that was like a huge black whirlpool that was crazily devouring the light around it, causing his body to become distorted.

This was Emlyn’s target, the ancient Shaman King, Klarman.

A ray of light immediately lit up, condensing into a scorching, blinding light. It shot out from the Vision of White and went straight for the figure behind the glass window.

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1. Adapted from Job 24:8, Old Testament.

Chapter 1234: The Projection's "Descent"

The blinding white beam penetrated the glass window and landed on Shaman King Klarman.

It then burst into an intense light, melting away all the undead, darkness, and evil.

Klarman's figure burned with a white flame, as though he was a paper figurine that had been brought near red embers.

But it really was a paper figurine, one that seemed to be condensed from the crimson moonlight.

The Shaman King's substitute spell, Moon Paper Figurine!

As the paper figurine turned to ash, the ancient Shaman King appeared at the top of the cathedral and cast his cold gaze at Emlyn White, who was standing near the bell tower.

At that moment, within Klarman's blood-red eyes, it reflected the figure of Sharron, who was wearing a black regal dress and a tiny bonnet. Her body stiffened as if she had lost control of herself.

Seeing this, Emlyn didn't hesitate. It was as if he had practiced it a thousand times before. He aimed his Vision of White at the Shaman King's left chest and prepared to activate the Sun domain's "Unshadowed Spear."

As long as this attack struck Klarman's heart, this Shaman King

Klarman wouldn't be able to use "Moonlight Transformation" to resolve it. It would also be difficult for him to recover using an artificial vampire's super-recovery abilities.

Of course, this would definitely cause more serious damage to Sharron who had possessed Klarman. However, if they could quickly resolve their target, she was willing to pay the corresponding price.

In the previous discussions, Emlyn, Sharron, and Maric had already discussed a few similar plans and had come to a consensus.

This was also the reason why Sharron didn't restrict Shaman King Klarman by tightening his clothes. Compared to a Wraith's possession, that was easier to resolve for the opponent who could use "Moonlight Transformation." As for whether Klarman would be ashamed of running naked, the answer from the magic mirror was no.

Taking all these under consideration, they eventually chose to let Emlyn White attack the target, so as to deplete his Moon Paper Figurine to create an opportunity for Sharron to possess him.

The transparent glass sphere in Emlyn's hand glowed once again, extending out into a blazing spear that had turned extremely white. But at this moment, Klarman, who was standing at the top of the cathedral, suddenly underwent a transformation.

A crack quickly split open in the middle of his forehead, as if there was a blood moon embedded in it.

Moonlight surged out like a tidal wave, causing the illusory, blonde, blue-eyed Sharron to float out of his body uncontrollably.

Klarman's stiff and slow movements barely restored to normal and, under the radiance of the full moon, he turned into a pool of blood, splitting into countless fragments of light.

His figure rapidly took form on another steeple of the cathedral. Clinging closely behind him was Sharron. As for the Unshadowed Spear that Emlyn had created, it passed through the spot where Klarman was originally standing and flew into the distance, expanding into a miniature sun.

The entire port city was illuminated.

At the same time, Klarman's right shoulder began to squirm before something tore through his black robe and burrowed out.

This was an exquisite male doll. It was only the size of a palm and wore a dark red, gold-patterned tuxedo. Its eyes had been dug out, leaving behind two black holes.

The puppet sat on Klarman's shoulder and raised its hands, tapping all its fingers as though it was playing an invisible instrument.

Sharron's figure was immediately ejected from Klarman's back, as though she suffered a serious repulsion.

Emlyn felt his clothes tighten as they bound him tightly.

His bowtie also came alive in a bid to strangle him to death.

That doll was a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact given to Klarman by the Rose School of Thought. It was called the "General of the Pupil-less Eye." It was an item formed by a Sequence 4 demigod of the Mutant pathway who had suffered a sudden death due to an accident.

It had a living characteristic and could possess objects with spirits and awaken objects that didn't according to its wielder's will. However, the wielder needed to feed it with their flesh and blood; otherwise, it would gradually grow its eyes.

Once this Sealed Artifact was in a good condition, it would transform into an evil spirit that chased after its original owner while abhorring all humans.

When Emlyn heard the sound of his bones crying in pain from the burden, the Vision of White that was burning his soul emitted a bright glow, turning the surrounding area into a land without shadows or evil.

The effects of General of the Pupil-less Eye had on his clothes were severed.

However, at that moment, Klarman had already indiscernibly muttered a particular word with a cruel smile. He reached out his hands and pulled out an illusory door with many mysterious symbols engraved on it out of thin air.

This was the Door of Summoning!

The Moon pathway's Sequence 3 was Summoning Master!

Under the illumination of the "full blood moon" on his forehead, Klarman, who was only at the Shaman King level, was able to complete a summoning!

However, because of this, there was a certain change in his overall aura. He had lost a lot of his rationality, and his madness had deepened.

Amidst the illusory creaking, the Door of Summoning opened up a crack.

In the gaps, two human palms reached out. Their skin had no luster to it, and they lacked texture. They were like a most inferior cloth doll.

...

Outside Faoltec City, the Rose School of Thought believers and followers who had originally planned on attacking the Loen army's defense line after the corpse horde's attack had begun to kill each other, their rationality completely gone.

Some of them, who were originally ordinary people, bent their backs and grew grayish-black wolf fur. The corners of their mouths tore open as sticky saliva constantly dripped. Some of their skin was dyed black and had become as hard as steel. Some lost their hearts and fell to the ground, only to get back on their feet as though nothing had happened. Some of their bodies turned transparent, as if they had become shadows...

The descent of Abomination Suah's aura had tainted all the living creatures in the vicinity, causing them to either break down and suffer a tragic death, or turn into werewolves or zombies.

As a high-ranking Sequence 1, "He" could directly bestow the power unto "His" believers, but there was a time limit. However, this method might not be the hope of the Resistance.

On the other side of the battlefield, over two thousand meters away, behind the Loen shelter. Although the soldiers didn't see or hear anything, transparent blisters began growing on the surface of their skin, and their minds were filled with thoughts of venting all kinds of emotions and desires.

It wouldn't take long for them to go mad one by one and turn into irrational beasts. Across this base, even to the interior of Faoltec City, it would be a challenge to find humans who could still maintain their clarity of mind.

Suddenly, they heard a chant.

It was a chant formed from sacred and ethereal voices.

This chant came from the Evernight cathedral in the city. It was as though there were many choirs praising the Goddess.

The soldiers, citizens, and officers fell asleep one after another behind the shelter, inside the trenches, and on the streets.

They dreamed of a tranquil darkness, moon flowers, and night vanilla. Their bodies and minds became extremely peaceful, and they were no longer affected by evil.

In the Evernight cathedral in Faoltec City, the high-ranking deacon of the Nighthawks, the Goddess's Eye, Ilya, tried her best to maintain the dream that enveloped the entire city. She was unable to interfere with the demigod battle outside.

At the same time, Klein and Reinette Tinekerr felt the change in the surrounding spirituality. It seemed to transform into layers of barriers that attempted to restrain them and restrict their actions.

And in the bloody mud on the Shaman King’s chest, a lump of squirming flesh covered in black sticky liquid drilled out right on the heels of Suah’s arm, forming the body of this Abomination.

“He” was like a huge tree that had been splashed with oil. The extended branches were arms which had various strange objects protruding out.

On the surface of the trunk that was covered in thick black liquid, bloodshot eyes kept rolling. It cleared the minds of the onlookers, turning them into rabbits, goats, and pigs.

The dozens of arms rapidly extended outwards. Some of them sealed off the sky, while others burrowed into the ground. The rest either surrounded them from all sides or headed straight for Klein and Reinette Tinekerr.

At the same time, Abomination Suah let out a roar that pierced straight into one’s Spirit Body. It caused the two targets to tremble at the same time, causing a certain degree of stiffness to rear its head. It made the crimson moonlight in midair become even richer, allowing a scene to appear on the red “screen.”

The core to this scene was a mummy wrapped in a yellowing bandage. “It” had been pierced by countless brown tree branches and was suspended in midair.

Its stomach bulged, and at times, different parts bulged and shriveled, as if it was giving birth to new life.

The mummy’s mouth was agape as it kept screaming. Although

Klein couldn’t hear any actual sounds, he felt pain resonating with his body and soul, slowly burdening him with the mummy’s predicament.

The Chained God!

The roar of Abomination Suah was formed from ancient Hermes words that exceeded the imagination of humans. It was essentially praying to the Chained God and “He” had successfully received a response!

The Mother Tree of Desire was unable to infuse too much power into reality. If one wanted to pray to “Her” and obtain feedback at the angel level, they required a large-scale ritual. Of course, the influence the Mother Tree of Desire directly exerted and “Her” attention via the Chained God had qualitative differences.

The Chained God was originally not a true god, but “He” had contained the Mutant pathway’s Uniqueness and two Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristics, making “Him” a King of Angels. After giving birth to Abomination Suah, “He” even lost a Sequence 1 Beyonder characteristic. When “He” was completely overwhelmed by the Mother Tree of Desire, “He” similarly suffered a life of isolation.

Therefore, regardless of the essence of the Mother Tree of Desire, the effect “She” had on reality was limited due to the indirect methods used. But no matter what, the trap targeted at Reinette Tinekerr was luxurious enough!

As the projection of the Chained God appeared, the entire land was dyed with a dark red color. Klein felt that his connection with the spirit world had been severed, and he could no longer use Teleportation.

His figure instantly leaped into a sea of flames. Taking advantage of the opportunity when Reinette Tinekerr was fighting against Suah, he reached his hand into the void and grabbed at different spots.

Finally, Klein pulled out a silver-black jewelry box embedded with various gems. Then, without any hesitation, he opened the second level.

Box of the Great Old Ones!

This Grade 0 Sealed Artifact’s second level could transfer all living beings within its range to a particular scene recorded by it!

Chapter 1235: Most Valued Support

The silver-black, three-tiered accessory box with many embedded gems quickly opened, revealing the interior of the second level.

It was dark. Even the surrounding barriers seemed to blend in with it. It gave one the feeling that it was a pocket of infinite space.

In an instant, the darkness lit up with countless resplendent speckles, as if they had transformed into a miniature cosmos, a miniature universe.

These bright points of light rapidly spun as the surrounding scene changed several times in a second.

What Klein expected was to move Abomination Suah, the Rose School of Thought Shaman, and many of their followers to the ruins of the battle of the gods. By making them leave the Southern Continent, they wouldn't be able to immediately sense that Klarman had been attacked. This way, they wouldn't be able to provide any timely and effective assistance. However, the second level of the Box of the Great Old Ones had an element of randomness to it. The act of sending things to the designated scene succeeded a handful of times. Most of the time, the selected destination would suffer an unavoidable change. This was something that couldn't be influenced with luck, and at the very least, no one below Sequence 0 could do so.

Therefore, when he opened the second level of the Box of the Great Old Ones, Klein didn't know what would happen. It was the same as not using any Beyonder powers to cheat at gambling. He had to rely solely on observation to push out all his chips. This left his heart filled with anxiety. Of course, he wasn't too worried. No matter where the Box of the Great Old Ones brought him and Miss Messenger, it was impossible to harm him in any way. After all, Reinette Tinekerr was fake, the Box of the Great Old Ones was fake, and even he himself was fake.

With this in consideration, even if he was thrown underground by the Box of the Great Old Ones and faced a terrifying corruption, Klein could instantly dispel the Historical Void projection, enter Sefirah Castle to do a complete "disinfection" and sever all connections.

Building on this foundation, he had the ability to help Miss Messenger's main body resist the corruption. Since it wasn't directly experienced—through the layer of a historical projection—the outcome was relatively better.

The only thing he needed to worry about was that the random scene selected by the Box of the Great Old Ones was where Miss Sharron and Emlyn were attacking Shaman King Klarman. That way, it would be equivalent to leading the main enemy force to head straight for his headquarters. This meant that they could only consider giving up on the operation, and he and Reinette Tinekerr would undertake the responsibility of helping all participants escape from the battlefield and escape the Southern Continent.

The probability of this happening was very low, but he had to be wary.

At that moment, due to the influence of Abomination Suah's aura, Klein's spirituality had "frozen" quite a bit. It seemed to bind his body and soul, but it still flowed into the Box of the Great Old Ones, maintaining its open state.

In the blink of an eye, the scene in the second level of the Box of the Great Old Ones changed, revealing a tiny, vast sea.

Klein, Reinette Tinekerr, Abomination Suah, the hooded Shaman King, and many Rose School of Thought believers and subordinates saw endless yellow sand and the extreme cold of the night.

Other than the projection of the Chained God, all the living beings on the battlefield were instantly transported to a desert!

As for the projection, due to the departure of Abomination Suah, the connection was severed, preventing “His” powers from seeping into reality.

Without the luxury of time to examine where he was currently, Klein dispelled the Box of the Great Old Ones and snapped his fingers, summoning a scarlet flame as he constantly jumped within them.

He had done so to avoid the attention of Abomination Suah, as well as grab the opportunity to complete the summoning of the Historical Void projection.

At that moment, he heard an extremely evil roar. His mind suddenly went blank, and he temporarily lost all his thoughts.

The scarlet flames he was immersed in came alive as well and, like a cage, bound him to the ground.

With just a roar and the influence of some auras, Abomination Suah had already restrained him to a certain extent.

If it wasn't for the fact that Reinette Tinekerr, who was in "Her" peak condition, was his teammate, Klein's projection would've been helplessly executed. Perhaps his actual body would suffer certain effects.

At this moment, the huge doll the size of a castle took a step forward and opened its tightly shut mouth.

There was no sound, but the distorted "wood" that was covered in pitch-black liquid seemed to encounter a flood dike. It repelled backward and raised the arms with strange protruding objects.

This was a curse that Reinette Tinekerr had been silently accumulating for a very, very long time. The root of the curse was the anger, hatred, and "Her" grudge that had emerged after "She" suffered an attack!

However, Abomination Suah didn't show any obvious changes. "He" only staggered a little and froze for a second before returning to normal.

High-level existences were always able to restrain low-level Beyonders of the same pathway. They could even exert a certain influence over space!

And using this opportunity to escape the restraints of the flames, Klein used Creeping Hunger to flash to another side, avoiding the Blood Moon Arrow created by the Rose School of Thought's Shaman King.

He didn't dare to look directly at Abomination Suah. He seized the opportunity and reached out with his right hand to pull out from the void ahead.

This time, he didn't drag anything out.

Klein continued Blinking about and repeated his actions. Then, he successfully dragged out a figure. It was none other than the leader of the Church of Evernight's ascetics, the angel of the Concealment domain, Arianna, who wore a simple linen robe and a tree bark belt!

My report from before worked after all… A thought flashed through his mind as he activated Creeping Hunger once again and teleported elsewhere.

The eyes of Arianna's projection darted slightly as her eyes instantly turned dark and deep. Following that, she joined in the battle between Reinette Tinekerr and Abomination Suah.

With "Her" help, Reinette Tinekerr, who was in a rather difficult situation and trying hard to create opportunities for him, finally managed to catch "Her" breath. "She" didn't get possessed by Abomination Suah, nor did "She" become a real doll.

The Rose School of Thought's Shaman King showcased his well-rounded aspect towards the Darkness and Moon domains. He attempted to use spells like "Abyss Shackles" to restrict Klein's movement, but the short-distance "Blinking" was simply too effective. Without the projection of the Chained God and "His" influence of the surrounding area, and the interference of Abomination, Klein was like a fish in water. He was free and relaxed. He only needed to consider how to deal with his enemy's spells every two "Teleports."

However, the Shaman King could hardly stop him in an effective manner due to the unpredictability of where he would appear next.

During this process, Klein grabbed at the void a few more times until he dragged out a figure.

This figure had bronze skin, black hair, and brown eyes. His facial features were soft and his gaze was cold. He wore a deep black robe embroidered with golden thread. He wore a golden crown and was none other than the former Death Consul, Azik Eggers!

Another angel… The Shaman King's eyelids twitched as he watched. At this moment, Abomination Suah suddenly inserted multiple black arms into the desert.

The desert nearby boiled and was blanketed with a thick black liquid. This extended into the distance and invaded the void, disrupting the overlapping of reality and the spirit world.

Taking advantage of the fact that his teleportation wasn't completely affected, Klein "Blinked" behind Mr. Azik. With "Him" shielding him, he quickly grabbed at the air a few times.

His arm suddenly sank and he pulled out a silvery-white snake's tail.

Another angel!

The reason why he dared to directly summon the three angels was because this Historical Void projection of his was summoned by Reinette Tinekerr using the Staff of the Stars. The spirituality consumed was borne by this Ancient Bane, not Fors.

Otherwise, Fors would've already fainted the moment the Servant of Concealment, Arianna, descended. There was no way she could endure spirituality expenditure such as this.

Fors's purpose was to first summon Gehrman Sparrow's historical projection so that he had plenty of time to set up the ritual and bring the Staff of the Stars to the real world. Then, the maintenance of the historical projection would be dispelled, allowing him to return to the fog and have Reinette Tinekerr summoned another him.

In less than ten seconds, as Abomination Suah had focused his attention on Reinette Tinekerr and subconsciously belittled Klein, leading "Him" to not only losing the help of the Chained God's projection, but also being thrown from the state of being the one who had laid in ambush to the one being besieged by four powerful angels.

Without any hesitation, this Sequence 1 angel opened "His" mouth and chanted in ancient Hermes words. "He" had once again prayed to the Chained God.

...

When the Door of Summoning opened in front of Shaman King Klarman, just the extension of two trembling hands was enough for a thought to abruptly flash across Emlyn White's mind.

The other angel of the Rose School of Thought, the King of Curses, Barranca!

This was information provided by Sharron and Maric.

Upon seeing this, Emlyn's mind tensed up. Without any hesitation, he waved his arm and threw the Vision of White at the Door of Summoning!

This was partly because he was experiencing a battle at the demigod level for the first time, so he couldn't help but overreact. On the other hand, he wasn't worried about losing the Vision of White. After all, it belonged to the Sanguine. At worst, he would repay it in the future over time.

At the same time, even without the Sealed Artifact, he still had other mystical items to use, such as Leymano's Travels.

With the notebook, Emlyn could summon the Unshadowed Crucifix to replace the Vision of White.

After the eyeball-shaped glass sphere flew out, it continuously absorbed the light along the way, bringing with it extreme darkness.

When it got close to the Door of Summoning, the Vision of White suddenly exploded into an extremely brilliant glow. Like a blazing sun at noon, it enveloped both the hands and the door, melting away all evil, degenerate, darkness, filth, and undead auras.

The full blood moon on Klarman's forehead was clearly affected. All the light beams were compressed to his side, preventing him from affecting his surroundings.

Seizing this opportunity, Sharron's figure that appeared in midair distorted, turning into a human-sized puppet.

This puppet was identical to Shaman King Klarman. It had messy, black-and-white hair and a pair of bright red eyes.

As for Emlyn, he raised his left arm and revealed a translucent ring that was worn outside his gloved index finger.

The ring seemed to be made of light-red amber, and there was a blood-colored gem embedded on it.

Lilith’s Ring!

This was a ring personally made by the Sanguine Ancestor, the ancient goddess, Lilith.

It could project a door that led deep into the spirit world for a certain amount of time, summoning an unknown creature.

Emlyn wasn’t sure what he would obtain. He only knew that, under normal circumstances, the summoned object was usually slightly stronger than him, but the possibility of directly pulling out a demigod wasn’t impossible.

At the tip of the ring, the blood-colored gem emitted a faint glow as an illusory door covered in mysterious patterns appeared in front of Emlyn.

The door creaked open, the gap in the door widening.

Shaman King Klarman had just recovered his senses from the Sun’s illumination when he saw a moon rise up behind the Door of Summoning.

It was a bright moon, one that was slightly silver in color.

Chapter 1236: Linkage

In the eyes of Shaman King Klarman, a bright silver moon rose, quickly filling his irises.

This was completely different from the normal crimson moon. It also wasn't the Blood Moon that occasionally appeared. It was similar to the abnormal state of the moon from not too long ago, but there were also certain differences.

It illuminated Klarman's eyes and body, causing him to instantly lose contact with the crimson moon.

That also meant that, before things went back to normal, Klarman could no longer attempt "Moonlight Transformation," nor could he teleport within the range of the crimson moonlight's illumination.

Suddenly, a word appeared in the mind of this Shaman King of the Moon Domain.

Lilith!

The ancient goddess, Lilith, who once controlled the Moon pathway!

Such a change was out of Emlyn's expectations, but Sharron, who was good at controlling her emotions and thoughts, wasn't affected. Despite having become a Klarman puppet, she raised her right hand and yanked some of her messy, black-and-white hair.

Almost at the same time, on the Shaman King's head, a tuft of white hair fell on its own without him suffering any attacks.

The Door of Summoning he had just opened had been dissolved by the full might of the Vision of White's sun rays.

This wasn't because the Rose School of Thought's angel, who had been summoned, was unable to resist the Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, but that the Door of Summoning couldn't withstand such a special attack.

In addition, the King of Curses, Barranca, had only extended two hands out. This limited the amount of power that could remotely be projected via "His" descent. The evil aura that permeated into the real world had also been purified by the Vision of White, preventing it from affecting Sharron and Emlyn.

At that moment, without the Door of Summoning, Barranca could only retreat to where "He" was originally. "He" had to wait for the next summoning or for Shaman King Klarman to pray.

As an angel, "He" had the status required to respond to prayers throughout the world!

When that strand of hair fell, Sharron, in her Klarman puppet state, didn't hesitate. Her right hand naturally slid down from her forehead. She grabbed the exaggerated crack that had the "full blood moon" embedded there and forcefully pressed it down.

Klarman couldn't help but let out a blood-curdling scream. The flesh on his forehead turned into a bizarre blur as they filled up the terrifying crack, blocking the miniature "full moon."

This was one of the Beyonder powers of a Sequence 4 Puppet of the Mutant pathway, called the “Source of Curses.”

Apart from being able to influence non-living creatures, Puppets could also turn into mystical puppets and magical paper figurines. Through the connections established, they could use various methods to curse their targets.

This Beyonder power would undergo a qualitative change when they reached Sequence 3. At the current stage, it resulted in mutually destructive damage. Under normal circumstances, Puppet demigods rarely used it.

In other words, a Puppet had to hurt themselves to hurt their enemy.

The reason why Sharron dared to do so was because she was certain that since both she and her target were at Sequence 4, as a Wraith and Zombie, she would definitely be able to withstand the damage better than a Vampire.

After knowing in advance that Shaman King Klarman had a Grade 1 Sealed Artifact, General of the Pupil-less Eye, Sharron had never thought of truly succeeding with Wraith’s possession. Her main goal was to use this method to establish a connection with Klarman to prepare for the subsequent curse.

The tuft of hair she plucked symbolized the official start of the curse. Destroying the target’s full blood moon on his forehead was to prevent him from establishing the Door of Summoning once again which would lead to pulling a Rose School of Thought’s angel into the battlefield.

Of course, as a demigod, Klarman wasn’t going to die so easily from a curse.

In the past, he would be able to use “Moonlight Transformation” and “Illusory Bats” to weaken the damage brought by the curse. Then, via constantly moving at high speeds, he could avoid attacks while chanting the honorific name of a Rose School of Thought’s angel. However, under the silvery-white moon’s illumination, his body seemed to freeze, preventing him from completing the series of actions.

While Klarman’s mind raced, the General of the Pupil-less Eye puppet on his shoulder, stood up and let out an ear-piercing scream.

The glass windows around them shattered, transforming into bullets that shot towards the floating Sharron. Without anyone controlling the eyeball-like glass sphere, it flew up on its own, causing a gigantic pillar of light that had flames swirling around it to descend.

The pillar of light enveloped Sharron, causing the surroundings to turn bright as though it was daytime.

The General of the Pupil-less Eye could influence ownerless mystical items, allowing them to help it!

Amidst the “Flaring Sun,” Sharron, who had transformed into Klarman, showed clear signs of melting as her face contorted uncontrollably. Half the large number of glass fragments melted into the pillar of light while the other half pierced through her body.

Klarman once again let out a tragic cry. It made Emlyn’s body turn cold as his blood seemed to frost up.

One bloody hole after another appeared on the Shaman King’s body. He was like a candle that had been thrown into a furnace as he slowly softened and the oils from his fats dripped.

Any damage from “Source of Curses” would be reflected onto the target!

As a demigod of the Rose School of Thought, there was no doubt that Klarman knew of this. His action just now was to use this exchange of damage to force Sharron to stop the curse.

The theurgical spells of the Sun domain clearly dealt more damage to evil creatures that were the likes of Puppets, Wraiths, Zombies, and Werewolves than Vampires, Potions Professor, Scarlet Scholar, and Shaman Kings!

That was to say, the continuous “Flaring Sun” strikes caused Sharron to dissipate, but it would only be able to severely injure Klarman. As for the demigods of the Moon pathway, they had extremely strong self-recovery abilities.

In just a second, Shaman King Klarman used his rich experience and deep knowledge of mysticism to accurately grasp the problem of the “Source of Curses” and chose the most suitable method to see results in the shortest time possible.

However, at that moment, having lost the Vision of White, Emlyn White, who had summoned the strange moon, regained his senses. He took out a bronze-green hard-covered notebook and flipped it to one of the pages.

A crackling sound could be heard as bolts of lightning appeared out of thin air, interweaving into a storm that emitted a strong destructive aura. Instantly, the Shaman King Klarman was swept in.

Leymano’s Travels, Thunder Storm!

Having temporarily lost “Moonlight Transformation” and the ability to “Blink” within a certain range, Klarman was unable to dodge the attack. He was smote by bolts of silver lightning.

Sharron took the opportunity to dispel “Source of Curses” to prevent the damage dealt to the target from being reflected onto her.

However, her face was clearly much paler than before, and her breathing became weaker.

The pillar of light from “Blazing Sun” had indeed caused quite a significant amount of damage to her.

The silvery-white blob that blasted quickly extinguished, and Klarman’s body was already pitch black.

His charred skin and flesh were constantly peeling off. Pieces of flesh were squirming and growing.

The General of the Pupil-less Eye’s body rapidly turned incorporeal, as though it had turned into a specter. It was prepared to possess Klarman and move him away from the area to prevent any subsequent blows.

At this moment, a blonde, red-eyed head suddenly appeared and bit the head of the exquisite doll.

Klarman, who remained groggy, subconsciously looked over and saw a headless lady.

This lady was wearing a dark and complicated gothic long dress and holding four blonde, red-eyed heads.

Reinette Tinekerr!

…

In that vast desert, the eyes of Reinette Tinekerr, who was attacking Abomination Suah with Azik, Arianna, and the giant silver serpent, suddenly glazed over. Her actions turned stiff as she attacked purely on instinct.

This was part of Klein's plan. When the battle on this side had stabilized, with Abomination Suah was unable to extricate "Himself" from it within a short period of time, Reinette Tinekerr's main body would dispel its concealed state. She would then return to the real world and quickly help Sharron and Emlyn finish the battle.

Looking at the tragic-looking mummy projection in mid-air, as Klein controlled the three angels to hold back Abomination Suah, he used "Their" auras to influence the environment around him. He switched from "Teleportation" to "Flaming Jump," and he continued to deal with the Rose School of Thought's Shaman King.

During this process, he appeared carefree and relaxed, but in fact, he realized that the affinity between his body and his soul was decreasing bit by bit. His body was gradually becoming a spirit cage, causing his actions to become stiffer and heavier.

This reminded him of the core description of Prisoner:

The body was the cage of the heart, and the world was the cage of the body.

As time passed, he understood the meaning of this sentence from another angle.

After Abomination Suah began to direct "His" attention at him, even if "He" didn't have the chance to attack him directly, "He" was still able to make him suffer some form of corrosion!

…

After one of Reinette Tinekerr's heads was in control of General of the Pupil-less Eye, another head raised the black staff that it was biting down on with its teeth.

The gem-embedded staff lit up with a misty glow.

A figure quickly took shape. It was none other than Gehrman Sparrow, who was wearing a top hat and a trench coat while holding Death Knell.

Bang!

A silver-black stream of light flew out and accurately hit Klarman's body.

Klarman's thoughts came to a halt as he froze on the spot.

Control Spirit Bullet!

This was the Control Spirit Bullet shot by Gehrman Sparrow that the Staff of the Stars had reenacted!

This 0-62 Sealed Artifact could allow the Beyonder powers and people that surfaced in the minds of the wielder to descend upon reality, while the latter could launch a single attack.

On the other side, Sharron immediately turned into a puppet that looked identical to Klarman. She retracted her right hand and ruthlessly stabbed it into her chest.

Blood sprayed out as Klarman gaped his mouth, unable to make a sound.

To a Wraith, the heart definitely wasn't a vital point, but to a vampire, it was lethal.

Without giving Klarman any chance to resist, Emlyn flipped through Leymano's Travels once again and released the recording of "Historical Void Summoning" and took out the bronze Unshadowed Crucifix.

His fingers pressed down on a spike, allowing blood to flow out to "cleanse" the mottled cross.

A pure, burning-white spear instantly condensed.

After Sharron removed "Source of Curses," Emlyn threw out the long spear of light and watched it pierce through Shaman King Klarman's chest, pinning him to the high walls of the cathedral.

Bright light suddenly expanded and completely extinguished

Klarman's last breath.

Unshadowed Spear!

…

In the vast desert, Klein suddenly stopped, and while facing Abomination Suah and the Shaman King, he took off his hat, pressed his hand to his chest, and bowed.

His body faded and disappeared.

During this process, Klein wasn't worried about being disturbed at all. This was because it wasn't that he was attempting to leave, but that Reinette Tinekerr had dispelled the Historical Void projection.

This also meant that the operation at the other battlefield had succeeded!

Chapter 1237: Distribution

As the golden rays of light shone down, Klarman, a Shaman King, who had lived for more than a thousand years, collapsed into pieces at the entrance of the Evernight cathedral. Every part of his body was charred black, completely drained of its blood.

Amongst them, something fell out of his black-robe ashes. It was a normal-sized palm. Its skin's texture didn't appear human at all, and it had a dim luster. Its fingers were slender with balanced amounts of flesh and bone.

If he hadn't seen it on such an occasion, Emlyn definitely would've believed that the palm was a part of an exquisite doll.

Another head in Reinette Tinekerr's hand swung forward as it quickly bit the palm.

At the same time, Sharron's figure turned incorporeal as she entered the remains of Shaman King Klarman, speeding up the expelling of his Beyonder characteristic.

Emlyn composed himself and looked at the Door of Summoning created by Lilith's Ring. His body suddenly turned into a hazy moonlight.

The crimson moonlight shattered into countless fragments of light.

The bright and devilish red scales swam around the area enveloped by the moonlight, restructuring beside Klarman's corpse into Emlyn White in his tuxedo and bowtie.

Without looking at the Beyonder characteristic that had seeped out, he dispelled the Unshadowed Crucifix, bent down, and picked up the Vision of White that he had previously thrown to the side using his black velvet glove.

His other hand shook Leymano's Travels as he flipped the book to one of the pages. The symbols and mysterious patterns on it all belonged to "Traveling."

Emlyn's figure turned transparent as he vanished from the scene.

He followed the plan and was the first to leave after the operation ended. He didn't interfere with Sharron and company's cleanup of the scene and their clearing of traces. After all, he was the weakest one there. He had used up a considerable amount of energy in battle while relying on the Sealed Artifacts and mystical items.

As for the spoils of war, they would be distributed once they returned to Backlund.

In this aspect, Emlyn fully believed in Gehrman Sparrow's promise and the Rose School of Thought's temperance department's credit.

After "Teleporting" back to an empty house in Backlund, he suddenly threw down Leymano's Travels. He took out a bronze box with many red gems embedded in it, and he placed the Vision of White inside.

Only after doing this did Emlyn have the energy to take off the glove on his left hand. He saw that his fingers were filled with blisters, swollen.

With the Sanguine's regenerative ability, damage at such a level should've long been healed, but in reality, it hadn't improved at all.

The burns brought by the Vision of White will last at least seven days. Emlyn took out ointment he had stored in a metal tube and squeezed out some of it to apply it on his wound.

The soul-stabbing pain was immediately eased by the cooling sensation. Emlyn slowly exhaled as though he had finally resurrected.

He had used a great deal of willpower to restrain himself from throwing the Vision of White onto the ground. This was because once the Sealed Artifact left his control, it would automatically absorb the light around it and emit a radiant glow. To a Sanguine, this was an excellent way of committing suicide.

Right on the heels of that, Emlyn took out a bottle of his blood that he had extracted beforehand and smeared it on the surface of Leymano's Travels. Then, he drank another bottle of blood to ease the bloodthirst that Lilith's Ring brought about.

After such an operation, he finally removed the negative effects the Sealed Artifact had on him.

Only at this moment did Emlyn have the time to recall the accident that had happened during the battle.

The Door of Summoning that he projected with Lilith's Ring didn't summon creatures from deep in the spirit world, but he ended up summoning a strange moon.

The moon hung behind the Door of Summoning and silently illuminated Shaman King Klarman, suppressing the various Beyonder powers that belonged to the Moon domain.

If not for this change, even if Lilith's Ring had summoned a saint-level spirit world creature, the battle wouldn't have ended so quickly. Perhaps they would have had to wait until the Rose School of Thought temperance angel descended to gain an overwhelming advantage.

...A silvery-white moon... Could it be that the Ancestor had provided me with some help? Emlyn had a thought and made a corresponding guess.

This matched the identity of the Sanguine savior that the Ancestor had appointed.

After careful consideration, Emlyn no longer had any doubts about this guess, but unlike the past, he wasn't that excited or thrilled.

After experiencing a battle at the demigod level and confirming that he was shouldering such an important responsibility, he felt no sense of pride. His heart was heavy from the pressure.

Phew... A few seconds later, Emlyn opened his mouth and whispered, "I'm the savior of the Sanguine."

When he said this, his expression was abnormally solemn, somewhat dignified, without any hesitation.

...

In the house where Emlyn met Maric and Sharron.

When the Sanguine saw the perfect doll-like lady take out two items, he heard her slightly ethereal voice say, “According to the agreement, we will only take one thing. This is the rest.”

The two items were:

A fist-sized gem condensed from thick blood. It emitted a crimson glow, like a miniature crimson moon. The other item was an exquisite male doll with two black holes as its eyes.

Shaman King’s Beyonder characteristic… General of the Pupil-less Eye… Emlyn nodded and saw that the two items seemed to have a life of their own as they flew over.

Just as he reached out to catch it, he heard Miss Sharron add, “The Shaman King Beyonder characteristic has some strange traces of corruption. Even the Unshadowed Spear was unable to cleanse it.”

It means that I need to find an angel to help me shatter it to remove the corruption? Emlyn completely understood what Sharron was saying as he nodded slightly.

“I understand what to do.”

Sharron, who was wearing a small black bonnet, immediately floated up and gave a curtsy.

“Thank you for your help.”

"Likewise." Emlyn took off his hat and bowed in return.

…

Above the grayish-white fog, inside the ancient palace.

Klein looked at the wisps of black gas emanating from his body, shook his head, and sighed.

I actually got cursed by the Abomination without realizing it… The projection of the Chained God could be the culprit as well…

I was even separated by a historical projection…

If it were any saint without Sefirah Castle, they would probably experience a sudden death after thinking they were safe.

As for Miss Messenger, there wasn't much of a problem even without the historical projection in between because "She" was a real angel. Therefore, Klein wasn't worried.

After the black gas dissipated, Klein waited for a while. He waited until Emlyn sacrificed the items and requested Mr. Fool to help purify the Shaman King Beyonder characteristic.

Strange corruption… From the Mother Tree of Desire or the Primordial Moon? Klein picked up the miniature crimson moon and carefully observed it for a few seconds.

During this process, he was on high alert, constantly preparing to mobilize Sefirah Castle's powers.

If he wasn't at the level of an angel level here, he wouldn't have agreed to Emlyn's sacrifice. Instead, he would've chosen to smite down with power at the Sequence 2 level, shattering the characteristic and separating the corruption remotely.

Back then, Klein didn't even dare to divine the Werewolf Beyonder characteristic that had been slightly influenced by the Mother Tree of Desire. He had even hurriedly sold it.

After examining it seriously, Klein pressed his right hand, causing the entire mysterious space to vibrate.

The miniature crimson moon shattered with a crack, splitting into tiny red dots of light.

Amongst these light dots, there was a small amount of red mist that evaporated, eventually forming a drop of fresh blood.

Then, the red light dots gathered again, constantly condensing before transforming into the miniature crimson moon. However, compared to before, it was more translucent and pure.

Klein conjured a fake hand, picked up the drop of seemingly fresh blood, and discovered that it contained immense vitality.

It's not at the angel level, but it's a little strange… It seems to have received an evil god's blessings… As Klein cut off all the invisible connections that resulted from the blood, he took a paper figurine and attempted to press the drop of blood onto it.

The moment the blood came into contact with the paper figurine, it immediately seeped in. In the next second, the paper figurine's stomach strangely bulged and exploded.

At the moment the paper figurine tore apart, a new paper figurine with a hint of crimson crawled out from its stomach. It seemed to have fully-developed features.

The power of reproduction… Klein frowned slightly as he stabbed with his right hand, reducing the newly born paper figurine into powder.

A tiny amount of blood-colored mist emanated again, condensing into a drop of blood.

The characteristic and spirituality were only slightly weakened… It needs to be repeated more than a hundred times before it can be completely removed… Klein silently assessed as he gathered the powers of Sefirah Castle to seal the drop of blood.

He then looked up and cast his gaze at the male doll on the long mottled table.

The palm-sized doll in a formal suit was prostrating; it didn't dare to look up.

Oh, how easy is it to deal with those with living characteristics… Klein chuckled as he gathered the sealed drop of blood and brought it close towards the doll named General of the Pupil-less Eye.

General of the Pupil-less Eye pushed itself up with all four limbs and quickly retreated.

After a pause, it pressed its forehead against the table, emitting a sound indecipherable to humans.

“Declaring your subservience? Very good…” Klein replied with a smile and casually instructed, “Show me your abilities.”

After a series of demonstrations, he confirmed that General of the Pupil-less Eye could possess a target and affect lifeless items. It also had some level of control over mystical items that no one possessed or had spirituality injected into.

The latter power might be very useful at certain times… Klein nodded slightly and beckoned for it to jump into a box he conjured.

After carefully sealing it, Klein threw the box and the drop of blood into the junk pile to let them familiarize themselves with their future lives.

As for the negative effects of General of the Pupil-less Eye, Klein believed that they could discuss and resolve it amicably and normally.

Chapter 1238: Hypothesis

After dealing with the spoils of war and bestowing the purified Shaman King Beyonder characteristic to Emlyn White, Klein was in no hurry to leave Sefirah Castle. He simply reviewed the battle today.

One thing he focused on was Abomination Suah's performance in various aspects, so as to assess how powerful an angel was.

If I encounter him head-on and do not hold back, I might not even have a chance to summon an angel projection. Unless I succeed on my first attempt... Of course, my target, Dark Demon Wolf, is a Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker. As for Abomination Suah, "He" is already a Sequence 1. The gap between the two is likely quite significant... However, Dark Demonic Wolf shares the same Seer pathway as me. "He" suppresses me in every aspect... I can only be thankful that "He" hasn't completed the ritual and advanced to Sequence 1, or I wouldn't have any hope of winning... Sequence 1... As his thoughts raced, Klein's gaze suddenly constricted as he sat straight.

He had thought of a possibility in a moment of inspiration.

Could the Dark Demonic Wolf, Kotar, have advanced and become a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries? "He" created a marionette city to mislead possible trackers, such as Angel of Time Amon?

It can't be ruled out... Yes, there's another possibility. The Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar is in complete control of that "curtain" and has the strength of a quasi-Sequence 1... The more Klein thought about it, the more he realized that the operation was more dangerous than he imagined.

The Dark Demonic Wolf has survived in the Forsaken Land of the Gods for so many years. Even a God of Trickery like Amon is unable to capture “Him.” This means that “His” strength and intelligence has reached a rather high level!

I still have to make more preparations for hunting “Him”… Klein frowned slightly and slowly exhaled.

…

Backlund, West Borough, within the Odora family’s villa.

Emlyn sat on a leather sofa in the living room, crossed his right leg, and placed it on his left thigh, patiently waiting for Baron Cosmi to enter.

Before long, the middle-aged Sanguine Baron entered the living room and swept his gaze across Emlyn.

“Viscount White, why are you visiting so late at night?”

Emlyn smiled and said, “Isn’t this just the beginning of a day? Look, the crimson moon outside the window is so beautiful.”

Cosmi wanted to retort to the young Sanguine, pointing out how Emlyn followed the “good practice” of waking up at seven in the morning and sleeping before eleven back when he went to the Harvest Church. After a moment of hesitation, he resisted the urge and said, “What’s the matter?”

Emlyn raised his hand to pat the gown, tugged at his bowtie, and slowly got up. He raised his chin slightly and said, “Tell Lord

Nibbs that he can begin preparing for the Earl conferment ritual."

"..." Cosmi instinctively asked, "What are you talking about?"

Just as he said that, he suddenly came to a realization as he recalled Emlyn's previous application.

"Y-you obtained an Earl—no, a Shaman King's Beyonder characteristic?"

Emlyn enjoyed this very moment as he replied with a smile, "Did you think I was just joking when borrowing Vision of White?"

As he spoke, he took out the bronze box inlaid with many ruby gems. He opened it and revealed the eyeball-shaped glass sphere inside, indicating that he hadn't lost it and was about to return it.

Cosmi's eyes flickered as he said, "The Rose School of Thought's temperance faction still has such powerful strength?

"Then why did they cooperate with you?"

The upper echelons of the Sanguine in Backlund, which was also the grandfather of Cosmi, Marquis Nibbs Odora, didn't think highly of Emlyn's previous application. He wanted to wait for the cooperation with the Rose School of Thought to fall through before Emlyn had no choice but to seek help from him or their demigods.

Emlyn glanced at him and replied with a smile, "It's a secret."

This was the tone he learned from Gehrman Sparrow. He found it cool and thought that it suited his preferences.

At the same time, this was the key point that The Hanged Man had repeatedly told him during the free exchange of the Tarot Club.

Only by maintaining a sense of mystery would the upper echelons of the Sanguine experience certain fear. This prevented them from finding excuses or using their status to take away the Shaman King characteristic.

Without waiting for Cosmi to respond, Emlyn threw the bronze box containing the Vision of White and buttoned up his suit. He walked past the baron and walked to the door of the living room.

As he was about to leave, Emlyn stopped. Without turning his head, he straightened his back and looked straight ahead.

“Remember to address me as Earl next time.”

With the Ancestor’s blessings and the importance the Moon had placed on him, he was filled with confidence in becoming a Shaman King.

Cosmi’s facial muscles twitched, but he maintained his silence. Only after Emlyn left did he find it difficult to control his warped expression.

As a Sanguine who had existed since the time of Roselle, he was many years older than Emlyn, but he remained a baron. He was just slightly better than those without a noble title. As for Emlyn, who was considered a laughing stock amongst the younger generation of the Backlund Sanguine, he was about to cross the border separating mortals and gods. He would become a Sequence 4 Shaman King, a Sanguine Earl.

How could Cosmi not lose his composure? How could he not be jealous? How could he not be shocked?

After spending a few minutes to control his emotions, he headed down to the basement. Passing through several secret doors, he arrived at the gray hall where Nibbs was sleeping.

“Grandfather, Emlyn’s operation has succeeded.”

Inside the black iron coffin, there was a brief silence. After three or four seconds, Nibbs finally said, “The faction backing him is beyond our imagination…”

This Sanguine Marquis’s voice was deep and old, with a hint of hoarseness as it echoed in the hall.

“Grandfather, Emlyn succeeded by relying on the Vision of White. A portion of the items he obtained rightfully belongs to the race,” Cosmi said with some anticipation, feeling somewhat indignant.

Nibbs’s voice grew louder.

“Buffoon!

“To be able to hunt a Shaman King while the Rose School of Thought was clearly prepared, is that something any faction can do?

"The Rose School of Thought's temperance faction has been in shambles for years, so how much strength can it have left?

"At most, they have an angel in a poor condition, or a Grade 0 Sealed Artifact, as well as two to three demigods. All these put together wouldn't be able to restrain Abomination Suah and the Rose School of Thought's other angels, other Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts, a sizable number of demigods, as well as the Chained God's projection, and the blessings of the Mother Tree of Desire.

"If Emlyn's operation succeeded, then you can count how many angels and Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts are needed at the very least. This is a power that can match ours!

"In the future, don't deliberately investigate Emlyn and his other companions!"

After shouting a few more times, Nibbs coughed twice, clearly struggling.

Cosmi's face turned pale as he finally calmed down.

"Then… are you really going to prepare a ritual for him?"

"What else?" Nibbs returned with a question before sighing. "Perhaps after Emlyn took the risk for the Sanguine's future, the Ancestor has truly begun showing 'Her' concern for him…"

…

Fog Sea, La Cha Island.

After leaving the Future on the safe sea route, Admiral of Stars Cattleya used her fairytale magic to arrive at a mountain peak. She recited a passage in Jotun to an empty cliff:

“Open sesame!”

A path immediately appeared on the cliff as though it was real and illusory. It was unknown where it led to.

Cattleya made use of her prophetic means to make a simple assessment of any danger. Then, she stepped onto the path and ventured deep into the cliff.

As she walked, her vision cleared up. She saw the sea that appeared clear like sapphires and a beautiful castle made of pure emerald.

This was Queen Mystic Bernadette’s Emerald City.

Cattleya wasn’t unfamiliar with this place. She easily passed the questions and tests of the magical guards and came to the half-open room that provided the best vista in the castle.

The tall Queen was standing behind the railing, looking at the waves that surged forward.

For some reason, Cattleya’s hidden excitement, thrill, and joy suddenly calmed down at that moment as she felt a sense of security and freedom.

Back when she cruised the seas, she would occasionally feel lonely and sad, like a leaf that had left its tree, allowing the wind to bring her to different places. Now, she seemed to have fallen back to the ground, right beside the tree.

She opened her mouth, momentarily at a loss for words. Finally, she nudged the heavy glasses on her nose and simply greeted, “Good afternoon, Your Majesty.”

Bernadette turned around and nodded.

“I summoned you back to Emerald City because I have some things to hand over to you.”

Cattleya instinctively asked, “Why are you handing them over to me?”

The Queen had a secret organization like Element Dawn and a group of pirates under her!

Bernadette didn’t directly answer Cattleya’s question as she said, “I previously received a clue and left Backlund in a hurry.”

“I remember the matter,” Cattleya interjected.

Bernadette’s long and straight eyebrows twitched slightly.

“Through this clue, I managed to piece together an incomplete sea map from the descendants of Edwards, William, and Poli. It records the area my father had explored in the Fog Sea those years.

With the help of this sea map and my prophetic abilities, I can roughly guess that a particular area out at sea that is far away from the safe sea route might be hiding his secret. I plan on heading there on the Dawn to do an extended search.

“I’m not sure when I can return. Perhaps I will never be able to return. Therefore, I have to hand over some items and matters to you in advance.”

After listening carefully, Cattleya said without hesitation, “I’ll go with you.”

“It is my father. This is something I have to do, alone.” Queen Mystic Bernadette slowly shook her head.

Cattleya fell silent for a few seconds before saying, “If you don’t return, I would do the same.”

Chapter 1239: Legacy

Upon hearing Cattleya's words, Queen Mystic Bernadette looked at her silently for a few seconds before saying, "That is your choice, and also your freedom."

Cattleya stared straight at the Queen before pursing her lips and saying, "I know. You must've destroyed all the clues that will allow me to pursue your tracks...

"To you, this is to end the past—all of it—regardless of whether you return."

The chestnut-colored hair casually draped over Bernadette's shoulders as she maintained her silence as if she was using this method to confirm the Admiral of Stars's guess.

When Cattleya saw this, she smiled bitterly and said, "I won't harp on how I'll do everything I can to find you if you were to remain lost for half a year or a year. I just want you to remember to recite Mr. Fool's honorific name when the danger is gravest."

She said that title frankly.

Queen Mystic Bernadette slowly nodded and said, "I will keep that in mind."

Cattleya immediately revealed a smile as she said with misty eyes, "What items and matters need to be handed over to me?"

With a flip of her hand, Bernadette took out an item from somewhere.

The item was entirely gold in color, like a miniaturized kettle. Its surface was covered with mysterious and complicated symbols, and a part of a lamp's wick extended out from the mouth.

"It's name is the 'Magic Wishing Lamp.' Its serial number is 0-05. It might've originated from the First Epoch, and even a true deity can't shatter it. Normally, it wouldn't cause any harm, nor would it be of any use. However, it will constantly tempt you to rub it through dreams and illusions, to summon the Genie." Queen Mystic Bernadette simply introduced the item's origins and effects. "The Genie claims to be eternal and can grant you any ten wishes, but often, they are fulfilled in an extremely warped manner or with terrifying consequences. My father told me that the holder can avoid the harm brought by the first two wishes through proper wording and preparations, but the third wish is absolutely forbidden."

At this point, Bernadette emphasized, "Absolutely forbidden!"

"It sounds easy to get around it..." Cattleya thought for a moment before saying, "Can't you make two wishes before giving it to me. I'll make another two wishes, then give it to Frank, Heath, and the others. This will allow for many things to be done."

She was only using Frank as an example. She had no intention of letting him come into contact with something so dangerous.

Holding the Magic Wishing Lamp, Bernadette shook her head indiscernibly and said, "The owner is different from the wielder. Before I die, even if you obtain the Magic Wishing Lamp, you will only be a wielder. The first wish you make will also be counted as my third wish and your first wish.

"Also, although we can craft our words and make preparations to avoid the damage caused by the fulfillment of the wishes, this does not mean that the Genie isn't intelligent. On the contrary, 'He' is very smart, very cunning, and has a very strong sense of autonomy."

Cattleya tersely acknowledged.

"Then, is there any wish that 'He' cannot fulfill?"

"Nothing at the moment, but if it involves the level of a true deity, the distortion of the wish will exceed your imagination. To put it simply, if you wish to become a Sequence 0 true deity, then your body and soul will meld into one with an unknown evil god. Remember, the Genie's requirement is that the wish has to be simple and concise. Otherwise, 'He' will reject it and treat it as if you have already made a wish," Bernadette explained.

With that said, she got an invisible servant to fly towards Cattleya with the terrifying Sealed Artifact 0-05.

After Cattleya reached out her hand to grab the Magic Wishing Lamp, Bernadette continued, "If you dream of the Genie and are bewitched by 'Him' to make a wish, that means that I can no longer return. Following that, you will be its owner. I hope that your first wish is to retrieve all the items that were carried on Bernadette Gustav's person before she headed out to sea, including her own Beyonder characteristic. Yes, it's best to add the exact date when making a wish."

Cattleya looked down at the golden lamp and blurted out, "Can I make a wish to bring you back to life?"

After a few seconds of silence, Bernadette said, "The resurrected me might just be a monster.

"If you really wish to do so, you can ask Mr. Fool for 'His' opinion."

Cattleya nodded slightly.

"Okay."

"This is the item I'm giving you and the matters I need to settle. I'll leave the rest to the Element Dawn. They will have a new leader and won't collapse because of a person's disappearance." Bernadette didn't beat around the bush, indicating that this was the main reason she had summoned Cattleya to Emerald City.

The level of the divine lamp was extremely high, making it impossible to pass it through a messenger.

Without waiting for Cattleya's reply, Queen Mystic's expression suddenly softened.

"Haven't you always wanted to share what happened all these years with me?"

Cattleya was taken aback as she nodded.

"That's right."

She then walked to the Queen's side, pulled a chair over, and sat down, facing the blue sea beyond the emerald railing.

Bernadette sat beside her and listened to her talk about all the encounters after she left the Dawn.

These matters had been mentioned in the letter by Cattleya, but due to the limited length, she didn't provide any detailed descriptions. There were some that she was sharing for the first time.

At some point in time, Cattleya fell asleep and dreamed of a time many years ago.

At that time, she was just a maiden who stubbornly left the Dawn without looking back.

Suddenly, she woke up and realized that there was no one beside her. She realized that it had already turned dark at some point in time, and dawn was even approaching.

Cattleya suddenly reached out and threw out an illusory ball of yarn.

The ball of yarn rolled into the void, leaving behind a bright-colored thread.

Following this thread, Cattleya walked through the spirit world as though she had mastered "Teleportation" and arrived at the periphery of La Cha Island.

She stood at the edge of the cliff and cast her gaze into the distance. She saw that on the dark blue sea, a gorgeous and huge sailboat, which was tinted with an orange glow, was steering towards the horizon.

Cattleya slowly sat down and leaned forward slightly. She hugged her knees and looked in that direction for a long time.

The sun gradually rose and shone on her.

…

In Backlund, at a soup kitchen.

The veil-wearing Stelyn Sammer no longer lowered her head like the previous few months, afraid that others would recognize her. The only worry on her mind as she anxiously looked ahead was if the free food would last until it was her turn.

She could vaguely hear gunshots echoing in the distance. She didn't know if the armies of Feysac, Intis, or Feynapotter had breached the final line of defense, or if the police were dealing with a looter.

Please end it… Please end this war quickly… Stelyn, who had gone to three soup kitchens, silently prayed.

At this moment, a staff member raised his voice and said from a few meters away, "All the food here has been handed out!"

Stelyn's face turned ashen. She looked up at the dark sky and dragged her feet in despair and numbness before returning to the house at 17 Minsk Street.

The moment she opened the door, her two children rushed over and raised their innocent faces.

"Mommy, did you get any bread?"

"Mommy, I'm hungry…"

They were twins, a boy and a girl. Both of them were very adorable.

Stelyn held back her tears and forced a smile.

"Yes."

She then entered the house, took out some pieces of bread she had stashed, and split it among the two children.

As she watched the two children eat the bread without any regard for etiquette, Stelyn's expression kept changing. It cycled between sorrow and pain.

Not long after, her husband, Luke Sammer, returned home, but he, too, didn't have any food in his hands.

Ever since the Coim Company was taken over by the military during the war, this former manager had lost his job. He could only rely on their past savings and maintain his family via government aid.

"I didn't manage to…" Seeing his wife's hopeful gaze, this burly man with a messy beard lowered his head in shame.

Stelyn, who still looked rather pretty while in her thirties, took a deep breath and said, "Me too… I'll go out and queue again. There should still be places that haven't finished distributing food!"

Without waiting for her husband to respond, she rushed out of the door.

Luke immediately turned around and said to her back, “I’ll find another one too!”

Stelyn didn’t stop. She walked two streets and arrived in front of a house with a garden.

Not long after, she saw the owner of the place, a tycoon in his fifties.

“I want to buy some food.” Stelyn took out a stack of crumpled bills.

The grizzled elder smiled and said, “And why should I sell it to you?

“I remember that you rejected me last time.”

Stelyn’s face paled. Without a word, she lowered her head and unbuckled her belt with her other hand.

With a snap, the leather belt that was originally very exquisite but now had quite a few stains fell to the ground.

…

Luke Sammer wandered aimlessly on the streets, unsure where he could find food.

Looking at the small number of pedestrians passing by, and the bags that they were trying their best to protect, the scholarly gentleman's eyes gradually turned red.

Unknowingly, he followed someone and turned into a street.

In less than an hour, the curfew would begin. This was a rare opportunity for him.

That person stopped outside a house and walked towards the door feebly.

At this moment, the person suddenly fainted and fell to the ground.

Luke subconsciously took a few steps back before quickly approaching to test the pedestrian's breathing.

His gaze unconsciously fell on the paper bag in the man's embrace, and he could smell the aroma of bread.

Luke gulped and reached out for the bag.

As he moved his hand, he looked back in fear at the house that this pedestrian was trying to enter. He saw a child's drawing pasted on the oriel window.

Luke's actions stiffened. A few seconds later, he stood up, walked to the door of the house, and rang the doorbell.

The house's mistress and child quickly opened the door and saw their weak father and the bag of bread.

The curfew arrived very quickly, and Luke returned to Minsk Street dejectedly.

Just as he opened the door, he saw his wife smiling at him.

“I got food!”

That’s great… Luke heaved a sigh of relief and hugged her tightly.

…

Audrey walked along the streets and alleys, with no one capable of seeing her.

She didn’t say anything and walked back to Empress Borough, all the way back into the luxurious mansion where she smelled the aroma of pan-fried foie gras and other delicacies.

After staring silently for a while, she saw the maids coming and going. Finally, she headed upstairs to her room.

In the middle of the night, she wore a cloak and entered her parents’ bedroom before arriving at their bed.

After staring at them for a long time, Audrey knelt down on one knee and pressed her forehead against her father’s hand.

Beads of water dripped onto the carpet.

Then, the blonde, green-eyed noble lady slowly raised her head and said to her sleeping parents, choking, “Daddy, Mommy, thank you. Thank you for teaching me what pity, kindness, and virtue are.”

As soon as she finished speaking, she closed her eyes and stood up abruptly. Turning around, she walked towards the door, no longer wearing the slightest emotions on her face.

Chapter 1240: The Tide

In the early morning, Earl Hall woke up at his usual time and took a stroll in his garden and lawn.

By the time he finished looking at his beloved thoroughbreds, he returned to the third floor of the villa and changed out of his outing clothes. His wife, Caitlyn, had already woken up and was instructing her lady's maid to relay her thoughts to the rest of the servants.

"It's time for breakfast." Earl Hall stood beside the coat rack and smiled at his wife.

At that moment, he heard a commotion outside, one that was getting closer and closer, but it did not quell.

With a slight frown, Earl Hall turned his head to look at his valet.

Without needing the noble to speak, the valet immediately walked to the window and drew open the thin curtain.

With a swoosh, more light shone into the bedroom. It was clear.

The valet then cast his gaze out the window and scanned his surroundings. His expression suddenly became solemn.

He turned around and glanced at Lady Caitlyn, who was still talking to the lady's maid. He walked quickly to Earl Hall's side and said in a low voice, "A protest! Many people are protesting!"

A protest? Earl Hall was no stranger to this term. As a powerful Loen Kingdom noble, and the second largest shareholder of the Constant Coal and Steel Consortium, he had seen many workers protest in demonstrations, requesting for a rise in their weekly salaries, as well as stipulate for maximum working hours. During the past two months, Backlund had also undergone several protests due to various problems, but they were quickly suppressed without causing too much of an impact.

His gaze moved back and forth across his valet's face for a few seconds. Eyes narrowed, he acutely sensed that the protest today might be different from what he had imagined.

Without batting an eyelid, he walked to the window.

Looking out, Earl Hall's eyes suddenly froze.

With the advantage of being on the third floor, he saw that the roads were filled with dense hordes of people, extending far into the distance. They gathered together and surged in this direction, as if they were a dark, gigantic cloud that was about to envelop Backlund.

"Bread!"

"We want bread!"

The shouts of tens of thousands of people, and even more people, grew into a crescendo—one that was loud and clear. It made Earl Hall's scalp tingle.

Having participated in the Mass at Festival Square, he was no stranger to seeing large masses of people or hearing people booming in one voice. But back then, he could barely be considered a part of the crowd. And today, he was one of the targets of the surging “tidal wave.”

Earl Hall couldn’t help but glance towards the end of the protesters, only to realize that there was no end to it. However, with his rich experience in handling matters, he could make a judgment based on the details he had observed.

He could see that there were very few police and soldiers on both sides of the protesters. Compared to the large number of people, they were like the eddies created by a tidal wave, a negligible detail.

Earl Hall believed that the protesters that targeted Empress Borough would definitely be clamped down upon with the greatest force possible. It would be impossible for large numbers of soldiers and police to be deployed. The current situation could only mean one thing:

There were too many people participating in the protest!

As such, the soldiers and police were spread too thin!

A protest numbering more than a hundred thousand people? Perhaps more… A protest arising from a food shortage can turn into a riot and looting at any time… It might still seem orderly now… because there are many organizers and leaders? Damn it. Didn’t MI9 and the various Churches notice any signs? How could such a large-scale protest be organized overnight? Even if Backlund has become a gunpowder keg, it would still require quite a number of matchsticks to light it! Thoughts ran through Earl Hall’s mind as his expression grew graver.

“Bread!”

“We want bread!”

The shouting became louder and more uniform, as if there was a tsunami in the city.

At that moment, the servants in Earl Hall’s mansion sensed the commotion. All of them went to the windows and looked beyond the compound gates.

Their faces turned pale, as though they had encountered a flood that could not be avoided.

“Bread!”

“We want bread!”

Countless voices converged together, as the dense masses exuded a suffocating presence.

Earl Hall snapped to his senses. He subconsciously wanted to get someone to send a telegram to the royal family to get them to organize an army to suppress the protesters.

However, after further observation, he realized that quite a number of protesters were wearing military uniforms and were disabled.

“Bread!”

“We want bread!”

The soldiers in charge of maintaining order looked at the protesters with pity and pointed their guns at the sky.

Among those people were their old comrades, their parents and children, their friends, neighbors, and large numbers of people who simply desired the same right to live like them. They just didn't want to starve to death. How could they not feel pity and empathy?

At first, such feelings might have arisen in a handful of soldiers and police, but it quickly spread to almost everyone.

In the past, under their officers' supervision at gunpoint, they would have accepted all orders without any protest. But now, many people were thinking:

*Any son-of-a-b*tch who dares to get me to fire shall be fired upon!*

"Bread!"

"We want bread!"

From the shouts and the impact of the huge crowd, the color in Earl Hall's face drained.

He couldn't help but retract his gaze and look at the guards and bodyguards gathered outside the house. He looked at the Beyonders of the Church of Evernight who were responsible for protecting his family, and he realized that the reactions of the two were different.

The guards and bodyguards were filled with fear. The expressions of the secretly-hired Beyonders had already become rather solemn. As for the protectors from the Church of Evernight, their gazes were filled with pity and empathy.

To the Church, I might be equivalent to a thousand believers, but there are tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands, or even more… Earl Hall instantly came to a realization of the consequences of what he had planned to do.

Even though they were armed to the teeth, there was no way they could fend off so many protesters with just a few bodyguards. Once the conflict erupted, the Beyonders of the Church of Evernight couldn't be counted on at all. It was already a blessing by the Goddess if his family could escape Empress Borough with the bodyguards he hired!

For the first time, Earl Hall experienced the strength of the masses. He experienced the terror of the unity of people.

As this thought flashed through his mind, he immediately turned his head and instructed his valet, "Send a telegram to the Prime Minister and send a telegram to the other nobles. Say that I'm willing to take the lead and donate most of our food!

"Get them to remain calm!"

As the radio signals exchanged across the air, the nobles living in Empress Borough all learned of his attitude.

The present Duke Negan looked out the window with a serious expression. After a moment of silence, he exhaled and said to the male secretary beside him, "Protect the mansion and give up any forceful stance. Follow Earl Hall's lead.

“Also, make the merchants who are hoarding food the first examples!”

By the time the upper-class society came to a consensus and came up with a solution, Earl Hall’s heart finally settled back to its original position. He had the energy to head to the dining room to meet his family.

When he passed through the dining hall’s entrance, he subconsciously scanned the situation inside.

His wife stood by the window, looking out the window with worry. His eldest son kept pacing back and forth, appearing very angry and anxious. His daughter stood beside his wife, watching the tidal-wave-like protesters in silence.

…

Fog Sea, Future.

Cattleya stepped on a resplendent bridge formed from starlight and returned to the deck.

“Captain, you have to do something about Frank this time!” Boatswain Nina, rushed over and shouted.

Cattleya’s depressed and sorrowful mood was instantly shattered as she frowned slightly.

“What did he do again?”

Nina said angrily, “He asked me if I knew how to have children. He wants to study how life is born and how the soul is created!”

“…Did you hit him?” Cattleya fell silent for a second.

“I did!” Nina didn’t hide anything.

Cattleya then looked at Frank who was not far away, ignoring his bruised face.

“You should first study how fish breed.”

“Alright.” Frank scratched his head and heeded his captain’s orders.

Following that, Cattleya nodded at the shadow which extended out from the cabin—the pale-faced Bloodless Heath Doyle.

“Everything’s fine now.”

Heath Doyle clearly relaxed.

“Yes, Captain.”

After this farce with her crew, Cattleya finally returned to the real world. While they weren’t paying attention, she rubbed her temples and flew into the captain’s cabin.

Following that, she sealed the cabin with magic and took out the

Grade 0 Sealed Artifact—Magic Wishing Lamp.

After finishing her preparations, Cattleya sat at her desk and lowered her head. She used Jotun to recite Mr. Fool's honorific name to report to him about Queen Mystic.

Holding a lantern in hand, Klein surveyed the surrounding area of the northern city ruins. He turned his head slightly and listened for a few seconds before following the process of entering the world above the gray fog.

He then sat on the high-back chair belonging to The Fool at the end of the long mottled table, spreading his spirituality towards the crimson star representing The Hermit.

Queen Mystic has some preliminary clues to the primitive island. She plans on leaving the safe sea route to do an extended search…

That primitive island was discovered by Emperor Roselle by chance. It's very likely that one of his nine secret mausoleums is hidden on it… This is the only one that hasn't been discovered and destroyed at the moment. It's the hope of the Emperor's resurrection…

However, the living beings on that primitive island seem to worship an unknown power that comes from the cosmos. Just understanding the cosmos that will lead to corruption… I need to remind Ma'am Hermit to warn Queen Mystic…

Magic Wishing Lamp… Magic Wishing Lamp? So this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact is in the hands of Queen Mystic… It's a combination of a Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic and a characteristic of unknown origins. Even a true deity can't shatter it… Just as he finished listening to 0-05's description, he immediately adjusted his vision and enlarged the scene of the golden kettle-like Magic Wishing Lamp.

Suddenly, the wick at the mouth of the Magic Wishing Lamp lit up!

Chapter 1241: Genie

The light emitted by the lamp's core was extremely viscous, like water that had been infused with quite a bit of sugar. It spewed out, forming a distorted and blurry golden figure.

This figure instantly occupied the crimson star representing The Hermit, cutting off his ability to sense Cattleya.

Sitting at the end of the long bronze table, Klein's eyes widened as a thought subconsciously flashed across his mind:

As expected of a Sealed Artifact labeled 0-05!

Although the serial number of Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts was usually based on the order of the time the orthodox Churches obtained or understood them, it had to be known that this set of rules was officially established after the seven Churches truly ruled over the world, which was the late Fourth Epoch and early Fifth Epoch.

Back then, most Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts had already appeared, and they had been learned of or obtained by the orthodox Churches!

This resulted in a situation where the ones with smaller serial numbers being Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts that were more powerful, terrifying, and unimaginable. Then, the rest were labeled based on the order of appearance.

In addition, although it wasn't wrong to say that an item was more powerful the more ancient it was, for an item from the

First Epoch that the ancient gods were unable to affect, it definitely meant that even deities didn’t fully comprehend their secrets.

This way, the smaller the number was, the more terrifying the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact was.

Of course, based on this rule, the Grade 0 Sealed Artifacts with higher serial numbers weren’t necessarily worse than the first ten. Perhaps it was simply because they were discovered or obtained by the Church at a later date. Without any numbers left for them, they could only be serialized.

Just as a thought flashed through his mind, the golden figure’s gaze pierced through the crimson star representing The Hermit and towards the ancient palace above the gray fog.

Following that, “His” voice echoed in an unusually magnificent manner:

“Long time no see.”

Long time no see? Long time no see! He… He knows the former owner of Sefirah Castle, The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings? No, it should be “Him,” a Genie who claims to be eternal… “He” can actually use Ma’am Hermit’s prayer to directly talk to me… A thought flashed through Klein’s mind as he tensed up.

Based on his experience over the recent years, as well as his ability as a Clown, his body suddenly relaxed and he leisurely leaned back into his chair.

Following that, Klein replied, “Heh.”

He didn’t give an affirmative answer, nor did he deny that he was a fake. He only showed a look of contempt and wore a supercilious look.

The blurry golden figure harrumphed.

“You’ve actually been weakened so much. It’s no wonder that I haven’t heard of your honorific name in the past few millennia.”

Honorific name… Weak… “He” really knows the former owner of Sefirah Castle… Is that an existence who was active during the First Epoch? Amidst his thoughts, Klein smiled and said, “What you see might not be the truth.”

“Haha.” The twisted and blurry golden figure laughed and said, “You’re still your usual self, always trying to scam others, but the condition of Sefirah Castle cannot fool me. Under normal circumstances, there’s no way for me to pass through the outer layers of protection to communicate with you.”

“How do you know that I didn’t do it on purpose?” Klein asked in a relaxed manner.

“There’s no point in lying to me,” the distorted, blurry golden Genie immediately replied.

…Why do I feel like the victim of fraud is saying that I’m penniless, to the point of having sold my kidney… Back then, what did the previous owner of Sefirah Castle—the one suspected to be The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings—do to the Genie… Hmm, part of the characteristics of this Magic Wishing

Lamp is that of a Miracle Invoker… Using his lampooning to relieve the pressure in his heart, Klein smiled.

“It’s not up to you to decide whether there’s any point.”

The blurry golden figure trembled slightly.

“From the state of Sefirah Castle, you seem to have a need for a Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic.”

“He” did not harp on the topic and instead pointed out the situation “He” had observed.

…This fellow can actually see through this matter… “His” level is really very high… “He” is able to separate the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic from the Magic Wishing Lamp? Klein’s eyes narrowed as he nearly lost his composure.

He immediately controlled his actions and expression and replied with a smile, “If you think so.”

The blurry and distorted golden figure once again made “His” magnificent voice echo above the gray fog.

“We can make a deal.

“You will remove my seal and give me freedom. I will leave the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic to you and only take away the portion that belongs to me.

“As for a witness, let’s use our sefirot. Although both you and I have means to resist the backlash and reduce the damage caused by breaching the contract, it won't be without a price. We both need to consider the consequences.

"I promise I won't stay here any longer than necessary."

Sealed… Sefirot… The terrifying nature of the Magic Wishing Lamp is a seal of an existence that's at least at the true deity level? With a thought, Klein quickly analyzed the viability of the matter.

Soon, he made a decision. He was not to be bewitched!

There were two reasons for this. Firstly, he wasn't the real owner of Sefirah Castle. There was a limit to what he could do and handle. Secondly, he had received some mysticism education and had gleaned experiences as a Nighthawk. He knew not to trade with unknown existences or bear any hope in being lucky!

Having made up his mind, he calmed down and focused on how to gather more information.

The Genie was suspected to originate from the darkest, most chaotic, and most mysterious First Epoch, so "He" definitely knew a lot!

After some thought, the corners of Klein's mouth curled up.

"Do you think such conditions can move me?"

He planned to see how high the chips the Genie could offer, so as to pry into certain of "His" secrets.

Upon hearing this, the flickering golden figure's eyes suddenly lit up in a literal manner!

"His" gaze seemed to land directly on Klein as "His" magnificent voice quaked the ancient palace like thunder:

"You are not 'Him'!"

You are not "Him"… At that moment, Klein was a little stunned and also a little frightened. It was as if he was performing a grand magic show only to have a member of the audience suddenly point out his trick.

He didn't know what was wrong with his rhetorical question, nor did he know what exactly was wrong. It was difficult for him to analyze the pros and cons in a short period of time, and give a reaction that matched the current situation.

*… Why did "He" suddenly realize that I'm not the former owner of Sefirah Castle—the suspected "Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings"… Isn't my rhetoric question very reasonable? Since we're talking about a deal, bargaining should be allowed… The former owner of Sefirah Castle that the Genie knew wasn't like that? Impossible, why would a person who's good at deceit show "His" hand so readily? How can there not be some level of negotiation and pressure? Sh*t, too many thoughts are running through my mind. Nearly ten seconds have passed… I didn't immediately answer the Genie's accusation, so it's a form of indirect admittance…* When it came to being exposed, Klein didn't have much experience. He was momentarily unsure for a response.

Just as he raised his vigilance and was about to produce the Staff of the Stars and activate Sefirah Castle's powers to resist the possible attack from the Genie, the golden and blurry figure suddenly laughed.

“Haha. Hahaha. Hahaha.”

This laughter seemed to stir his soul, causing Klein, who was inside Sefirah Castle, to nearly show signs of losing control. It wasn’t easy for him to remain calm.

There’s no intention to attack, but the influence of natural dissipation… What’s the Genie laughing about? What’s so funny? Klein frowned as he thought of one possibility after another, but he felt that they didn’t match reality.

After a few seconds, the Genie’s laughter stopped and “He” happily quipped, “Even for existences at our level, fate is still so miraculous.

“Regardless of who you are, the deal I proposed is still on the table. As long as you remove the seal and release me, I will return to the cosmos with the portion that belongs to me. As for the rest, I will leave the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic to you. In addition, I will grant you three wishes.

“How’s that? Isn’t that enough?”

Cosmos… When Klein heard that, his eyelids twitched as he sharply sensed danger.

This was a warning from his spiritual intuition.

He had originally thought that he could pretend to agree and obtain more information before using Sefirah Castle to go back on his promise, but now he suddenly felt that he could not make the promise!

Hence, Klein decisively said, “Leave.”

As he spoke, he cut off the connection between himself and the crimson star representing The Hermit.

The blurry and distorted golden figure suddenly expanded and dissipated, leaving only his voice echoing:

“You will eventually agree!”

Only when the world above the gray fog had its calm completely restored did Klein slowly let out a breath and silently mutter to himself, *The Genie is a powerful creature from the cosmos. Was it sealed within the Magical Wishing Lamp in the First Epoch or earlier?*

The person who sealed “Him” might be the previous owner of Sefirah Castle, the existence suspected to be The Celestial Worthy of Heaven and Earth for Blessings. This can be inferred from the ingredients used to form the Magic Wishing Lamp’s Beyonder characteristics…

So, that’s how the Genie sensed that I wasn’t the previous owner of Sefirah Castle when “He” questioned me? But I did consider this point, so my question wasn’t logically unsound. Unless, back then, the former owner of Sefirah Castle and the Genie had come to some sort of tacit understanding or had some secret…

The bulk of the Genie’s powers likely can’t extend out of the seal, but “He” can use the Beyonder characteristic that forms the seal… The unique characteristic of “granting wishes” is likely from the Miracle Invoker characteristic. Then, the Genie uses “His” level to magnify it…

Amidst his thoughts, Klein raised his head to look at the crimson star representing The Hermit. He discovered that Cattleya didn't notice anything unusual with the Magic Wishing Lamp.

Phew… Klein formed a stream of light that contained his warnings and threw it into the crimson star.

Chapter 1242: The Baffling Actions of the Human

...The primitive island that the Emperor found by chance... The creatures on the island worship an unknown power that comes from the cosmos... Without reaching the level of an angel, just knowledge of it will result in corruption from the cosmos... Try not to make a wish to the Genie, nor bring it to that primitive island... Cattleya finally received feedback from Mr. Fool as she heaved a sigh of relief, even more worried about the Queen's quest.

She turned her head to look at the unresponsive Magic Wishing Lamp and quickly put it away. Then, she spread out a letter, picked up a fountain pen, and paraphrased the information she had just received, hoping that Queen Mystic Bernadette would take it seriously.

...

In a dilapidated apartment in Backlund.

A man with a full beard was sitting on a chair with his hands cuffed behind him.

Xio, who had become a middle-ranking MI9 member through her own capabilities, stood in front of the man, with a triangular blade in hand and her two subordinates flanking her.

"We already have enough witnesses and evidence to prove that you're one of the main organizers of the protest. If you wish to reduce your punishment, answer my questions honestly."

Before Xio could say a word, the bearded man felt an extremely powerful suppressive force. When she finished speaking, even his mind began to tremble. It was as though bolts of electricity were generated and a pain and numbness that couldn't be perceived could explode at any moment.

The bearded man suppressed the fear and weakness in his heart and said, "No one instigated me. I just did what I wanted to do.

"Don't you all know? The entirety of Backlund has become a gunpowder keg. Even a tiny spark can set off the entire city. And there are countless sparks like me who are willing to take the risk!

"Those darn nobles and merchants hoarded so much food while there are already people in East Borough who are starving to death!

"You can do whatever you want to do to me. I've never believed in their promises. The reason why we agreed to end the protest was because everyone had received a lot of food."

Xio was about to ask further when she suddenly turned her head to listen to the commotion in the distance.

Sounds of rumbling could be heard from somewhere. It was deep, hoarse, and layered.

Has the Feysac, Intis, or Feynapotter army broken through our defenses and begun to attack Backlund's defenses? Xio's expression instantly turned solemn.

…

Back in the Forsaken Land of the Gods, after Klein returned to the real world, he immediately attempted to reach out his hand to see if he could pull out the Magic Wishing Lamp from the fog of history.

Soon, he confirmed that he couldn’t summon Sealed Artifact 0-05.

Indeed, it involves a Uniqueness, or should I say, sefirah? In short, the Genie is indeed a high-ranking existence that was sealed. At the very least, “He” is a King of Angels... There’s no way to make use of “Him”... Klein let out a breath and turned his attention back to the hunt of Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar.

He had made a lot of preparations during this period of time, and he ran through and confirmed the plan above the gray fog.

However, he was in no hurry to take action. He spent quite a bit of time checking the loopholes and mending the imperfections.

Two to three days later, it was dark and silent in the wilderness. Wearing a silk top hat and a long black trench coat, Klein held a lantern that emitted a faint yellow glow. With a solemn expression, he reached out his right hand and grabbed at the air.

At that moment, a bolt of lightning streaked across the world, illuminating it.

Following that, he dragged out a figure. It was him holding the illusory Staff of the Stars and a lantern.

Right on the heels of that, his true body entered the fog of history as he dashed to a time before the First Epoch. He hid inside the old stacked cities.

His Historical Void projection suddenly came alive as an area that he had been exploring recently had surfaced in his mind. He used the power of the Staff of the Stars to directly move to it.

This was a huge distance away from where his actual body was. Even if there was a problem with the projection, no one would be able to lock onto the exact location of where his true body was when he returned to reality.

Surveying the area, he took in the dried riverbed and a boulder that stood deep in the darkness like a monster. He no longer maintained his Staff of the Stars historical projection, letting it quickly fade away and disappear with a shake of his right hand.

After doing all of this, he walked to the boulder, put down the lantern, and began chanting an honorific name in Jotun:

“The Dark Lord that exists alongside History,

“The Embodiment of Countless Miracles,

“The God of Wishes…”

This was the Dark Demonic Wolf’s honorific name that he had obtained from the Evernight Goddess. Although the Mythical Creature might not be using it anymore, or had perhaps changed it a long time ago, it was undoubtedly referring to “Him” when it came to mysticism.

…

Deep within a mountain range, in an ancient castle.

Giants, elves, humans, and vampires each held the role as gardeners, chefs, servants, and guards. They all had different expressions and would whisper to each other when they met, making them appear lively and intelligent.

However, once they returned to their rooms, they would immediately turn dull. Their eyes would no longer move as their bodies floated up and hung from the ceiling.

In the depths of the castle, in a hall where only lightning could light it up from outside the window, a huge figure lay quietly in the darkness.

Its body was like a tiny mountain that was covered in dark short fur. Its pitch-black pupils covered at least three-quarters of its eyes, and at its forehead was a tuft of grayish-white fur. Its head resembled a magnified, twisted feral wolf.

This was none other than the God of Wishes, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar.

Suddenly, this demonic wolf, which was more exaggerated than an ordinary giant, raised “His” head. Every strand of “His” dark and short hair began to sway as all the servants in the castle followed “His” actions.

Kotar’s eyes moved slightly as “He” turned “His” head slightly, as though “He” was listening to something.

In the next second, “He” opened “His” mouth and let out a soundless roar and summoned another “Him.”

As soon as this Dark Demonic Wolf appeared, Kotar's body leaped into the grayish-white fog as "He" dashed to a certain historical spot of light in the Second Epoch.

This was a piece of secret history that "He" knew.

In the real world, the Dark Demonic Wolf's Historical Void projection made a wish in a tongue-twisting language. Then, with a flash of "His" figure, "He" directly moved to a mountain near the northern city of Nois.

After making the necessary preparations, the God of Wishes allowed a strand of dark, short hair to fall off, turning into an illusory Worm of Spirit that expanded into the corresponding prayer point of light.

With its help, Kotar saw who was praying to "Him."

It was a young man wearing a strange hat and strange clothes. He stood beside a glass lantern and softly chanted the honorific name of the God of Wishes.

Hmm… The Dark Demonic Wolf's huge, pitch-black pupils turned and saw that the young man was covered in a layer of grayish-white fog. There were some things that could not be seen clearly in the fog.

As a Sequence 2 angel of the Seer pathway, this Mythical Creature could clearly sense that the fog was similar to the fog of history. It could sense a strong attraction force from something in the fog.

…Sefirah Castle? Having heard some matters from the ancient

god, Flegrea, the King of Demonic Wolves, “He” instantly had a guess.

Under this premise, “He” had many thoughts regarding the young man.

Using Sefirah Castle to attract me and make me attack him on my own accord, and then confirming my location?

This is a bait?

Indeed, he’s just a Historical Void projection. It’s unknown which time fragment his true body is hiding in. It’s unknown where the ambusher is hiding…

Previously, Sefirah Castle clearly had an anomaly. I controlled myself and didn’t attempt to search for the corresponding region or the clues that might be left behind. Why do “They” think I will fall for it?

It’s just an attempt, switching to another when it doesn’t work? Or is there something wrong with this prayer?

Hehe, I’ve lived for thousands of years. After experiencing so many things, what kind of situation have I not seen?

The best solution now is to ignore him and not spy on him. I’ll just remember him.

The Dark Demonic Wolf quickly made a decision and planned to observe for a while longer before destroying that prayer point of light.

At this moment, “He” saw the young man open his mouth again:

“The Sun that is Eternal;

“You are an Inextinguishable Light;

“You are the Embodiment of Order.”

“…” The Dark Demonic Wolf was somewhat puzzled as to what the young man was trying to do.

In this forsaken land, praying to the other true deities was useless!

In the next second, Klein once again chanted another deity’s name:

“The Lord that created everything;

“The Lord who reigns behind the curtain of shadows;

“The degenerated nature of all living things!”

The Dark Demonic Wolf’s pupils dilated slightly. “He” was confused by the actions of the human in the prayer light.

Before “He” could make any guesses, Klein muttered the third honorific name:

“The Clock-hand that tampers with Time;

“The Shadow that roams across Fate;

“The Embodiment of Deceit and Trickery.”

Amon… He is praying to Amon… The Dark Demonic Wolf was already completely at a loss as to what the other party was up to. “He” instinctively felt that something was amiss and immediately wanted to wipe away the corresponding prayer point of light.

Suddenly, “He” saw the young man lift “His” head and smile.

He then took out a crystal monocle and put it on his right eye.

In just one prayer, Klein’s Historical Void projection had turned into Blasphemer Amon’s avatar!

Almost at the same time, the Dark Demonic Wolf felt the other party’s gaze pass through the prayer light and land on “Him.” Then, Amon looked past “Him” and into the fog of history where “His” true body was.

Without any hesitation, “He” immediately destroyed the prayer light.

As for “His” true body, “He” dispelled the gaze and removed the maintenance of the historical projection.

In the fog of history, in the stacked city of old, Klein suddenly stood up. A scene surfaced in his mind.

A few seconds before this scene took shape, he had severed the connection between his body and the Historical Void projection, doing so in order to avoid having Amon descent right beside him.

The baffling actions that he had previously done were mainly to confuse the Dark Demonic Wolf. He wanted “Him” to continue observing after realizing that the supplicant wasn’t the true body. This made “Him” increase the time “He” spied on Sefirah Castle.

In the end, he prayed to Amon, using the possible descent and influence of the God of Deceit to hide the tracks of Sefirah Castle’s reverse corruption of the Dark Demonic Wolf!

If Amon hadn’t responded and merely watched by the sidelines, Klein would use the monocle he had prepared to deceive the Dark Demonic Wolf.

Chapter 1243: Hectic But Not Confused

Deep within a mountain range, in the ancient castle.

As soon as Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar returned from the fog of history, “He” instinctively removed all connections with the outside world. “He” was prepared to abandon this place and move elsewhere.

Although “He” still hadn’t figured out what had happened, with an accident already happening, “His” experience told “Him” that “He” couldn’t take any chances at all. “He” should retreat and give up as required of him!

At the same time, a thought came to Klein’s mind in the city of old. His figure instantly appeared in the ancient palace above the gray fog. At the seat belonging to The Fool, he merged with the constantly distorted and scattered crimson figure and took form.

In this mysterious space, the crimson stars that represented Justice, The Hanged Man, The Star, and the other members of the Tarot Club were constantly expanding and shrinking. They emitted layers of ripples that formed a mighty “wave.”

This was one of the preparations that Klein had made in advance. In the name of Gehrman Sparrow, he had used different reasons to get the members of the Tarot Club to pray to Mr. Fool one after another, asking this existence to pass a certain answer to Mr. World.

As such, the crimson stars resonated, affecting Sefirah Castle in reverse; thus, allowing it to summon The Fool to resolve the problem.

This was one of the key factors that could help him escape from Amon's clutches. It could help him remove the need to take four steps counterclockwise and recite the incantations. He could directly enter Sefirah Castle without wasting any time.

And in a battle at the level of angels, the difference a second makes would perhaps determine the difference in the outcome. To fight someone more powerful than him, Klein had to consider every detail!

Sitting in the high-back chair belonging to The Fool, he beckoned for the Staff of the Stars and Sea God Scepter while observing the other changes in Sefirah Castle.

In the grayish-white fog, there was an additional crimson glow that was rapidly shrinking, almost disappearing in no time. Around The Fool's seat, ripples of light bloomed as though they were forming a pure passageway.

He could barely make out a gigantic demonic wolf's figure from the crimson glow. This was a result of Kotar's spying on Sefirah Castle. Through the passage of time, "He" had gained a certain understanding of the situation and had unknowingly been invaded. As such, "He" established a preliminary connection with Sefirah Castle. Of course, as an angel and a God of Wishes of the Second Epoch, "He" had the right level and ability to sever such a connection and get rid of the corresponding corruption. If Klein didn't make use of these one or two seconds, he would lose his lock on the Dark Demonic Wolf.

And at the side of The Fool's seat, the rippling lights reflected the figure wearing a half top hat and a long black trench coat, "Gehrman Sparrow." On his right eye was a crystal monocle.

Amon!

It was unknown what loophole this Blasphemer’s avatar could use to slow down the rate at which Klein’s Historical Void projection dissipated. Then, “He” used the subtle connection between “Gehrman Sparrow,” Klein’s actual body, and Sefirah Castle in an attempt to invade the world above the gray fog from the special scene summoned by Sefirah Castle!

As the halo spread out, “Gehrman Sparrow’s” long and powerful palm pierced through the barrier and suddenly entered the ancient palace, as though it had opened an invisible door.

Although Klein had already prepared for this and knew that it wouldn’t be easy to get rid of Amon, he couldn’t help but feel his scalp tingle when he saw this scene. He was afraid that in the next second, he would grab a crystal monocle and put it on his right eye.

This was something that had to be resolved in one or two seconds. Otherwise, the ownership of Sefirah Castle would be a question left in the air.

Without any hesitation, distorted and transparent Worms of Spirit appeared on the surface of his skin. They quickly gathered together, forming another Klein.

After catching the Sea God Scepter, Klein stirred the power of Sefirah Castle. With the augmentation of the layers of invisible “waves,” the blue gems lit up, causing violent bolts of lightning to form silver balls that rolled into the rippling light.

Amidst the crackling sounds, the palm that pierced through Sefirah Castle instantly shattered and evaporated.

The spherical lightning that was filled with destructive aura expanded outwards, descending into reality, enveloping the monocled “Gehrman Sparrow.”

This Historical Void projection was only barely maintained with the use of loopholes, so it collapsed after suffering such a strike. “He” could only adjust the crystal monocle and shake “His” head in regret as “He” watched “His” figure rapidly fade away after being shattered by the electric bolts.

As a small portion of the Worms of Spirit responded to Amon’s prayer, Klein grabbed the Staff of the Stars with his actual body.

He held the staff embedded with many gems and aimed the Grade 0 Sealed Artifact at the rapidly shrinking crimson light.

At the same time, a scene appeared in his mind.

The rubies, emeralds, sapphires, and pearls on the Staff of the Stars lit up one after another.

Gong!

The sound of a distant bell seemed to have transcended an infinite amount of time as it echoed within the grayish-white fog, reverberating within the crimson light.

The pitch-black darkness in front of Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar suddenly faded, revealing a huge stone wall clock.

The wall clock was ancient and mottled, and its surface was grayish-white and bluish-black, split into twelve segments. Each segment had different symbols that represented the different times of the day.

At the core of the wall clock, three needles seemed to be formed from Worms of Time of three different lengths, “short,” “medium,” and “long,” were filled with a feeling that time had left its mark on.

This was a Beyonder power from Angel of Time, Amon. Using the Staff of the Stars, Klein had made it appear again!

Normally speaking, a Beyonder power at this level wasn’t something that could be understood by just witnessing once or twice. It wasn’t so easy to “Record” it, but Klein wasn’t fighting alone.

During this period of time, he had made use of Miss Magician’s summoning to return to Backlund frequently. He went to The Star Leonard to chat directly with Pallez Zoroast, and he gained a deeper understanding of the corresponding mysticism knowledge and supernatural details.

Although Pallez had already dropped to the Sequence 2 level and was unable to use the powers of the Time domain, “His” experience and knowledge remained.

Gong!

On the ancient and mysterious stone wall clock, the second hand suddenly jerked, causing everything around Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar to slow down. Even the deep darkness seemed to freeze.

This Miracle Invoker who was just about to completely cut off contact with the outside world and distance “Himself” from where “He” was by granting his own wish suddenly froze on the spot. There was a brief moment of “Him” being fixed in place.

There was no doubt that there was a huge gap in power between the original Beyonder powers and those replicated by the Staff of the Stars. However, for Klein, the effect was already enough.

The moment he saw the Dark Demonic Wolf being affected by the “Ancient Wall Clock,” he immediately dropped the Staff of the Stars and made the Worm of Spirit he had just separated from his body to fly back into his body.

With a thought, he returned to the city of oil before the First Epoch. Then, he appeared in the dark desolate plains with the lantern that emitted a faint yellow glow.

His right hand extended forward and successfully pulled out a projection of the Staff of the Stars.

This method could effectively increase the success rate of summoning the Staff of the Stars, but it would clearly reduce the might of this Grade 0 Sealed Artifact. After all, he was summoning a historical projection of a historical projection. Of course, as it was a race against time, making such a choice was very easy.

Klein didn’t enter the fog of history again. He reached out to grab “his” shoulder, and he used dream divination to outline the feedback he received from using Sefirah Castle to reverse-corrupt the Dark Demonic Wolf.

In the dark, unlit hall in the ancient castle, the mountain-like demonic wolf stood up.

Quickly filling in the details, Klein slightly adjusted the details according to the scene of his frozen target.

On the black staff, the corresponding gems lit up.

In his mind, the scene that resembled an oil painting suddenly swelled up, interweaving with reality, making it impossible to separate from each other.

He descended into that ancient castle's dark hall, landing in front of Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar, who had just raised "His" body with "His" eight legs.

He had finally officially met the God of Wishes that had been living since the Second Epoch!

Without any hesitation, Klein took the opportunity of the Dark Demonic Wolf having just escaped the influence of the "Ancient Wall Clock." As he dispelled the Historical Void projection, he took out an iron cigar case from his pocket and opened it.

Inside the cigar case, there was a Loen gold coin. Its surface flashed, reflecting Reinette Tinekerr, who was wearing a dark and complicated long dress and holding four blonde, red-eyed heads.

One of the preparations Klein made was to use the method that he had used to bring around Admiral of Blood Senor. This allowed him to bring Miss Messenger to the Forsaken Land of the Gods!

Reinette Tinekerr was no doubt a Wraith. Furthermore, "She" was an even more powerful Wraith. "She" could also possess the smooth surface of a gold coin. In addition, "She" was a spirit world creature and was intrinsically a spirit. "She" could enter the world above the gray fog and descend upon the Forsaken Land of the Gods just like Justice Audrey.

Based on this condition, in order to not expose the secret within Sefirah Castle and not expose The Fool's true identity, he first made Miss Messenger possess the gold coin before using the iron cigar case to seal it. Then, he sacrificed the item to the gray fog before bringing it to the Forsaken Land of the Gods through a bestowment ritual.

Of course, the prerequisite for these actions was that Klein had the level and strength of a Sequence 2 angel in Sefirah Castle. Even if something went wrong with Reinette Tinekerr, he could still handle it.

As for Reinette Tinekerr, "She" happily agreed to this matter because Gehrman Sparrow had just helped "Her" retrieve a portion of "Her" body.

Silently, Miss Messenger left the gold coin and occupied the pitch-black pupil of the Dark Demonic Wolf's eyes.

Wraith's possession!

Chapter 1244: Wish

Just as Reinette Tinekerr's figure appeared in Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's pupils, "She" left the window to the heart and began expanding back to "Her" original size.

This meant that "Her" Wraith's possession attempt had failed.

The Dark Demonic Wolf's body rapidly shrunk and thinned as "He" madly absorbed the light around "Him," becoming a translucent black velvet curtain.

This was an item that Klein had seen via dream divination. It was ejected from the grayish-white fog and had landed in the hands of the Dark Demonic Wolf. It was suspected to contain the Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic of the Seer pathway.

At this moment, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotor had borrowed some of the powers of the "curtain" to dodge Reinette Tinekerr's Wraith's possession at the critical moment via some unknown means, effectively avoiding the subsequent series of control.

The "curtain" was stowed away after "He" used it, allowing the Dark Demonic Wolf with "His" dark, short fur to appear in a spot that was originally empty.

Reinette Tinekerr wasn't surprised by the failure. Taking advantage of this opportunity, a golden-haired, red-eyed head in "Her" hand spat out a rectangular, diamond-like charm.

The other three heads used ancient Hermes, Jotun, and Elvish to say a word:

"Yesterday!"

The rectangular diamond-like charm was instantly engulfed in transparent flames as it fused with the void.

Reinette Tinekerr's body swelled as the four blonde, red-eyed heads flew up and landed on "Her" empty neck, stacked upon one another.

In the blink of an eye, Miss Messenger had transformed into a huge doll that could almost break through the Dark Demonic Wolf's castle.

"She" was wearing a black gothic dress with countless mysterious symbols and sinister vines. "Her" eyes were blood-red and "She" exuded an aura that no human should possess.

Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar didn't attempt to stop Reinette Tinekerr from borrowing strength from "Her" past, nor did "He" immediately show "His" complete Mythical Creature form. With eight feet on the ground, "He" raised "His" neck and let out a roar.

This roar seemed to be of a higher level, containing words similar to Jotun. It made the "curtain" float up and instantly expand, blanketing the ancient castle from top to bottom.

The "curtain" quickly turned transparent and fused with the building. It was as though it had never appeared or had any effect on it. However, Klein's spiritual intuition told him that this place was already isolated from the outside world. If he wanted to leave, he had to first break the invisible barrier.

In other words, that “curtain” made the Dark Demonic Wolf’s castle become an independent “kingdom.”

This was the embryonic form of a divine kingdom!

Klein, who had just failed and planned on continuing to summon angels to help him, had a spark of inspiration. He instantly changed his mind, reaching into the void and dragging out another him.

It was Gehrman Sparrow, one who was holding a historical projection of the Staff of the Stars.

Right on the heels of that, Klein controlled his historical projection to turn him into his marionette and transfer some Worms of Spirit over.

While he was busy with these matters, Reinette Tinekerr had already recovered to “Her” peak condition. “Her” bright red eyes reflected the eight-legged demonic wolf.

With a faint flash, the Dark Demonic Wolf turned into a white goat.

However, outside the dark hall, a giant holding a broom suddenly trembled and transformed into a demonic wolf with a tuft of gray hair on its forehead.

At the moment when the curse was cast on “Him,” a Miracle Invoker, “He” had swapped places with “His” marionette!

“He” opened “His” mouth once again and let out a roar.

This roar also contained words that mostly resembled the source of Jotun, describing a beautiful wish:

“I wish for all godhood here to dissipate!”

In the next second, as the God of Wishes, the Dark Demonic Wolf granted “His” wish. Klein immediately felt his godhood being repressed. The Beyonder powers that stemmed from Scholar of Yore and Bizarro Sorcerer could no longer be used!

Fortunately, the historical projection was maintained with spirituality. As long as the summoning was successful, it wouldn’t be dispelled by the Dark Demonic Wolf’s wish. Similarly, as Klein had already turned his historical projection into a marionette and transferred a number of Worms of Spirit over, he could still swap locations with his projection.

Apart from him, Reinette Tinekerr and Dark Demonic Wolf were also affected by the wish that had been granted. Their Beyonder powers above Sequence 5 had vanished into thin air, making it difficult to use them.

Of course, be it the demonic wolf marionette that had turned into a goat, or the gigantic doll-like Reinette Tinekerr, there was no change in “Their” form. What existed was reasonable, so it couldn’t be eliminated by the “Power of Wishes.”

After making this wish, the Dark Demonic Wolf arched “His” back and bent “His” body slightly. It looked like “He” was about to engage in a battle with Klein and Reinette Tinekerr.

At that moment, “His” mountain-like body was about the size of the castle-like doll. “He” looked down coldly at Klein, capable of crushing him with a single swipe of “His” claw.

In addition, the castle had many marionettes rushing over. They consisted of giants, elves, vampires, humans, and deformed monsters.

Only a number of them were at Sequence 5, but now, they had Kotar’s Worms of Spirit in their bodies. In other words, in this special environment, all of them were at Sequence 5.

After the dissipation of godhood, in this independent “kingdom,” Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar’s advantage became obvious.

More than a hundred Sequence 5s were besieging two Sequence 5s!

Furthermore, the Dark Demonic Wolf was itself a mutant. Even if “He” couldn’t reveal any godhood, “His” massive size and terrifying strength made “Him” adept at combat. “He” wasn’t on the same level as a weak human like Marionettist Klein.

At this moment, the body of Reinette Tinekerr, who was dressed in a black gothic dress that twined with sinister vines, suddenly turned incorporeal. First, “She” reflected on a floor-to-ceiling window, then it jumped into the pitch-black pupils of the Dark Demonic Wolf.

“She” had once again attempted Wraith’s possession.

However, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar swapped locations with another marionette in a timely fashion, preventing Reinette

Tinekerr from successfully “possessing” “His” body.

Reinette Tinekerr wasn’t discouraged as “She” continued using mediums such as glass windows, chandeliers, and eyeballs to “jump” through the different marionettes in pursuit of the real Dark Demonic Wolf.

As for the Dark Demonic Wolf, “He” relied on “His” numerous marionettes, and had the advantage of copious numbers of Worms of Spirit. “He” swapped between different marionettes without any pause to avoid being forcibly possessed by the Ancient Bane.

Amidst the two angels’ silent conflict, a large number of the Dark Demonic Wolf’s marionettes had surrounded the two Kleins.

Beyonder powers like a vampire’s “Abyss Shackles,” a giant’s “Hurricane of Light,” an elf’s “Wind Binding,” and a human’s “Psychic Piercing” and “Holy Light Summoning” inundated their targets. They controlled, weakened, attacked, and purified Klein, acting with great rapport. Klein was only able to dodge a portion of the attacks before being “drowned” by the attacks.

Plasma exploded as the light blasted out. Klein’s Staff of the Stars-holding figure quickly outlined itself to the side.

At that critical moment, he had exchanged spots with his marionette in time. He imagined his “Traveling” powers and had used the Staff of the Stars to complete the teleportation.

In this special scenario, this was essentially a release of “Recorded” powers.

After dodging this round of attacks, Klein discovered that a marionette was controlling his Spirit Body Threads before he could catch his breath.

At the same time, a human marionette reached out his right hand under the influence of the Dark Demonic Wolf and aimed at the Miracle Invoker's actual body.

In the next second, the Dark Demonic Wolf and another marionette switched positions. As for the marionette, it was "possessed" by Reinette Tinekerr.

This way, the human marionette's right hand was targeted at Reinette Tinekerr.

The marionette's palm clenched tightly as his wrist spun half a circle, stealing away the target's subsequent thoughts.

Right on the heels of that, he jumped and pounced on an ally.

Reinette Tinekerr was momentarily rooted to the ground.

When the Dark Demonic Wolf saw this, "He" immediately got several marionettes to spread open their arms and summon pure pillars of cleansing flames to surround them.

In the holy light, Wraith Reinette Tinekerr's body first began to melt. Following that, using "Mirror Jump," "She" moved to a glass window situated high above the castle to avoid the subsequent purification.

In just a few seconds, "She" and Klein inevitably fell into a perilous situation.

The restricted environment, being on “His” home ground, and “His” trait as the God of Wishes had magnified Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar advantage to the extreme.

If it were any other Scholar of Yore, there was only one problem he needed to consider—how to rely on Reinette Tinekerr to escape, but Klein had his trump card.

Just as he pulled back his Spirit Body Threads, he didn’t hesitate to stir the powers of Sefirah Castle.

This trait of his wasn’t suppressed by the Dark Demonic Wolf’s “wish.”

This was something even the Forsaken Land of the Gods couldn’t screen!

In midair, grayish-white fog appeared. The ancient palace above the spirit world appeared faint.

Its appearance brought with it slight tremors. A certain power followed the connection and shook the demonic wolf’s castle, causing the translucent black velvet “curtain” to jolt out of place a little, allowing the independent “kingdom” to intersect with reality.

Seizing this opportunity, Klein opened his mouth and shouted out a name in Jotun:

“Leodero!”

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Thousands of thick silver lightning bolts descended from the sky, smiting Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar’s castle. The area transformed into a lightning forest that emitted a strong destructive aura.

Chapter 1245: Help Available Even Without Summoning Help

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The bolts of silver lightning that were as thick as an anaconda struck the translucent black velvet "curtain." It shook violently as it distorted.

Taking advantage of this opening, Reinette Tinekerr's figure, which was reflected on the castle's glass, jumped back into Klein's pocket and returned to the surface of the gold coin in the iron cigar case.

The prepared Klein raised his right arm and calmly aimed the Staff of the Stars at the floor tiles in the hall.

A scene surfaced in his mind. It represented one of the Beyonder powers of a Druid.

The ground beneath his feet instantly softened, turning into a marsh. It made his body sink like it had fallen into a sea.

Underground Slink!

Boom!

The translucent black velvet "curtain" could no longer withstand the cleansing from the lightning storm the moment the marsh solidified. It curled into a ball and fell back into the castle.

No longer restricted, the few thousand thick bolts of lightning rained down the ancient castle.

A tower collapsed and the hall was left in shambles. One marionette after another burst into ephemeral illusions under the pricking of such a lightning strike. They were instantly charred black and reduced to ashes.

When the silver light that illuminated the entire mountain range subsided, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar's castle was in ruins. Many spots were burning with red flames.

Klein immediately emerged from the bottom of a deep pit and saw that the demonic wolf, covered in dark and short fur, had performed the same action.

Relying on the three Druids among "His" marionettes, "He" had successfully hidden underground to avoid the lightning bombardment.

And at that moment, the independent "kingdom" created by the "curtain" had completely disintegrated. However, the Dark Demonic Wolf's wish hadn't completely expired. The return of godhood still needed some time.

Without any hesitation, both parties engaged in another intense battle.

Kotar allowed the crinkled "curtain" to fly up and drape "Him," so as to prevent the Wraith's possession. After all, there were only three of "His" marionettes left. Of course, this way, "He" could no longer swap locations with his marionettes.

At the same time, Reinette Tinekerr left the gold coin in Klein's pocket and floated towards the eight-legged demonic wolf.

"She" had given up on the idea of possession as "Her" arms suddenly swelled. A few strands of gray hair grew from the back of "Her" hand, and "Her" nails became long, sharp, and firm.

Werewolf Transformation!

This doll-like baneful entity became a huge werewolf. "She" kept moving at high speeds, waving "Her" sharp claws as "She" engaged in an intense battle with the hill-like Dark Demonic Wolf.

Amidst the clashing sounds, Klein was attacked by Kotar's three remaining marionettes.

One of them raised his head and roared, causing brown short hair to tear through his clothes. In an instant, he transformed into a terrifying giant bear that was twice the height of a person. One crouched down, pressing his palms against the ground, while the other raised his right hand and yanked his hair.

At that moment, a crimson flame surged out of Klein's clothes, instantly devouring him.

His figure appeared in a sea of flames to the side. Then, he jumped out, raised his staff, and charged straight at the huge brown bear.

And at the spot where he was originally standing, dark green mutated vines pierced through the ground and grew wildly, stirring the remnant flames in the middle.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The huge brown bear didn’t back down. With heavy strides, it rushed towards Klein like a high-speed steam locomotive. It spread open its arms, trying to give him a “passionate” hug that could crush all his bones and squeeze all his chest muscles together.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

As his black trench coat flailed to his back, Klein didn’t retreat—he was about to collide with the huge brown bear.

Suddenly, he kicked his left foot and twisted his waist. He forcefully jumped up and flew past the brown bear diagonally.

Thud!

As the two crossed each other, Klein swung his black staff down and ruthlessly struck the brown bear’s shoulder.

Normally, such an attack wouldn’t have been able to hurt the thick hide of the brown bear. However, with the Staff of the Stars, the physical attack would lead to random abnormal changes or strange effects.

Of course, under the God of Wishes’s suppression, these changes and effects wouldn’t exceed that of a Sequence 4 Beyonder power.

Thud!

As the sound of the staff's strike reverberated, the huge brown bear's shoulder tore open diagonally from its shoulder. The bottom half of its torso "teleported" more than ten meters away while the remaining portion remained in place.

The brown bear's internal organs and blood gushed to the ground in a rather shocking scene.

However, the brown bear wasn't dead yet. Its two halves were squirming as it struggled to stabilize his center of mass and continued attacking.

As a marionette, he had long died. Such damage was nothing.

At this moment, Klein had already jumped behind the brown bear, his feet stepping on the ground.

Another wave of scarlet flames surged out, drowning his figure.

A flame that was about to be extinguished rose up as Klein leaped out and arrived close to the marionette which had both hands on the ground.

With his silk top hat, he ran past the marionette without turning his head as he swung the staff to the side.

Thud!

The marionette's body burst into golden flames as his figure instantly vanished.

A flame surged into the sky as the marionette jumped down. However, the golden flames didn't extinguish, quickly burning him to ashes.

Without even looking over, Klein had already rushed in front of the marionette that was yanking his hair.

The marionette immediately threw out the hair in his hand.

These strands of hair began to burn as they emitted black gases, sounding alarms to Klein's spirituality senses.

Poison!

An unknown poison!

With a creak, he forcefully stopped using his ability as a Clown. Using the inertia of his body, he extended his black staff.

All sorts of thoughts rapidly reformed in his mind, quickly forming a scene.

Before this operation, Klein had requested Miss Justice's help to hypnotize him. It made his brain unable to form scenes when he subconsciously thought of one. There would only be a single thought resonating in his mind, and he had to take the initiative to control it to construct the scene. This allowed him to use the Staff of the Stars for a long time without being affected by the negative effects. As for the flaws of thinking in such a manner, Klein felt that it was still acceptable under predetermined conditions.

Without a sound, the gems embedded in the Staff of the Stars lit up. A pure white and holy pillar of light descended from the sky, enveloping the black gas and the corresponding marionette.

The poison quickly melted under the Sun’s burning. It was the same with the marionette.

With a remnant glow still in his eyes, Klein instinctively turned around and aimed his staff at the brown bear that was split into two.

Silver lightning flashed spontaneously before the separated brown bear’s body finally collapsed, unable to get up again.

In just a few seconds, Klein had finished off the remaining marionettes of the Dark Demonic Wolf.

After Sefirah Castle’s anomaly, be it him or the God of Wishes, time became abnormally precious. No one was willing to stall for time, because it wouldn’t be long before high-level existences like the True Creator and Angel of Time Amon in the Forsaken Land of the Gods descended.

Upon seeing this, Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar trembled violently and flung out the translucent velvet curtain.

The curtain first vanished into thin air before it suddenly appeared behind Klein. Just as his spirituality was about to send a warning, it covered him and wrapped him within it!

Klein’s vision immediately darkened as he felt his thoughts turn sluggish. His Spirit Body Threads were being inoculated onto the “curtain” one thread at a time.

He attempted using “Flaming Jump,” softening his bones, and using the Staff of the Stars, but he was unable to succeed in such an abnormal state.

The black velvet curtain became tighter and tighter, revealing the corresponding marks of his eyes, nose, and mouth, as though it was squeezing out a brand new “person.”

Reinette Tinekerr immediately “jumped” and appeared on the translucent “curtain,” purging it from Klein’s body and teleporting elsewhere.

The Dark Demonic Wolf seized the opportunity and raised “His” neck, letting out a roar.

The “curtain” stood up, as if it had become a cloak draped over an invisible person’s body.

A terrifying suction force was born, causing the Spirit Body Threads of Reinette Tinekerr and Klein to uncontrollably float over.

If they didn’t have the corresponding Beyonder powers, their Spirit Body Threads would’ve merged into the “cloak” in just three to four seconds, while they would become its marionettes.

Fortunately, Klein was a Marionettist himself. He immediately focused his attention and controlled his and Miss Messenger’s Spirit Body Threads. He followed the method that he learned from Zaratul, allowing them to circle around him and return to their original positions, forming loops.

Roar!

The Dark Demonic Wolf spat out a gas ball, sending it flying towards Klein like a cannonball.

As he was focused on controlling his and Miss Messenger's Spirit Body Threads, Klein could barely duck. Just as he was about to be struck, Reinette Tinekerr floated over and stood in front of him.

Boom!

Reinette Tinekerr's blonde hair scattered as the evil vines wrapped around "Her" body broke apart.

The Dark Demonic Wolf's follow-up actions were one smooth continuous series of actions. Taking advantage of the moment when the "curtain" was desperately pulling at its target's Spirit Body Threads, "He" launched repeated attacks on Klein, forcing Reinette Tinekerr to block them. It caused the tough Ancient Bane to tremble under the attack of "His" claws, air blobs, and flaming attacks. More and more wounds appeared, making it look like "She" could not last any longer.

At this critical moment, as Klein controlled the Spirit Body Threads to resist the attraction of the "curtain," he reached into his pocket and took out another iron cigar case.

The seal was removed and the box was opened. Inside, there was also a gold coin lying quietly. There was also a Wraith on the surface of the gold coin.

This was a blurry female wraith, a true undying creature, and not a Wraith from the Mutant pathway.

It was the strongest trump card that Klein had prepared.

Previously, because he was inside the isolated “kingdom” that wasn’t connected to the outside world. He was afraid that he wouldn’t be able to obtain the desired effect. Only when the “curtain” targeted him and Miss Messenger did he feel that the opportunity was here.

As the box was opened, the wraith suddenly jumped onto the surface of a glass fragment. On it were nearly illusory black tubes that extended into infinity, connecting to the unknown.

This was the symbol of Artificial Death.

And Artificial Death was equivalent to the Evernight Goddess!

This trump card of his was the reenactment of the time when the Evernight Goddess had used God of Glory Bladel’s corpse to foil Amon’s attempt to snatch Sefirah Castle.

For this, he deliberately found a wraith-like monster in the Forsaken Land of the Gods and imprisoned it, placing it together with the Artificial Death project’s white feathers he summoned from the fog of history.

Through his repeated experiments and prayers during his specific trips to Backlund, this Wraith had finally established a certain connection with Artificial Death, allowing the Evernight Goddess to use this opportunity to exert a rather low level of influence!

Chapter 1246: Following “His” True Feelings—Cowardice

The Dark Demonic Wolf that was attacking Reinette Tinekerr seemed to sense something. “He” slowed down and turned to look at the wraith that had just appeared.

“His” pupils which already occupied two-thirds of “His” eyes had suddenly dilated, as if “He” caught scent of a familiar but dangerous aura.

In the blink of an eye, the wraith raised her arms.

The “Power of Wishes” in the surrounding area rapidly diminished at an accelerated rate. Godhood began to return, having reached the level of Sequence 4. Under the soil beneath the Dark Demonic Wolf’s feet, pale-white and illusory arms emerged. They were densely packed like a forest, grabbing onto Kotar’s eight legs, making this Miracle Invoker feel like “He” had fallen into a cold and dead silence. “He” was temporarily unable to break free.

Using this opportunity, Reinette Tinekerr, who had turned sluggish due to “Her” controlled Spirit Body Threads, turned illusory as “She” vanished.

In the pitch-black pupils of the Dark Demonic Wolf, the blonde Miss Messenger in a dark and complicated long dress that was wrapped with vines suddenly phased into existence and completed the possession process.

The actions of the God of Wishes instantly stiffened, as if “He” had degraded from a living creature to a marionette.

“He” attempted to influence Reinette Tinekerr’s Spirit Body Threads, so as to resist the Wraith’s possession. However, from time to time, “He” would be interrupted by the pale-white arms created by the female wraith. Success eluded “Him.”

Klein maintained the looping of their Spirit Body Threads as he slowly raised the Staff of the Stars, aiming it at the black velvet curtain that had turned into a cloak.

He then constructed a scene in his mind.

The surrounding darkness suddenly flowed, as if it contained an unimaginable secret. Bit by bit, illusory candles lit up in such an environment, illuminating a long table laid out with flesh and blood.

On the two sides of the long table, three extremely blurry figures were holding up the flesh and blood, ravenously devouring them.

In the next second, the three figures turned their heads simultaneously and cast their gazes at the translucent black velvet “curtain.”

The crazy suction force emitted by the “curtain” came to an abrupt halt as it hovered in its original spot. It was as if it had momentarily forgotten who it was, whose side it was on, and what it should do.

Feast of Betrayal!

Fairy tale magic's Feast of Betrayal!

The fairy tale magic that Klein had just used was the "Feast of Betrayal" that originated from The Hermit Cattleya. Its effect was to temporarily awaken the items in the target's hands or imbue them with intelligence, allowing them to carry out "betrayals"!

This was a Sequence 4 Beyonder power, so it couldn't be used under the restrictions of the "Power of Wishes."

At the same time, as the Staff of the Stars's emulated spell was lacking compared to the original spell, as well as the fact that it didn't harbor any ill intentions towards the Dark Demonic Wolf, it only appeared lost and didn't fervently attack its master.

And the moment Klein extricated himself from the influence of the "curtain," he immediately snapped his fingers, letting the scarlet flames drown him.

In an instant, he appeared in a flame beside the Dark Demonic Wolf wearing a half top hat and a long black trench coat.

The scarlet flame soared up, transforming into a blazing flame that allowed him to easily leap out.

He arched his back slightly and raised the Staff of Stars as he dashed towards the towering demonic wolf.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

Klein ran faster and faster, as though transforming into a strong gust of wind. What welcomed him was the Dark Demonic Wolf that barely managed to lift up “His” front two claws that had broken free of the restraints.

Pa! Pa!

Klein waved his black staff to his left and right, accurately hitting the two front claws of Kotar, making them pause momentarily.

At the same time, he crouched down and slid under the Dark Demonic Wolf’s two front claws.

Amidst the howling winds, Klein turned around in midair and thrust upwards with the Staff of the Stars.

With a poof, the gem-embedded black staff pierced through the dark and short furred skin, driving deeply into the Dark Demonic Wolf’s body. A ludicrous gash tore open.

Whoosh!

Deep black blood with hints of red gushed out like a flood, spraying a substance with strong corrosive properties that belonged to a Mythical Creature at Klein.

But at that moment, Klein’s momentum had brought him flying under the Dark Demonic Wolf. He was preparing to launch his second round of attacks.

Suddenly, he heard an intermittent roar.

This was from Wraith's possession. Due to the difficulty in moving, what Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar meant was:

"Leo… de… ro!"

"…" Klein's gaze froze as the Dark Demonic Wolf's mocking smile appeared in his mind.

He wasn't the only one who could stir the remaining divine powers. He could do so, but so could Dark Demonic Wolf Kotar!

Even though this Miracle Invoker didn't know that Wind Angel, Leodero, had already become the Lord of Storms, he naturally knew what to do thanks to Klein's demonstration from before.

Who wouldn't know how to do a simple imitation?

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Silvery-white bolts of lightning smote down like gushing water from a water pipe. They rained over the ruins of the ancient castle, completely drowning all the figures.

Klein didn't manage to react in time. After hearing the first half of the word, he had already used the powers of Clown to forcefully twist his body around. With a stomp of his right foot, he returned under the Dark Demonic Wolf's body. As for Reinette Tinekerr, "She" had jumped onto the gold coin in his pocket.

Immediately following that, Klein genuflected and inserted the Staff of the Stars into the ground.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The vast storm tore through everything in its way.

By the time the terrifying lightning forest dissipated, the ancient castle that belonged to the Dark Demonic Wolf couldn't even be considered a ruin. There were no traces of it at all, leaving only a charred crater.

Within the deep pit, paper figurines were blown up as they were reduced to ashes.

Without a sound, a piece of soil that shimmered with the glint of rainbow-colored glass softened. Klein's burnt hand reached out.

With the Dark Demonic Wolf suffering the brunt of the damage, he had used "Paper Figurine Substitutes" and "Underground Slink" to barely survive. He could faintly smell the aroma of roasted meat exuding from his body.

After returning to the ground, the tattered-clothed Klein turned his gaze and took in the battlefield's situation.

The remnants of the Dark Demonic Wolf's corpse were scattered everywhere. Its flesh was charred and lifeless.

The "curtain" was curled into a ball, having fallen to the edge of the deep crater, motionless.

The "Power of Wishes" had been completely wiped out, and godhood had returned to this region.

The wraith that had a connection with Artificial Death had been destroyed.

If it were any other Beyonder, they would probably think that the Dark Demonic Wolf had chosen an outcome of mutual destruction, but as a demigod of the Seer pathway, and having enjoyed the benefits of a Miracle Invoker ahead of time, something else flashed across Klein's mind.

What is a miracle? A miracle is to be resurrected from the dead!

When the Dark Demonic Wolf saw that the situation wasn't right, "He" didn't hesitate to summon divine punishment in an attempt to kill everyone. Then, "He" could revive somewhere nearby!

I almost used up my last revival…

With regards to such matters, Klein had a certain contingency plan. He immediately used a charm engraved with The Fool's patterns, and used it as a proxy for praying to Mr. Fool in front of Miss Messenger. Then, he used the "summoning" of Sefirah Castle that had yet to disappear to enter the world above the gray fog with a thought. He then relied on the prayer light's "true vision" to inspect the surroundings to seek out the resurrected Dark Demonic Wolf.

At this moment, Reinette Tinekerr left the gold coin in Klein's pocket and appeared beside the "curtain" that was curled into a ball. "Her" voice was slightly ethereal as "She" said, "It has a Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic."

A Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic? That's right. The Dark Demonic Wolf possesses one of the six Miss Miracle Invoker characteristics under the premise that all the Attendants of Mysteries are accounted for. Under normal circumstances, the *remaining Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic also has one set of Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic…* As Miss Messenger spoke, Klein’s spiritual intuition also sensed it. After confirming “Her” judgment, he connected it to Will Auceptin’s answer.

There should be a total of nine Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristics, but under the premise that the Attendant of Mysteries are all filled, the three Sequence 1s would definitely each occupy one Sequence 2 characteristic. The remaining six Miracle Invoker characteristics belong to Zaratul, Antigonus, the Magic Wishing Lamp, Theater With Curtains That Never Draw, The Last Banquet, and the Dark Demonic Wolf respectively.

He had originally hoped to obtain the Dark Demonic Wolf’s characteristic, but he hadn’t expected that the “curtain” not only had a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries characteristic but also a Sequence 2 Miracle Invoker characteristic. It was also the one that had disappeared.

It looks like the reason for its disappearance was also because of the gray fog. Later on, it was spat out… Do I still seek out the resurrected Dark Demonic Wolf? No, I don’t know when the True Creator and Amon will descend. Furthermore, I’ve already exhausted most of my preparations. The Dark Demonic Wolf is still in perfect condition. “He” can make a wish, summon, and create miracles… After all, my goal has already been met… As his thoughts raced, Klein looked up and said to Miss Messenger.

“I’ll put this curtain away.”

He gave up the thought of chasing after the Dark Demonic Wolf and decided to control the “curtain” while it was still weak.

Reinette Tinekerr nodded slightly and turned “Her” head, casting her gaze at the charred remains of the Dark Demonic Wolf.

The remains immediately emitted a faint glow, either turning into white rabbits or transforming into goats. They were the kind that smelled rich and flavorful.

…

In a hidden area nearby, the dark, short-furred Dark Demonic Wolf quickly took shape.

"He" gave up on "His" original corpse and immediately made a wish and granted it. "He" teleported to a distant spot and then ran off without looking back.

This God of Wishes didn't even consider the loss of the "curtain." "He" didn't choose to revive where "He" died, because "He" hoped to use the "curtain" to stall the fellow who was closely related to Evernight. This gave "Him" plenty of time to escape.

Since he could survive from the Second Epoch until now, "He" had followed his true feelings—cowardice. "He" refused to be greedy when the situation didn't allow for it.

With a flash, the demonic wolf with a gray tuft of hair on "His" forehead disappeared into the darkness.

…

Klein didn't stop Miss Messenger from venting "Her" anger. As he approached the "curtain," he sighed inwardly:

An angel is really hard to kill. It's especially so for the Seer pathway!

As this thought flashed through his mind, and just as he was about to drag his past self out to pick up the “curtain,” he suddenly felt a familiar aura descend.

This aura was dark, foul, and full of degeneration. It immediately made him think of the True Creator!

The “curtain” suddenly floated up and turned into a cloak.

Inside the cloak, the darkness turned into a whirlpool as it hummed:

“Mysteries.”

Chapter 1247: Finally

Mysteries... Klein's heart palpitated when he heard that. He subconsciously wanted to return to Sefirah Castle and leave the scene.

However, no matter how much he tried, his Spirit Body remained inside his body without any changes.

Man... This vexed Klein. He instinctively cast his gaze towards Reinette Tinekerr who was beside him. He saw that Miss Messenger had already floated over, looking like "She" was facing a terrifying enemy. And the surrounding darkness froze like a cold lake. Lightning stopped streaking across the sky.

Mysteries... Klein felt a slight sense of security as he thought back to the title he had just heard.

He was no stranger to that. However, the last person who addressed him in this manner was the ancient sun god—the City of Silver's Creator—from two thousand years ago. Before "He" died, "He" sensed Klein's divination and shouted this out through an insurmountable distance of space and time!

No way... The True Creator is equivalent to the ancient sun god? No, "He" is only a Sequence 0 true god, far from the level of the Creator that I assumed. Furthermore, from Amon's attitude, the ancient sun god must have really perished... The True Creator is the pitch-black infant that emerged from the ancient sun god's stomach and inherited some of the ancient sun god's characteristics and memories. "He" is the degenerated body of that Creator? Klein composed himself and attempted to rapidly think of a solution to his present conundrum.

At this moment, in the cloak formed by the “curtain,” the dark whirlpool made another sound:

“Go to the Giant King’s Court and meet Sasrir.”

This sentence directly reverberated in Klein’s mind. Then, in the form of an illusory word, it shrunk into a pitch-black membrane, forming a strange “seed.”

The “seed” immediately fell into his body and Spirit Body, melting inside.

Without waiting for a response, the dark whirlpool dissipated. The cloak formed by the “curtain” lost its support and fell back onto the ground.

The True Creator’s consciousness that descended had corroded a portion of my Spirit Body and some of my physical body. I’m compelled to go to the Giant King’s Court and open the slumbering Dark Angel Sasrir’s palace… This is a matter that many deities are paying attention to. After watching for a long time, the True Creator has finally found an opportunity to force me to do it… Klein looked around and summoned his past self, picking up the “curtain.”

Then, he said to Miss Messenger without hesitation, “Let’s leave immediately!”

The True Creator had already sent a sliver of “His” will over. Would Amon still be far away?

In addition, Klein also tried to seize the opportunity to enter the world above the gray fog, hoping to use the power of Sefirah

Castle to remove the corrosive influences that plagued him.

“Alright.” Reinette Tinekerr nodded, allowing the numerous Beyonder characteristics left behind in the crater to fly over and be contained within “Her.”

According to their prior agreement, other than the spoils of war that involved the high Sequences of the Seer pathway, half of them would go to “Her,” with “Her” having the priority to choose. After all, Klein had also received some of the spoils back when dealing with Shaman King Klarman.

As for the remaining half of the spoils, Klein planned on offering it to the Evernight Goddess as a form of gratitude. Regardless of whether the deity needed it or not, he still needed to do the necessary procedures. He had to express his gratitude when needed.

After clearing the battlefield, Reinette Tinekerr entered the iron cigar case in Klein’s pocket and “possessed” the gold coin’s surface.

Klein didn’t immediately seal “Her.” Holding the Staff of the Stars, he conjured a scene in his mind.

That was one of the scenes he had memorized during his inspection of the terrain.

As the gems flashed, his figure disappeared from the crater as he teleported far away.

A few seconds later, the air there fluctuated as a tiny creature that was difficult to see with the naked eye crawled out.

The creature rapidly expanded, turning into Amon who wore a pointed hat and classic black robe.

The corners of Amon's mouth curled up as "He" adjusted the monocle on "His" right eye and chuckled.

"Someone is finally opening that door."

...

After two rounds of teleportation, Klein took out the iron cigar case that Miss Messenger was hiding in, and used the Staff of the Stars to create several layers of seals—the kind that would be removed the moment he touched it.

Right on the heels of that, he entered the fog of history and dashed all the way to a time before the First Epoch. He relied on the prayers he had yet to reply to and instantly entered the world above the gray fog through the summoning of Sefirah Castle.

As the roars and the ravings echoed, he felt the corrosion in his Spirit Body gather together, curling into a ball. Despite passing through layers of cleansing effects, it managed to maintain its stability and didn't completely evaporate.

Is this the power and level of a true deity? Yes, and it's a true deity who wields the domain of degeneration... Sitting in the seat belonging to The Fool, Klein frowned slightly as he observed his state.

The corrosion created by the True Creator wasn't strong. If they were to leave the protection of Klein's Spirit Body, they wouldn't be able to last long above the gray fog. This was also the main reason why he had made the judgment and dared to directly enter Sefirah Castle.

However, unless he planned on dying again, there was no way he could bypass his own Spirit Body to remove the corrosion.

With the help of divination and other abilities, Klein quickly figured out the various effects of the corrosion.

It wouldn't mutate, send a message to the True Creator, or interfere with what he did. It would only continue to steer him via mystic means towards the Giant King's Court. It compelled Klein to open the palace where Dark Angel Sasrir was in deep sleep.

It's partly in the mind, and also at the level of fate... When I become a Miracle Invoker and become an angel, deepening my control of Sefirah Castle, I should be able to clear this "corruption"... However, if I want to become a Miracle Invoker and become an angel, I have to go to the Giant King's Court and open the door to that palace, helping the City of Silver find a way to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods... As Klein thought, he revealed a wry smile.

Fortunately, this was something he was prepared to do, and it didn't burden him further.

Following that, Klein summoned the Unshadowed Crucifix from the fog of history, attempting to use the power of Sefirah Castle to drive it into purifying his body. Unfortunately, part of his body was also merged together with the corrosion, preventing him from completely cleansing it.

This also made him truly understand how terrifying Sequence 0 was.

I can't just pray to an evil god like the True Creator unless I'm in a hopeless situation… Klein shook his head and returned to the real world before sacrificing the "curtain" above the gray fog.

It does indeed contain the Beyonder characteristic of an Attendant of Mysteries, as well as a Miracle Invoker's Beyonder characteristic… There's even Scholar of Yore and Bizarro Sorcerer characteristics… It has a rather high level. The power I can use from Sefirah Castle at present isn't able to directly shatter it. However, this place seems to be at the highest level of the Seer pathway, so it can effectively suppress it. Through the accumulation of time, I should be able to slowly separate it…

The first to be separated should be the Attendant of Mysteries characteristic. The rest can be used to concoct a potion directly… Hmm, it doesn't have any living characteristics. The one that was summoned just now has already disappeared… With the translucent black velvet curtain in hand, he looked at it for a while.

Then, he activated Sefirah Castle and conjured a metal pot which was boiling with invisible power.

After staring at it for a few seconds, he threw the "curtain" into the "metal pot" and pressed down with layers of seals onto the pot's lid.

In about three to four days, the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic would separate. The supplementary ingredients could be thrown into what remained, and it would then be a Miracle Invoker potion, one that included the characteristics from Sequence 9 to 2.

Looking around, he raised his right hand and took a piece of paper from the junk pile.

This was one of his other preparations.

He had spent a large amount of time in advance and had failed time and time again to successfully summon 0-08. Using this quill, he wrote down what reasonable reactions Dark Demonic Wolf would have. This was to prevent the other party from reacting in unexpected ways from the very beginning, causing his plans to fail.

With the cooperation of this short script, the Dark Demonic Wolf had been attracted by Klein's strange behavior. Therefore, it was very reasonable that "He" didn't extinguish the prayer light immediately.

Similarly, without knowing how many enemies or what strength the other party had, the Dark Demonic Wolf didn't flee in a hurry. Instead, "He" created a complete independent "kingdom," isolating it from any possible reinforcements. It was a very reasonable reaction.

With a flick of his wrist, Klein burned the piece of paper, then he hurriedly sacrificed the sealed iron cigar case to Sefirah Castle. He then responded to Miss Magician's prayer and relayed The World's message.

Fors didn't dare to delay any further. She immediately got up and used her "Recording" Beyonder powers to grab at the area ahead, dragging out Gehrman Sparrow from history.

With that, Klein "Teleported" to the empty room in a nearby hotel. He set up a ritual and brought the iron cigar case back to reality, releasing Reinette Tinekerr.

After thanking Miss Messenger and watching “Her” take away half of the Beyonder characteristics, he changed the ritual and began to perform a sacrifice to the Evernight Goddess.

At the end of the ritual, he prayed with anticipation:

“I pray for a hint on how to purify the corrosive influences in my body.”

In his opinion, at present, only an existence at the level of the Evernight Goddess could deal with the corrosion provided by the True Creator.

If the Goddess agreed to it, Klein planned to descend in a way that would allow his actual spirit to return to Backlund and receive purification.

As for removing the part of his body that had been corroded, he hadn’t thought of a solution yet.

As he said that, a ball of darkness enveloped the altar.

When the darkness vanished, all the Beyonder characteristics disappeared.

Apart from that, there were no other hints.

...It looks like I can only rely on myself... Klein wasn’t depressed. He raised his right hand and tapped his chest four times, drawing the crimson moon.

"Praise the Lady!"

His gratitude was very sincere. After all, he had received a lot of help.

After dealing with the subsequent matters, his historical projection vanished and he returned to the Forsaken Land of the Gods in person.

He held the lantern he had pulled out from the past, and he looked at the silent and desolate plains under the dim yellow light. He felt much more relaxed and couldn't help but sigh.

Finally…

Chapter 1248: A Thousand Years of Waiting

In the primitive forest outside Bayam City of the Rorsted Archipelago.

The leaders of the Resistance gathered in a mountain cave as they looked respectfully at the Sea God's Blessed. He was wearing a black cloak, his brows were yellow, and his blue eyes were dark blue.

"Lord Danitz, this is an opportunity!" a bald man in a wheelchair with a green beard, Kalat, said in excitement.

His partner, Edmonton, whose face was colored with short red patterns, immediately said, "Lord Danitz, according to our intelligence officers, the situation in Bayam is chaotic. Be it the Church of the Lord of Storms or the governor-general's office, everyone is feeling anxious because of the encirclement of Backlund by the Feysac military forces."

Having said that, Edmonton looked at Kalat and got the person-in-charge of the corresponding field to give a more detailed description.

Kalat looked at the solemn-looking Lord Danitz and deliberated over his words.

"Internal cracks amongst them can already be seen. Some people wish to commandeer the forces of the colonies to support Backlund, while others wish to hold on to this place as the tinder for their resurgence.

"This difference in opinion has caused the military and the Beyonders of the Church of the Lord of Storms to be at a loss. There are flaws in every aspect.

"Lord Danitz, this is our chance. We can agree to the conditions of Feysac and the Feynapotter navy. We can cooperate with them to attack Bayam and take back our kingdom!"

It's indeed an opportunity... But is this something I can decide? It's not like I'm stupid! Danitz listened quietly to the leaders of the Resistance and muttered to himself.

Having grown up in Intis, this famous pirate, treasure hunter didn't have any qualms about attacking the Loen colonies. He had zero hesitation or uncertainty about it.

Of course, he didn't have a strong sense of belonging to the Intis Republic either. In fact, when he was occasionally a part-time pirate, he preferred targeting businessmen from Intis. This was because they often carried more valuable luxury items with them.

There was only one reason why Danitz didn't agree on the spot to the request of the Resistance's leaders. It was because he had become a Conspirer, so he knew very well what his position was.

A human mouthpiece!

A tool that was responsible for passing messages between Gehrman Sparrow and the leaders of the Resistance!

Gehrman is most likely Loenese. If I were to agree to it directly, I might not be able to see tomorrow's sun... However, he acts like he *doesn't care about Loen at all… Dogsh*t! I can't be fooled by such superficial appearances!* Danitz cleared his throat and surveyed the area.

"This matter is of grave importance. Prepare a clean and serene altar immediately. I need to pray to God."

In an organization that believed in the Sea God, such a request didn't surprise the likes of Kalat, Edmonton, and the others. It even met their expectations. Hence, they immediately arranged for people to prepare for the sacrifice.

…

The Resistance in the Rorsted Archipelago can't sit still any longer… They were also supported by countries like Feysac, Intis, and Feynapotter to survive this long, or else they would've been annihilated by Loen and the three Churches… I even got them to extract quite a bit of help from the various countries… After hearing Danitz's prayers, he sighed.

Sitting in the ancient palace, he lightly tapped the edge of the mottled table in front of him. After pondering for a few seconds, he conjured The World Gehrman Sparrow.

The crazy adventurer immediately took on a praying posture and said in a deep voice, "…Use the current situation to directly negotiate with the upper echelons of the Church of Storms and the governor-general's office. Exert pressure on them… The goal is to force them to give in and accept the idea of self-governance by the people of the Rorsted Archipelago…

"…The Resistance can guarantee that the Loenese will have most of their interests protected, allowing them to mobilize the troops and Beyonders to reinforce Backlund…"

…

Inside the clean and tidy altar, Danitz, who received the feedback, straightened his back.

He turned around and looked at the leaders waiting outside. He said with a solemn expression, "I have received a revelation.

"God has informed us that every citizen of 'His' is precious. Unnecessary sacrifices for the sake of war should be avoided.

"We absolutely wouldn't want to start a war but we are not afraid of having one. In short, let's try to use the present situation to negotiate with Loen with our forces, forcing them to make a concession that will satisfy most of us. If not, we can consider war.

"God says to remember the hatred, but don't let it blind your rationality. The people around you and a beautiful future are the most important things."

After becoming a Conspirer, Danitz realized that his powers of persuasion and his ability to fabricate explanations were increasing by leaps and bounds. Many a time, his thoughts would automatically take shape when he opened his mouth.

Kalat, Edmonton, and the other leaders of the Resistance all had a deep hatred for the Loen colonial masters, but the words of the Sea God and Lord Danitz had successfully wavered their resolve.

They had a clear understanding of how powerful the Sea King was over this period of time. If the war developed to the point where both parties were blinded with bloodlust, the Blue

Mountain Island where Bayam was located might be completely submerged by the sea and become a ruin. All the locals would end up being dragged to the grave by their actions.

The powerhouses from Feysac and Feynapotter were indeed capable of stopping the situation from collapsing. However, how much power could they divert to this peripheral battlefield in the Rorsted Archipelago?

As for them, Kalat and the other leaders of the Resistance didn’t trust them much. They believed that these fellows were no different from the Loenese. They were all bandits from the Northern Continent and could rip off their masks at any time to become the new colonial masters.

After a moment of silence, Kalat, who was sitting in a wheelchair, looked at the man in a black cloak on the altar and said, “Lord Danitz, we are willing to work hard for peace.”

He paused for a moment before saying, “According to the intel, the one who has the final say in the Rorsted Archipelago is Sea King Jahn Kottman. It’s best if we negotiate with him directly.”

Danitz nodded slightly and said, “That’s exactly what I was thinking.

“We need to send someone to represent us and enter Bayam to face Jahn Kottman…”

Just as he was about to ask who was willing to go, he suddenly noticed that the gazes of Kalat, Edmonton, and the others were all on his face. It was as though they were saying that the Blessed of Sea God, the Intis pirate who had a relatively extraordinary status, was the most suitable candidate.

…*Dogsh*t!* Danitz cursed silently as he looked at the crowd and quickly thought of something.

“Yes, this is an honor, and it also contains extreme danger. I know that some of you are filled with the spirit of sacrifice and want to make the necessary contributions. Uh, how about this, let’s draw lots to decide. This is the fairest way.”

“I have no objections.” Kalat and company didn’t hesitate to give an answer.

A few minutes later, Danitz looked at the card in his hand as his facial muscles twitched.

…

City of Silver, at the top of the spire, in the Chief’s room.

Colin Iliad cast his gaze at Derrick Berg, who appeared less physically developed when placed in contrast to his surroundings.

“Are you ready?”

With the leg bone-like object in his hand, Derrick held the ghostly-blue Thunder God’s Roar, which was wrapped in lightning bolts, and nodded heavily.

“Ready and good to go.”

He didn’t act like a Beyonder from the Sun domain, but more like a berserk warrior.

With white hair and an old scar on his face, Colin Iliad immediately shifted his gaze and looked at Lovia.

“Are you ready?”

Lovia, who had a head of silvery-gray hair and a pair of light gray eyes, no longer wore the usual black robe with purple stripes. Instead, she wore a set of black armor.

She nodded her head indiscernibly and said, “Ready.”

Demon Hunter Colin, who had become a Silver Knight, cast his gaze on the others in the room and asked if they were ready.

After receiving a positive response, Colin Iliad slowly walked to a wall, removed the two swords hanging on it, and carried them behind him.

“Let’s set off.” The City of Silver Chief gave the order in a concise manner.

The team that he led would once again head to the Afternoon Town camp. They would explore the Giant King’s Court further, and find a path to the real sea.

Amidst the clinking sounds of metal, Lovia, Derrick, and company silently followed behind the Chief. They walked out of the room and down the stairs in an orderly manner.

Along the way, they saw Waite Chirmont and the other elders of the six-member council. They saw the City of Silver residents maintaining order in the spire.

These people were either leaning on a railing or waiting at the staircase. Their expressions were abnormally solemn, as though they were sending off the team that was carrying hope.

No one spoke. The entire place was silent, but when Colin Iliad and the others passed by, the City of Silver residents raised their right arm and clenched their fists.

Amidst the sound of this action, Colin and the other members of the expedition team left the spire and hit the road.

They immediately lit lanterns covered in animal hide.

Under the dim yellow light, residents of the City of Silver walked out of their houses and stopped by the roadside.

They looked at Derrick and company with admiration and anticipation. One by one, they raised their right arm and clenched their fists in front of their foreheads.

Derrick subconsciously straightened his back, his heart burning.

Just like that, the expedition team followed the path to the city gate under the watchful gazes of the crowd and walked out of the City of Silver.

As though they had a tacit understanding, Colin, Derrick, and Lovia, who had just left the protection of the city walls, turned their heads at the same time to look at their home, which had stood in the darkness for 2,584 years.

They saw that the residents of the City of Silver hadn't left. They were all standing near the city gates, looking at them.

With a swoosh, everyone raised their right arm and placed their fists in front of their foreheads.

This was the highest form of respect and also the deepest heartfelt blessing they could give.

Colin Iliad stared silently for a few seconds, then he closed his eyes and raised his right arm, waving it downwards.

"Set off!"

Derrick and company immediately turned around and carried the animal hide lanterns which emitted a faint yellow light. They stepped onto the dark path in silence and determination.

Destination: Giant King's Court.

Chapter 1249: Showcasing His Might

Boom! Boom!

In an underground shelter in Backlund, Audrey, who was dressed in hunting attire, listened to the distant explosions.

When she turned around, she happened to see Melissa looking at her in confusion.

The young girl, who had just reached adulthood, asked in a dreamy tone, “Miss Audrey, will the war end if we’re completely defeated? Will we no longer have to worry about bombardments, raids, and having insufficient food?”

Audrey looked at her deeply and said, “But if that happens, you will have to change your faith.”

Melissa hesitated, not knowing how to respond. At this moment, a commoner curled up against the wall blurted out, “I believe in the God of Steam and Machinery! Even if Feysac and Intis win, I don’t need to change my faith!”

When that happens, life would return to its original warm and peaceful state!

These words stirred the commoners who were hiding in the shelter. They whispered to each other and discussed possible developments. There were no lack of Evernight believers.

To most people, faith wasn’t that important compared to life.

After all, a true deity would eventually still protect them.

The police officers who maintained the order of the shelter didn’t stop the commotion from spreading. They watched on coldly, some even having a hint of anticipation.

However, the defeated will definitely suffer something far crueler than you can imagine. It’s not something that can be summarized with just a change of faith… Be it a lesson from history or her conclusion deduced from the human psyche, all of them made Audrey more pessimistic than everyone present.

She looked around and could not help but sigh inwardly.

“The Goddess’s anchor is already greatly shaken… If not for the grain support from before, it might have completely collapsed…”

As for what this situation meant, Audrey knew very well in her heart. She closed her eyes, tilted her head slightly, and muttered to herself silently, *“The battle of gods is about to begin…”*

The final outcome was about to appear.

After nodding at Melissa, Audrey turned and left the area, arriving at the entrance of the shelter.

The golden retriever, Susie, was seated there, looking like a qualified guard.

“You… don’t seem like you plan to return?” Susie’s nose twitched as she asked with a suppressed voice.

Audrey had hidden herself in this shelter from the beginning of the siege that began today; therefore, she hadn't had the time to return to her own residence in Empress Borough. As the battle had decreased in intensity slightly, Earl Hall had already sent two people to urge her to return, so that she could head for a sanctuary for nobles.

Audrey shook her head and said with a faint smile, "I have to do what I need to do."

Without waiting for Susie's reply, she smiled and said, "Stay here on my behalf and secretly placate them. Don't let any commotions happen here. If they want to pat you, let them do so."

Susie hesitated for two seconds before saying, "Alright."

Audrey didn't say anything else. She left the shelter, completely ignored by the troop of soldiers guarding the shelter.

The sky outside was dark, and there were many buildings that had collapsed. They burned with flames that were about to be extinguished. The streets were empty, with no carriages or pedestrians.

This was completely different from what Audrey remembered of Backlund.

Backlund was originally blue, yellow, and beige. It was lively, bustling, and full of vitality. But now, it was gray, black, and scarlet. It was in shambles, disorder, and somewhat silent.

Looking left and right, Audrey identified her bearings while in her hunting attire, and walked towards the city borders.

What she wanted to do was simple:

Join the war and do her best to help Loen not collapse before the end of the battle of gods.

If the winner of the battle of gods was the opposing side, she would use various methods, such as “Cue,” “Hypnosis,” “Mental Plague,” and other means, to prevent the soldiers, officers, and Beyonders from venting their emotions, as well as reduce the damage brought by the war.

Amidst the flickering flames, Audrey quickly passed through them and ran into the distance.

…

Rorsted Archipelago, City of Generosity, Bayam. In a room at the top of the Cathedral of Waves.

Dressed in a black cloak, Danitz met the legendary cardinal of the Church of Storms, the high-ranking deacon of the Mandated Punishers, Sea King Jahn Kottman.

Glancing at the muscles that filled up his priest robes, Danitz swallowed the words he was about to say, and he deliberated for a moment before saying, “I come with good intentions.”

For some reason, he felt that his skin was numb, as though invisible lightning was dancing on them.

“Good intentions?” The tall, muscular, well-defined Jahn Kottman grunted.

*Heh, I had already considered the fact that fellows from the Sailor pathway are more irritable, making them incapable of telling the difference between a joke and sarcasm. Once their anger erupts, they don’t even consider the overall situation. Otherwise, I wouldn’t even need to speak like this… Dogsh*t!* Danitz mumbled to himself, maintaining his smile as he explained the Resistance’s intentions.

Jahn Kottman stared at the pirate whose affiliation with the Golden Dream remained unknown and suddenly sneered.

“If we withdraw most of our strength, can you defend Bayam and the archipelago?

“If you can’t defend it, how are you going to guarantee that the interests of the Loen migrants will be maintained when the Feysac and Feynapotter combined navy forces breach the defense lines?”

As a demigod, he was extremely certain that Sea God Kalvetua had already perished. However, he didn’t know who it was that was using the name of “Sea God,” or if that entity had the ability to protect the Rorsted Archipelago.

That’s a good question… Only with questions can there be room for a successful negotiation… In fact, Danitz had never thought of how the Resistance would defend against the Feysac and Feynapotter after Loen’s powerhouses were transferred back to Backlund. He fully believed that Gehrman Sparrow and Mr. Fool behind him had the ability to protect this place.

As his thoughts raced, Danitz looked at the extremely oppressive

Sea King and said, “I will pray to my Lord and ask ‘Him’ to protect the Rorsted Archipelago.”

“Oh?” Sea King Jahn Kottman narrowed his eyes and took a step forward.

The aura from the Tyrant pathway made Danitz involuntarily take two steps back. He lowered his head and prayed on the spot.

“Blessed of the sea and spirit world, guardian of the Rorsted Archipelago, ruler of the undersea creatures, master of tsunamis and storms, the great Kalvetua, please send down your powers to protect the Rorsted Archipelago…”

After the prayer, Danitz carefully cast his gaze out the window, but he didn’t discover anything unusual.

Jahn Kottman sized him up for a few seconds before saying, “Your god doesn’t seem to be responding…”

“Ahem.” Danitz cleared his throat and felt his heart beating like a drum.

At that moment, the sky outside suddenly darkened. It was as if a large number of dark clouds were flying over, blotting out the sun.

Sea King Jahn Kottman instinctively turned his head and looked out the window. He saw a shadow cast over the border between the sea and the sky.

With his control of the archipelago’s waters, scenes of the overall situation rapidly surfaced in the Cardinals cardinal's mind.

The Rorsted Archipelago, along with the surrounding seas, was shrouded by thick fog. It became indistinct and surreal.

A seabird flew past and attempted to land on the dock, but it failed to pass through it, unable to set foot.

The commoners in the archipelago continued living normally, aside from noticing the brewing storm.

This... Jahn Kottman's dark blue pupils dilated significantly. He subconsciously turned his head to look at the Sea God's Blessed, Blazing Danitz.

Danitz's mouth gaped slightly as he forgot to close it. His shock was not lesser than the shock Sea King experienced.

A few seconds later, the fog dissipated and the shadows faded away. Everything in the Rorsted Archipelago returned to normal.

"..." Danitz blinked. When Sea King Jahn Kottman looked over again, Danitz chuckled and said, "My Lord has responded to my prayers."

As he spoke, the pirate with a bounty of more than ten thousand pounds slapped himself inwardly.

*Dogsh*t! You actually dare to suspect Mr. Fool! Isn't this the might of Mr. Fool?*

Jahn Kottman remained silent for a few seconds before saying, "I will consider your proposal carefully. I will immediately convene a meeting with the key figures in Bayam to discuss this matter. I will give you an answer in an hour."

Danitz lifted his chin slightly and laughed.

"I will wait patiently."

With that said, he followed his instincts as a Hunter, and he indifferently bowed before leaving the room.

Amidst the creaking sound, silver bolts of lightning lit up in the blue eyes of Jahn Kottman.

…

In the ancient palace above the fog.

Klein threw the "curtain" back into the "metal pot" and sealed it again.

He had used the power of a Sequence 1 Attendant of Mysteries and stirred the power of Sefirah Castle to respond, creating a shocking effect for Jahn Kottman.

In another half a day, the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic will be separated, and the rest can be used to concoct the Miracle Invoker potion. Yes, when it's only at the Sequence 2 level, I can attempt to use the power Sefirah Castle to shatter it and let the Beyonder characteristics such as the Scholar of Yore and Bizarro Sorcerer to seep out in a shorter amount of *time. That will lower the risk brought by the potion…* Klein mumbled before rapidly returning to the real world.

He wasn't situated in the dark moors anymore, but the frozen dusk of the Giant King's Court.

He had entered the Giant King's Court before the City of Silver's expedition team arrived at the Afternoon Town encampment.

Under the orange light, Klein felt the degeneration and exhaustion of his body. He cast his gaze at the magnificent and beautiful buildings situated high above.

The countless palaces and towers still had the remnant glory of the Second Epoch, as though they were a manifestation of myths.

No, it was a myth.

Before the City of Silver's exploration team officially took action, Klein planned on attempting to open the palace where Dark Angel Sasrir was sleeping.

This way, if there were any accidents, the City of Silver's expedition team would still have time to make targeted preparations. As for Klein himself, it would definitely be much safer for him compared to the others since he was using a historical projection.

Chapter 1250: Behind the Door

As he had the information from the City of Silver's previous explorations, Klein knew which places were dangerous and how to avoid them. It didn't take long for him to follow the small path, pass through the Waning Forest, Barren Tunnel, and use the ancient elevator to arrive at the residence of the guards.

After waiting for a while—until the "curtain" above the gray fog split into two, separating the Attendant of Mysteries Beyonder characteristic—Klein reached out to pull his past self out.

He didn't know if the other divine kingdoms would isolate the fog of history, but at least without the Giant King's Court having its owner present, no one would be able to stop his attempts.

Unfortunately, this matter involves too many levels. I can't obtain any results from divination; otherwise, I will feel more at ease... Klein shook his head and muttered to himself.

He was in no hurry to jump into the fog of history. He first took out two items and handed them to his projection.

One of them was a deep-black wooden box. It contained the ashes of Giant Guardian Groselle.

Klein had never forgotten his promise.

He had originally wanted to wait for Little Sun's second exploration of the Giant King's Court before handing him Groselle's ashes and getting him to help do the burial. However, due to various matters, he ended up coming to the Forsaken

Land of the Gods and entering the Giant King's Court.

As for Snowman's ashes, Klein planned on scattering it into the golden sea just as he was about to leave the Forsaken Land of the Gods—it was a sea churning with the divine blood of the ancient sun god.

After handing over the urn and the black iron key from Vice Admiral Iceberg, Klein followed his usual practice and leaped into the fog. He dashed to the fragment of light that represented a time before the First Epoch, and he allowed his consciousness to naturally shift to the projection he had summoned.

This projection didn't hold the Staff of the Stars and only wore Creeping Hunger. This was because the palace that the Giant King lived in was still quite a distance away. There were many troll statues blocking him, so Klein couldn't guarantee that he would reach his destination in five minutes.

Right on the heels of that, he made the glove on his left hand transparent as he disappeared from where he was.

In the next second, Klein appeared outside the guards' residence with the huge black iron key. He hadn't "Teleported" too far away.

Yes, in the Giant King's Court, it's clear that most of the powers within have weakened... Only a guard acknowledged by the divine kingdom can perform at relatively normal standards? Uh, Beyonder powers similar to "Teleportation" have also been suppressed. I can only do "Blink" within a relatively small area... From the looks of it, even if I were to summon the Staff of the Stars, I wouldn't be able to appear outside the Giant King's palace by outlining the corresponding scene in my mind... As expected of an ancient god's divine kingdom... Klein seriously observed the influence his surroundings brought him.

After making a preliminary judgment, he turned and walked back to the guards' residence. Opening the wooden box in his right hand, he solemnly scattered Groselle's ashes in every corner.

According to the scene he saw in Groselle's dream, this guards' residence was where the giant lived for a long period of time. It was the "home" that he had the deepest impression and was most fond of.

It could be imagined that during that period of time in ancient times, Groselle and the other rational Giant Guardians from future generations would rest, rabble, gossip, talk about music, and think of fun games to play. They didn't need to worry about food and ailments. They would live every day of their lives happily...

With the shaking of Klein's hands, the ashes scattered on the wall, the ground, the bedside, the tables, chairs, and stone pillars.

The orange light outside the window shone forever, making everything look peaceful.

When the last speck of ashes was scattered, the dusk suddenly deepened. It dyed the scattered ashes orange, becoming a part of the divine kingdom.

Klein closed his eyes as though he could sense Groselle's joy.

A vagrant who had been forced to leave his hometown for three thousand years had finally returned to the place he had missed day and night.

The light of the dusk softened, making Klein feel that he was less ostracized.

Eh… It's equivalent to being acknowledged to a certain extent. I've become a guard that has been accepted by a number of people. Klein emanated his spirituality to confirm the changes.

He didn't stay any longer. He used Creeping Hunger and the path scouted by the City of Silver's expedition team to constantly "Blink" and take detours. From time to time, he would pull out the Unshadowed Crucifix. He passed through the hall where the fateful plot was made with relatively little difficulty, and he arrived at the residence of the Giant King. There, he saw a row of huge stone columns on the left that formed railings. Beyond the railings was an orange-red gas and a churning dark blue sea.

Taking a deep breath, he returned to the hall he had just exited. He reached out his hand and dragged out the marionette, Enuni, who hadn't been "Parasitized" by Amon.

Even if it was a historical projection, he didn't want to open the door himself!

Looking at the slightly dazed Enuni, Klein handed the black iron key that he had tucked under his armpit over to him. He controlled Enuni to leave the hall and follow the railings formed from stone pillars to the tallest and most magnificent building in the Giant King's Court.

The dusk's glow seemed to be corporeal as it covered the palace's surface, bringing with it a strong sense of decadence, as though the curtains had drawn on everything in the world.

Lining both sides of the palace were separately steeples and spires. The grayish-blue front door was covered with mysterious symbols as it stood at a height exceeding ten meters.

To the left of the door, there was a pitch-black hole that was the size of an adult’s fist at the height of three to four meters.

Enuni stared at it for a few seconds before raising the black iron key that resembled a seven-string guitar and inserting it into the deep crevice in front of him.

It fit perfectly without leaving a single gap.

As the gigantic black iron key entered the deep hole, Klein held his breath in the nearby grand hall, constantly preparing to remove his existence.

With a click, the black iron key in Enuni’s hand reached the end.

It suddenly turned soft, as if it had fused with the hole as it emitted grayish-blue light.

The various symbols, labels, and patterns on the door lit up as they protruded.

All the lights quickly interfered in a constructive manner, pressing down heavily into the inner chamber as it slowly opened the grayish-blue palace door.

The gap between the door widened when Enuni’s eyes suddenly reflected a turbulent pitch-black, viscous, and illusory sea.

Not good… Warning bells sounded in Klein’s mind.

Without any hesitation, his consciousness returned to his body as he severed the connection with his Historical Void projection.

In the next second, his vision suddenly darkened. The left side of his head felt a sharp pain, as though someone had inserted a red-hot chisel into it and kept rotating it.

At the same time, he heard indistinguishable ravings that seemed to come from an era older than ancient times.

Klein's expression instantly twisted, appearing extremely ferocious.

He could still barely maintain his rationality, but he had no energy left to remain in the historical fragment.

Without a sound, Klein landed in the guard residence of the Giant King's Court. With a thought, he entered the world above the gray fog.

Before undertaking such a dangerous task, he had no doubt found a reason and excuse to arrange for the members of the Tarot Club to pray collectively to awaken Sefirah Castle's ability to "summon" its master. This allowed him to skip taking four steps counterclockwise and reciting the incantation at critical moments to return above the gray fog.

However, just as Klein's Spirit Body saw the grayish-white fog, he heard a familiar roar, he felt himself be rejected by Sefirah Castle, as though it had accepted an order from someone else to stop him from entering.

This… In his shock, he saw a black shadow leap past him, heading straight for Sefirah Castle!

It wasn't Amon, but a shadow that exuded an aura identical to his!

Subconsciously, Klein influenced Sefirah Castle and made it reject the intruder.

Then, he succeeded. The shadow was also blocked by the grayish-white fog as well.

Right on the heels of that, he and the shadow fell back into the real world at the same time.

After his Spirit Body returned to his body, Klein bent down in pain, like a curled shrimp.

The half top hat on his head fell to the ground.

He took several seconds to eventually recover. He slowly straightened his body and cast his gaze on a glass window ground from orange gems.

The window reflected his current appearance:

With the bridge of his nose as a border, his right face was the same as usual, but countless objects were crawling out of his left face.

Klein narrowed his eyes.

He hurriedly took a deep breath to calm himself down and regain the Clown powers of control.

His mind outlined a clear image of his appearance.

He was dressed in a black trench coat, had black hair and brown eyes. The right side of Gehrman Sparrow's cut face was the same as usual, while the left side had become translucent and was formed from twisting maggots.

As he looked down, his neck was in a similar state. It was the same with his body that lay beneath his clothes.

The edge of losing control... Man, I need to resist the inclination towards intense madness... W-why? Suddenly, he sensed something. He instinctively lowered his head and looked at his feet.

It was empty. He was missing the shadow that was supposed to exist.

The orange light of the evening shone through the window, but it didn't create a shadow by his side.

"Haha, I understand." Klein bent down and laughed uncontrollably.

He suspected that the "seawater" that surged out from the Giant King's palace had not only "drowned" his marionette and historical projection, but it had also used the latter to slice off his own shadow, causing his spirit to lose its completeness. He was unable to completely suppress his inclination towards losing control.

As for the shadow, which was slightly equivalent to him, it could also affect Sefirah Castle. This resulted in a situation in which both parties were unable to head above the gray fog.

As long as I get rid of that shadow, the problem can be solved... The corner of his right forehead twitched as he straightened his back.

At that moment, the orange light that shone from outside was dyed gold, becoming rather resplendent. It made the entire Giant King's Court seem to retrograde from dusk to noon.

With a thought, he cast his gaze out the window as an image appeared in his mind.

In front of the tallest and most magnificent building in the Giant King's Court, Marionette Enuni stood there, facing the door.

It was dark past the door, impossible to see anything clearly.

Suddenly, Enuni turned around and looked down.

His face was covered in a shadow, and his hair turned deep black that draped over his shoulders and curled up slightly.

On his back, there were pairs of dark illusory wings.

In the grand hall nearby, a pure shadow's lower body was pressed against a stone brick as its upper body came over in a ramrod manner.

Chapter 1251: Change

It's not Dark Angel Sasrir... The projection of Enuni has been eroded by the power that surged out from the Giant King's residence, becoming a monster that I can't understand at the moment. Furthermore, it looks like it can exist for a long period of time... Perhaps there's a bit of Sasrir's will involved in this... With his left hand covering his face, Klein allowed the Worms of Spirit to burrow through the gaps in his fingers freely.

What he couldn't understand the most was something else. He had clearly opened the palace where the Dark Angel lay slumber, but the deities and Kings of Angels showed no reaction.

According to Klein's imagination, when the surging "sea" gushed out, be it the True Creator, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, Blasphemer Amon, or Amon's brother who ultimately hid behind the scenes, "They" should've immediately descended or appeared to confirm Dark Angel Sasrir's present state or snatch whatever corresponding items. To his surprise, the entire Giant King's Court remained completely silent. No external powers exerted any influence.

Could it be that "They" are still waiting for me to enter the Giant King's residence and to come into contact with that deputy of Heaven? Hmm, the True Creator said to meet Sasrir... My Spirit Body and physical body haven't recovered from the corrosion, which means that the True Creator's goal has yet to be achieved... Haha... As Klein's thoughts raced, he realized that he was unable to control his emotions, be it anger, sadness, worry, or depression. He couldn't help but pull the corners of his mouth up and let out a scoff.

The only thing he was glad about was that this didn't affect his brain. He could still think and use all sorts of Beyonder powers, but sometimes, his madness would suddenly be aggravated, turning him rash and aggressive.

I wonder if the demigod of the mind has any way to treat this situation. In any case, the Sealed Artifacts or Beyonder characteristics that I can summon can't do it… This is a result of an incomplete spirit. If I don't resolve my severed shadow, I probably won't be able to completely recover. However, perhaps there are methods that can allow me to temporarily return to normal. For example, create a virtual persona to make up for the incompleteness? Unfortunately, I can't enter Sefirah Castle… Klein's thoughts were in a mess as the scenes that surfaced in his mind gradually vanished.

He then picked up the half top hat that had dropped to the ground and wore it. Then, through the huge glass window formed from ground orange gems, he observed the changes in the Giant King's Court.

Unlike before, an illusory sun appeared high in the sky, allowing the magnificent building complex situated in the frozen sunset to enjoy the sun at noon.

The troll statues that stood guard in the various palaces seemed to be draped with a cloak weaved out of shadows.

Enuni, who had a pair of black, illusory wings on his back, and the shadow that originally belonged to Klein jumped over the railing and glided towards him.

Klein's gaze froze as he subconsciously took a few steps forward, intending to fight the enemy.

But very quickly, he snapped back to his senses and checked his current state. He quickly retreated to the ancient "elevator," pulled the switch, and landed back in the Barren Tunnel.

Then, with “Blink,” he appeared near the Waning Forest and ran all the way to the edge of the Giant King’s Court.

His intuition told him that in his current state, he had no means of defeating the mutated “Enuni” and his separated shadow.

Of course, he had the confidence if it was just the latter.

When he arrived at the edge of the radiant sunlight, he turned and saw that Enuni and his shadow hadn’t chased after him. It was as though there was a limit to their range of activity.

There’s no way to leave the Giant King’s residence, *or should I say*, *be too far away from Dark Angel Sasrir?* Just as this thought flashed through his mind, Klein saw the illusionary “sun” atop leap from the center to the west. The dusk’s colors once again enveloped the divine kingdom.

Klein carefully observed all of this and was in no hurry to leave the Giant King’s Court.

Not long after, the illusory “sun” plunged into the palace where Dark Angel Sasrir slumbered. Darkness became the ruler of the Giant King’s Court.

The darkness was different from the one found on a normal night—there was no moon or starlight, only blurry shadows.

Standing in this darkness, Klein had a nagging feeling that someone was clinging to him from behind. However, he clearly knew that it was an illusion and didn’t turn around recklessly.

A few minutes later, the illusory "sun" rose, and the light of dawn dispersed the darkness.

The power that surged out from the Dark Angel's chamber has changed the Giant King's Court despite it being an ancient divine kingdom... It really is a power that's close to that of a true deity. At the very least, it controls a "Uniqueness," but which pathway's Uniqueness would it be?

The generated changes include "Blazing Sun," "Darkness," "Degeneration," and "Mutation." This is a little contradictory. It doesn't seem like the result of a single Uniqueness... Besides, the Uniqueness of the Sun pathway is definitely with the Eternal Blazing Sun... The "Shadow" and "Degeneration" is brought about by "Darkness" which is undoubtedly with the True Creator... When I opened the door, I saw an illusory, pitch-black, viscous ocean... It's related to the Chaos Sea? Klein shook his head as he continued observing. This continued on as he waited for the City of Silver's expedition team to rendezvous with him.

...

Backlund, at the border of the city.

As soon as Audrey entered, she discovered that the fog had become unusually thick. Visibility had been reduced to five meters.

The howling winds swept through the fog, bringing a sense of clarity from time to time. However, it was soon filled with surging whiteness.

Audrey's eyes suddenly turned golden, allowing her to see even further.

As she carefully treaded, the fog in front of her suddenly became much thinner.

At the same time, her Beyonder powers suffered a retrogression.

The weakening of mysticism… The concepts and information previously mentioned by Mr. World flashed across her mind.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Multiple salvos from Backlund fired ahead, causing the shells to leave trails of red, blue, silver, or black in their wake as they bombarded the enemy's base.

However, in the next second, these shells encountered invisible barriers and exploded in midair, making the transparent "wall" tremble.

At this moment, a rather blurry figure appeared in the distant, thick fog. "He" was in human form, but he was more than ten meters tall. His torso and waist each had two arms extending out as he emitted a rich darkness.

For some reason, as the figure that seemed to arise from a legend appeared, the Feysac and Intis allied force's base stirred.

Every soldier and officer there seemed to have returned to their childhood. They were walking alone on the dark road with no one around them. Everything was silent. They felt uneasy deep down.

The fear of the unknown stemmed from the fear of their imaginations. Instantly, they broke down and turned to flee.

At this moment, radiant sunlight shone on them, allowing them to see light and bringing them courage.

However, there were still a small number of soldiers who were unable to control themselves. They kept shouting “mommy” or a particular woman’s name in their bids to escape from the battlefield.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The soldiers fell to the ground amidst repeated gunshots. One by one, they bloomed with blood-colored flowers.

They landed on the ground, turning motionless after slightly twitching. No one cared what their names were, nor did anyone know of their past.

Right on the heels of that, under the commanding officer’s orders, the invisible barrier that enveloped the Intis and Feysac allied forces was dispelled. Crimson-red flaming spears were thrown out towards the Loen base as though they could blot out the sky.

Just as the flaming spears approached their target, they scattered in a sudden bout of chaos. They stabbed into the ground, creating one pitch-black hole after another.

It was the first time Audrey was seeing such a large-scale usage of Beyonder powers. Momentarily stunned, she couldn’t help but recall the people she knew and the roles they played in this battle.

Glaint and the other young nobles had joined the army and took on the roles of officers at different ranks. They were scattered all over the battlefield and could be killed at any moment.

The Magician had left Backlund with Judgment's family and was hiding in a small city in East Chester County;

As a middle-ranking member of MI9, Judgment was made to covertly defend against infiltration by the Beyonders from Feysac, Intis, and other countries;

The official Beyonders led by The Star had locked down the various cathedrals of the Church of Steam, maintaining the stability of the city;

Saint Anthony and the other demigods of the Church of Evernight, the Church of Storms, the royal family, and the military began to set up the last line of defense in Backlund;

The Sanguine had remained neutral the entire time…

A few seconds later, Audrey gathered her thoughts and prepared to use Psychological Invisibility to sneak into the enemy's camp to spread Mental Plague.

Suddenly, her spiritual perception stirred as she cast her gaze to a spot further away.

In the thick fog, a rather thick and blurry tentacle wrapped around countless silver bolts of lightning and quickly extended to a certain location of the allied force's base.

A feather burning with golden flames fell.

In the depths of the thick fog, a huge grayish-blue palm reached out, holding a silver broadsword.

…

The Fog Sea, away from the safe sea route.

Countless bolts of lightning struck the surface of the sea; waves surged and crashed heavily.

Bernadette's Dawn was constantly being thrown into the sky, making it seem extremely minute under the might of the elements. It looked like it would sink at any moment.

Queen Mystic stood at the bow of the ship, calmly taking in all of this. From time to time, she would use the Emperor's New Clothes and other fairy tale magic to maintain the balance of the boat.

Her gaze pierced through the terrifying storm in search of the suspected primitive island.

…

After some reorganizing, Colin Iliad led Derrick, Lovia, and the other members of the expedition team out of Afternoon Town camp. They followed the path up the mountain and entered the Giant King's Court.

What surprised them was that the frozen dusk had changed. Bright sunlight illuminated every corner.

“...Where’s the helper you invited?” Colin Iliad controlled his alarm and turned to ask Derrick Berg.

Just as Derrick was about to speak, he suddenly saw a figure walk out from a half-collapsed tower

The figure wore a black trench coat and a silk top hat. The right side of his face was cut, cold and stiff. The left side of his face had transparent, wriggling maggots that kept crawling.

Chapter 1252: Mr. Clown

When they saw the figure walking out from behind the collapsed tower, the members of the City of Silver's expedition team immediately put up a defensive stance, ready to attack or provide any defense.

In their eyes, the man wearing strange clothes and a strange hat was equivalent to a monster, a particularly terrifying one at that!

Even normal Beyonders would view themselves as monsters after being subject to such a physical mutation!

Upon seeing the reactions of the half-giants, Klein grinned widely and said with a beaming smile, "Hello everyone, I'm Gehrman Sparrow.

"All of you should be glad that I can still control myself. Otherwise, you would've lost your minds because you looked at me directly."

As he spoke, the transparent maggots on the left side of his face and neck were still squirming slowly. Beneath the clothes on the left side of his body, there were protruding marks that gently squirmed.

A monster! The members of the City of Silver who were not demigods were increasingly certain of their own judgment.

"You are... you are The Wor—no, Mr. Sparrow?" Derrick Berg finally managed to recognize Mr. World who he had met once.

Klein raised his left palm and covered his left cheek. He smiled and said, “Life is always about encountering the unexpected.”

Without waiting for Little Sun to respond, he paused and said, “I have already opened the door to the Giant King’s residence. This brought about some accidents, causing the divine kingdom to change.”

The door to the Giant King’s residence has already been opened? The grizzled and scarred Colin Iliad narrowed his eyes. He subconsciously looked up at the magnificent buildings shrouded in golden sunlight.

However, due to the distance, he couldn’t see the situation at the apex.

However, to have the frozen sunset become replaced by the blazing sun at noon had explained many things.

Klein’s gaze swept across the City of Silver’s Chief and Elder Lovia, who was dressed in black armor, of the six-member council. He then looked at The Sun and continued with a smile, “This has also brought me some negative effects, just as you have already noticed.”

At this point, he clapped his hands and said in a commanding tone, like an adult instructing children, “Alright, Beyonders below the level of demigod are to fall back. The Giant King’s Court after the anomaly is not a place you can enter.”

The members of the expedition team, apart from Colin, Derrick, and Lovia, felt an inexplicable sense of fear as they cast their gazes at the Chief.

Colin Iliad remained silent for a few seconds before turning to them and saying, “Leave the Giant King’s Court and wait at the periphery. If you see the signal, immediately act according to plan.”

The handpicked expedition team members were not only strong themselves and close in strength to a demigod, but they also had different powerful Sealed Artifacts that complemented each other. Even if they were facing a saint, they weren’t without hope when it came to defeating one. However, in the City of Silver’s original plan, they weren’t the main force. Therefore, Colin Iliad had led them here in the hope that, when he and the other demigods shaved off the hidden enemies, these team members would be able to shine. They could then use the different Sealed Artifacts to deal with different incidents, preventing the entire team from suffering from any weaknesses.

Now, with powerful help from the outside joining them, and the fact that the Giant King’s Court had indeed experienced some sort of anomaly, no one knew what they would encounter if they went deeper. With the utmost caution, Colin Iliad believed that Gehrman Sparrow’s suggestion wasn’t a problem. Furthermore, he had his own selfish thoughts—he didn’t want members other than the demigods to suffer any unnecessary risks or meaningless casualties. Therefore, he agreed to the opinion of the monster-like powerhouse.

When the time came for an opportunity to show itself, he, Lovia, and Derrick would be able to give a signal and let the team members rush over a cleared path to provide reinforcements.

As for the entire team’s Beyonder powers not being able to deal with different situations due it collectively becoming relatively monotonous, Colin Iliad wasn’t too worried since the former Shepherd, Lovia, was around.

The members of the expedition, who weren’t demigods, exchanged looks and hesitated for a moment. In the end, they still chose to listen to Colin Iliad.

“Yes, Your Excellency!”

At the same time that they answered, they gave Derrick Berg a deep look, as though they were trying to remind their Chief to be careful of this Sequence 4 demigod.

He actually knew a living, monster-like powerhouse!

This was very suspicious to the residents of the City of Silver, who had barely seen any outsiders!

Sensing his companions’ obvious distrust, Derrick’s heart ached as his eyes nearly welled up in tears.

But eventually, he didn’t make any excuses. He maintained his silence and straightened his back.

After the other members of the expedition team retreated from the Giant King’s Court, Klein smiled and pointed at the two demigods.

“Let me guess. You must be the Chief of the City of Silver, the former Demon Hunter, the present Silver Knight, Colin Iliad. You are The Hanged Man’s believer, Black Knight Lovia, who had helped ‘Him’ shepherd?”

Lovia’s gray eyes, which were hidden behind her visor, narrowed.

"You really look like a clown."

The Hanged Man? Upon hearing Mr. World's words, Derrick almost doubted his ears.

He even imagined that Elder Lovia had something to do with Mr. Hanged Man, but he quickly remembered the exact image of the Fallen Creator—a naked man hanging upside down on a cross.

Mr. World used The Hanged Man to refer to the Fallen Creator. Elder Lovia chided him for being impolite? Derrick, who had just exceeded two meters in height, nodded thoughtfully as he praised Mr. World's guts from the bottom of his heart.

He actually dared to give a true deity a nickname, and even said it out loud in front of "His" follower!

Colin Iliad looked at Gehrman Sparrow and then at Lovia. Unable to tell who was right or wrong, he calmly said, "Let's continue moving forward."

He had already pulled out the two swords on his back and allowed them to be blanketed with the dawn's glow.

"No problem." With a smile, Klein turned around and walked to the left of a huge stone staircase with the three demigods of the City of Silver.

After walking for a while, they saw the familiar rugged pathway. On one side of the road was a towering cliff, and on the other side was an afternoon sun-soaked, bottomless cloud.

At this moment, Klein and company felt the vibrations of the ground. They saw large amounts of illusory, pitch-black gases surging out from deep within the golden cloud.

With a whoosh, the rugged pathway collapsed, falling into the dark “water surface.”

Beneath the “water surface,” there seemed to be invisible maelstroms lurking.

“Haha, it collapsed. There’s no way out. Haha.” Klein bent down laughing loudly, making Colin’s, Derrick’s, and Lovia’s nerves tense up.

It took Klein a few seconds to regain control of his emotions. He straightened his body and took out a piece of white paper from his pocket with a smile plastered across his face. He folded it into a “plane.”

Phew. He blew at the head of the paper plane, swung his arm, and threw it towards the clouds that had been devoured by darkness.

At the same time, the glove on his left hand was covered with slippery fish scales.

Upon seeing this scene, the originally confused Colin Iliad nodded slightly before casting his gaze at the flying paper object.

A violent wind stirred as it carried the paper plane forward in flight for a few seconds.

Then, it suddenly dissipated, and like a stone, it rapidly plummeted into the dark clouds, without causing any ripples.

"From the looks of it, flying is useless." Klein turned halfway around and smiled at Derrick and company.

Lovia didn't respond as she released a translucent soul that enveloped a piece of gravel.

In the blink of an eye, that piece of rock disappeared from its original spot, "Blinking" to a spot above the dark clouds. Following that, it fell down uncontrollably and sank into the clouds.

"'Teleport' doesn't work either," Lovia said in a slightly deep voice.

As Klein pressed at his abdomen, he bent down and chuckled before saying, "It looks like we can only enter through the main entrance."

Derrick immediately turned around and was about to head back when Colin Iliad and Lovia looked at each other and nodded indiscernibly.

The four demigods quickly returned to the huge, grayish-white stone staircase and looked up.

Above the flight of silent stairs which had very high steps, the majestic city walls were covered with burn marks. There were even arrows shafts as thick as ordinary trees.

In the middle of the city wall was a door that was tens of meters tall. It was grayish-blue in color and there were golden nails embedded on its surface.

On both sides of the door stood a guard that stood at six meters tall in a domineering manner. They wore exquisite silver full-body armor, one holding a greatsword, the other a huge ax. Behind their visors was an orange glow.

Silver Knight!

These were two Silver Knights guards!

Without wasting any time, Colin Iliad quickly retracted his gaze and said to Gehrman Sparrow, “I’ll hold back one of the Silver Knights. Quickly finish off the other one.”

He wasn’t very sure of Gehrman Sparrow’s strength, but from the admiration and respect that he sensed from Derrick Berg, as well as the fact that he had opened up the residence of the Giant King, he determined that this demigod who was blessed by The Fool was no weaker than him.

Under such circumstances, whether it was Gehrman Sparrow or Colin Iliad, it wasn’t difficult for them to quickly kill a Silver Knight guard with the help of Lovia and Derrick. After all, they weren’t living demigods, but a special statue without any intelligence.

Just as Colin Iliad finished his sentence, he saw Gehrman Sparrow bend his back and laugh out loud.

“Why do you care so much about these two toys?

“If they were still alive and could think—real Silver Knights—I would definitely be as cautious as you are. But now, haha. Watch.”

As he spoke, Klein used his left hand, which had many Worms of Spirit crawling about, to press down on his top hat. He straightened his body and briskly walked up the stairs.

Then, he was surrounded by strong winds as he approached the main door of the Giant King’s Court.

During this process, he casually raised his right hand and shook it a few times, as if he was stretching his wrist or grabbing the air.

At the end of the last action, Klein’s shoulder sank slightly as if it had frozen, but nothing appeared in the void.

Colin Iliad originally wanted to have an understanding of Gehrman Sparrow’s strength, so he didn’t stop him. He only signaled for Lovia to follow, to back him up if he made any mistakes. However, at that moment, he suddenly slowed down. He frowned slightly as if he had caught the scent of something.

As for Derrick, he looked at him with slight admiration. He believed that Mr. World could quickly finish off the guards.

Chapter 1253: I Wish You Well

Only when Klein was about to reach the end of the flight of stone steps did the two Silver Knights guards outside the Giant King's Court react.

They turned their heads as the orange glow behind their visors flashed twice, as though it was confirming the identity of the visitor. Furthermore, they had a moment of confusion.

Half of Klein's face was normal, and the other half was terrifying. The right side of his mouth curled up exaggeratedly. The transparent maggots on his left slowly twisted, revealing a frightening and indifferent smile.

Thud!

With his right foot crossing the final step, he arrived at the platform where the Giant King's Court was located.

Suddenly, a silvery-white crack appeared on Klein's forehead as countless silver rays emitted from his body.

His entire body instantly shattered into pieces of flesh and blood.

These fragments floated up and quickly thinned and faded, turning into paper shreds.

Klein in his top hat and black trench coat appeared one after another in different spots. However, they were all ripped apart by the silver sword beams. Some of them degenerated into illusions, while others turned into paper figures.

At this moment, a figure suddenly appeared outside the main door of the Giant King's Court where two guards had disappeared.

It was a huge doll dressed in a dark and complicated long dress with evil vines wrapped around it.

Reinette Tinekerr!

When Klein climbed up the stone steps, the person he summoned was none other than Miss Messenger. However, "She" had appeared in Wraith form, so Colin Iliad, Lovia, and Derrick didn't see her.

At this moment, the two Silver Knights who had concealed their evil intentions and were hiding with the help of the light were chasing Klein out of instinct. They had already exposed their whereabouts after the angel-level powerhouse's prolonged observations.

Reinette Tinekerr's bright red eyes immediately reflected a seemingly blank area.

There was a flash of light, and a white rabbit suddenly jumped out of nowhere. It bounced around and circled the area, its eyes abnormally vapid.

Immediately following that, Miss Messenger took a step forward and disappeared.

In another area, the remaining knight in silver armor appeared. His actions turned stiff and slow.

He had been possessed by a Wraith!

Klein, who had used himself as bait, stopped “Blinking.” He pressed his hand to his chest and gave a very ceremonial bow.

“I’ve found the two of you. I wish you well.”

He straightened his body, raised his right hand, and snapped his fingers.

Boom!

The white-furred rabbit suddenly exploded, its flesh splattering all over the ground.

Then, he walked towards the Silver Knight guard who tried his best to struggle but to no avail.

When the two figures crossed each other, Reinette Tinekerr’s historical projection returned to the fog of history, while the Silver Knight followed closely behind Klein and very obediently returned to the edge of the stone steps with him.

He had already become Klein’s marionette.

“We can enter.” Klein smiled as he said to Colin Iliad and the others at the bottom of the stone stairs.

Derrick’s eyes lit up as he inwardly marveled.

Mr. World is really powerful. He managed to finish off two Silver Knight guards single-handedly so quickly!

Colin Iliad turned his head to glance at Lovia. From her gaze, he could sense her heavy emotions.

The City of Silver’s Chief had no change in expression. He held the two swords that refracted the light of dawn and steadily walked up the stone steps. He came to Klein’s side and whispered, “Mutant?”

Klein pressed down a Worm of Spirit that formed his left eye and smiled without answering.

After Derrick and Lovia walked up the stairs, the four demigods and a marionette turned and arrived at the main door of the Giant King’s Court.

During this process, Klein stowed away the Silver Knight Beyonder characteristic that had seeped out from the rabbit.

This was a reward for Reinette Tinekerr.

According to the agreement between him and the angel, the spoils of war that Klein had obtained from summoning a historical projection would be split equally with Miss Messenger.

Reinette Tinekerr took the Beyonder characteristic, while Klein obtained a Silver Knight marionette.

He looked up at the main door and made the Silver Knight guard, who was much taller than him, take a few steps forward and insert the sword into the ground.

Then, the Silver Knight bent down and stretched out his hands to press on the door that was dozens of meters tall.

After a heavy screeching sound, the door with golden nails slowly opened.

At this moment, the “sun” in the sky leaped, and the entire Giant King’s Court froze into an orange-red dusk.

The huge door opened faster and faster, and the scene inside was gradually revealed to Klein and company.

A grayish-white figure was covered in orange-red light. Countless stairs extended from behind the door all the way to the tallest and most magnificent residence of the Giant King. On the way, there were no obstacles. There were palaces and towers on both sides.

Giant statues covered in iron-colored armor stood in front of different buildings, guarding the path that led to the residences of the god.

“It’s time for you to perform.” Klein turned his head to the side and gave an exaggerated smile to Colin Iliad and Lovia.

The former Demon Hunter, Colin, nodded slightly without any objections. Behind Lovia, an illusory figure covered in silver armor with dark red eyes that was several meters tall appeared.

Pa! Pa! Pa!

The giant statues on both sides of the divine kingdom's staircase emitted silvery-white beams as they emitted shattering sounds.

The "silver flowers" that bloomed kept spreading upwards as if they were welcoming the guests.

Before long, three Silver Knights—Colin Iliad, the soul "Grazed" by Lovia, and the marionette controlled by Klein—cleared out the giant statues guarding the divine kingdom's staircase, leaving only the area closest to the Giant King's residence. They didn't attempt it out of caution.

At that moment, two figures flew out of the Giant King's palace and slid towards the three Silver Knights.

One of them had a shadowed face, black, curly hair that reached its shoulders, and a pair of black wings on its back. The other was a pure shadow that distorted to the sides from time to time.

They were Enuni, who had mutated at some point in time, and Klein's shadow, who were both under the influence of the Dark Angel.

…

In the battlefield filled with thick fog, a layer of grayish-white dragon scales suddenly appeared on Audrey's body. This was a result of her seeing something she shouldn't see.

Even with the fog blocking her view, high-level creatures at the angel level could still corrupt and damage living beings that saw "Them"!

As a demigod of the Spectator pathway, Audrey immediately retracted her gaze and calmed her mind to control herself from losing control.

As her thoughts raced, she took a few steps back and used Psychological Invisibility to hide in the thick fog. She was in no hurry to infiltrate the Intis and Feysac allied forces camp.

She was waiting for an opportunity—one that she believed would definitely appear.

Time passed by so slowly that Audrey imagined that it had stopped. After an unknown period of time, she finally saw the fog over the allied forces' base turn dark, like the sun plunging past the horizon. Night had begun to rule this world.

Silently, the Intis, Feysac soldiers and officers closed their eyes and fell asleep. This included many other Beyonders.

Audrey, who was hiding not far away, also fell asleep. However, as a Dreamwalker who had been "Cued" in advance, she managed to stay lucid.

Then, without knowing how long the opportunity would last, she used "Dream Traversal" to enter the Intis, Feysac allied forces base. She walked among the soldiers and secretly left behind the seeds for a Mental Plague.

This "plague" could make the infected panic, fluster, and break down emotionally. It was difficult to be placated with normal methods.

Hum!

The sound of a horn pierced through the gaps between reality and dreams, shattering the hazy world and awakening the soldiers and officers.

Audrey didn’t hesitate. At the instant before the dream completely shattered, she “traversed” to the other end of the camp, far away from the group that had planted the seeds of Mental Plague.

In the next second, the dream world completely collapsed, forcing her back into reality. She appeared at the borders of the Intis, Feysac allied forces base.

Thud!

A silvery-white beam lit up, exploding beside Audrey, tearing apart the fog.

Audrey didn’t panic because being attacked was within her expectations.

After entering the Intis, Feysac allied forces’ camp, she knew that her “Psychological Invisibility” was very likely to be seen through by others using other clues, such as not being able to completely conceal her malice.

Therefore, apart from her “Psychological Invisibility,” she also used similar techniques and Hand of Horror’s “Disorder” to create another fake version of herself to mislead the possible attackers.

In other words, there was still a layer of illusion hidden under her Psychological Invisibility.

And the facts proved that Audrey's understanding of the enemy was correct. The fake version of her had indeed encountered a sudden attack.

Taking this opportunity, she retreated into the depths of the fog.

Then, a grayish-white dragon that was still in human form appeared. It had mysterious and three-dimensional symbols engraved on its huge scales. They were infiltrating inwards and extending outwards, as though they were interweaving into something indescribable. Something that didn't belong to reality would cause one's mind to go into a frenzy and distort their thoughts just by looking at it.

At the same time, a figure dressed in a Feysac general's attire appeared at the spot where Audrey was standing. His face, neck, and palm were covered in silver armor, giving off a cold feeling.

…

Enuni and Klein's shadows landed on a platform covered in orange light. The three Silver Knights retreated and returned to Derrick's and Klein's side.

Klein raised his hand to cover his left cheek and laughed at the "shadow" and Enuni.

“It looks like you can’t leave that area.”

He took a few steps forward and spread out his palms. He tsked and said, “What a pity. That way, you won’t be able to hit me.”

Bang!

The “shadow” opened its mouth and released an Air Cannon.

Chapter 1254: Exaggerated

Bang!

When the “shadow” blasted an Air Cannon forward, Klein acted as though he had sensed it ahead of time. His body jerked backward, and he somersaulted in the air, landing steadily several steps away.

During this process, his right hand continued to press down on the half top hat on his head, making him seem rather relaxed.

Seeing that Enuni and the “shadow” didn’t attempt to chase and continue their attacks, the smile on his face became even more obvious.

“It’s really impolite to interrupt others while they’re speaking.

“I wanted to discuss how to deal with you in front of all of you, but I can only avoid that now.”

As he spoke, his left face, which formed from a cluster of transparent maggots, trembled twice, as if he was trying to wink at his former marionette and his former shadow.

Then, with a beaming smile on his face, he walked back to Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia and shrugged.

“The owners of this place aren’t welcoming us. We can only head out and discuss how to resolve the problem—them.”

Colin Iliad didn't think lowly of this exaggerated powerhouse just because he didn't seem capable of controlling his emotions. This was because he had shown his expertise and meticulousness towards detail when handling the previous matters. This wasn't something a demigod who had lost his mind could do.

"Alright." The City of Silver's Chief responded to Klein's suggestion.

Of course, Derrick had no objections, while Lovia remained silent and didn't say a word.

Hence, the four demigods and the Silver Knight marionette retraced their steps. They walked out of the Giant King's Court's door, and Klein even got the silver-armored guard to pull the huge door and slowly close it. It appeared like a very polite gesture.

Throughout the entire process, Enuni, who had layers of black wings on his back, and the pure "shadow" just stood watching. They didn't attempt to stop him, as though an invisible wall had restrained their movements.

After a while, dusk dissipated and darkness descended. All awaited the light of dawn to illuminate everything.

In this quiet and dead world, a ray of light finally rose, bringing with it a long-awaited dawn.

At this moment, Enuni and the "shadow" heard knocking sounds at the door of the Giant King's Court.

Someone was knocking on the door.

Knock, *knock*, *knock*. After this continued a few more times, the door let out a creaking sound as it opened heavily.

Wearing a black trench coat, Klein maintained the smile on the right side of his face as he entered the Giant King's Court first. He walked up the stairs step by step, and the other demigods, along with his marionette, followed one step behind.

After reaching the end of the half-way, Klein stopped and said to Enuni and the "shadow" who were more than ten meters away, "Please forgive me for not waiting for you to say 'come in.' Perhaps it's because this spot is too far from the main door, so you didn't hear my knocking.

"As you know, as a gentleman, I only know how to use my fingers to strike, not slap with my palms."

The moment he finished speaking, Enuni, who hadn't spoken since the beginning, spoke:

"Next, you'll deal with Shadow by yourself and let the people of the City of Silver hold me back."

"Oh?" Klein let out a loud nasal grunt while wearing an exaggerated smile, as though he was waiting for Enuni to give a further explanation.

At the same time, he raised his left hand and pressed his face.

The transparent and twisted maggots began to squirm about, some boring in, others crawling out and quickly completing an exchange.

With a shadow over his face, Enuni, with his black, slightly-curled hair that reached his shoulders, continued in a deep voice, “You didn’t summon a projection from the Historical Void in advance because you know that Shadow can summon the projection of the Staff of the Stars and simulate the powers of the Angel of Time; it will accelerate the flow of time to disperse your angel helpers.

“Similarly, he didn’t make any preparations because of the same reason.

“And if you summon a saint that can last longer, he can do the same. Both of you offset each other.”

“I hate playing cards with myself!” Klein nodded heavily, expressing his agreement and laughed out loud.

Enuni, whose face was blurry, glanced at him and the three demigods of the City of Silver.

“Therefore, you turned the Silver Knight guarding the door into your marionette, planning on using it as a chip to tip the balance.”

“This problem is his, not mine. He actually doesn’t have a target to turn into a marionette. Or perhaps, why don’t you sacrifice yourself?” The corners of Klein’s mouth curled up as he said to his former marionette, Enuni.

Enuni retracted his gaze and turned to examine Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia.

“You and Shadow cancel each other out. The prerequisite for using a marionette to win is that they can hold me back.”

Just as he said that, the two shoulders of the marionette that had been corrupted by the power of the sleeping Dark Angel squirmed as a head grew out of each.

The three heads were covered in shadows and had black curly hair that reached his shoulders. However, they gave people the feeling that one was young and the other old.

Before Klein and the demigods could react, Enuni’s right body suddenly tore apart, causing the “aged” head to take away a third of his body.

The body that split apart rapidly squirmed and instantly became complete. On the shadow over the head’s surface, a pair of eyes protruded with vertical, pale-golden pupils.

Suddenly, the magnificent staircase leading to the ancient god’s residence collapsed, turning into a desolate moor. At the end of the moor was a pitch-black city overgrown with weeds.

City of Silver!

Derrick’s heart tightened upon seeing such a realistic scene. He was worried that the unknown enemy would drag him and the other demigods to the City of Silver and destroy it. As for Lovia, her gaze froze as her body trembled when Enuni grew two heads. It was as if she could sense the aura of an absolute high-leveled entity.

Colin Iliad surveyed his surroundings and crossed his two swords that were covered in the light of dawn before pushing them out. He said in a deep voice, “This is fake.”

At this moment, Klein covered his mouth with his left hand that was made of transparent maggots. He yawned and asked Enuni’s main body with a smile, “Will you be stronger in dreams?

“Or can you cross the boundary and launch an attack?

“Yes, if it were me, I would definitely consider using a dream to lure the enemy into entering my attack range.”

The moment he said that, the desolate moor and the distant castle dissipated at the same time. The magnificent staircase, which was illuminated by the light of dawn, appeared once again.

At this moment, the left side of Enuni’s body tore away. The “young” head had taken away a third of his flesh.

The shadow covering “his” face was quickly replaced by a resplendent golden light. It was as if there were two miniature “suns” in his eyes.

“The Sun?” Klein first voiced out a question before laughing so hard that he couldn’t straighten his back. “Haha, you want to use the ‘Unshadowed Domain’ to break through the Silver Knight’s ‘Light Concealment’? Yes, we have three Silver Knights on our side. That is worthy of your attention, but have you considered the feelings of Shadow? You don’t, you only think of yourself! He’s only a shadow, so have you considered how weakened he would be in the ‘Unshadowed Domain’?”

At this point, Klein laughed even louder. Even the transparent Worms of Spirit crawling on his left face sped up their movements.

“Hahahaha, also, have you thought about the Beyonder powers of Corruption, Degeneration, and Darkness? Have you seriously considered the negative effects that the ‘Unshadowed Domain’ will bring you?”

After laughing, Klein straightened his back and asked seriously, “How should I address you now?

“En’en? U’u? Ni’ni?”

Enuni, whose main body was still covered in shadows, slowly took a deep breath and said, “If you had chosen the Hunter pathway, you would definitely be stronger than you are now…”

Before he could finish his sentence, the layers of black wings on his back suddenly spread out. They kept expanding, covering the sky and wrapped towards the magnificent staircase.

Faint shadows immediately covered the area. Then, Enuni directly crossed the invisible boundary and descended in front of Colin Iliad, Lovia, and Derrick.

He actually had the means to break through the obstruction!

The young him, who had split off as the Sun Saint, immediately raised his arms.

The light of dawn turned blazing hot, illuminating every corner of the magnificent staircase, leaving no shadows. Nothing could hide within.

Unshadowed Domain!

However, the shadows around him didn’t fade. The dark wings that enveloped Enuni’s body blocked out pure sunlight.

As for Shadow, it seemed to be covered in a cloak. Although it was much dimmer, it didn’t show any signs of weakness.

At the same time, Enuni’s split-off aged body pushed out his right palm.

A violent but illusory gust of wind appeared around him, carrying with it an invisible, multi-colored intent that gushed towards Klein and his Silver Knight marionette.

Mind Deprivation!

It could awe the target, make him feel fear, show signs of frenzy, or lose a portion of his rationality.

And now, because Klein’s spirit was incomplete, he was on the brink of losing control. He couldn’t even control his emotions and reactions very well. If he were to suffer the effects of Mind Deprivation, there was a high chance that he would lose control on the spot and break down into a monster.

Enuni understood what had happened to him and understood his weakness. The moment he launched the attack, he allowed the Spectator Saint to use an area-of-effect attack that Klein would find difficult to defend against and find unbearable.

The strong winds that were tainted with all kinds of emotions and will instantly engulfed Klein. However, half of the crazy adventurer, who had half a normal body and half a terrifying body, didn’t show any sign of warped expressions, manifestation of godhood, or physical breakdown. Instead, his exaggerated smiling right eye became extremely calm.

While waiting for the City of Silver’s expedition team, he had already summoned Miss Justice and got her to make up a Virtual Persona that stemmed from his lampooning, Clown-like character, allowing his spirit to become complete for a certain amount of time!

This was the reason why he appeared relatively rational when he left the guard’s residence, only to appear exaggerated and crazy when he rendezvoused with the City of Silver’s expedition team.

Furthermore, this Virtual Persona could also withstand several attacks from the Mind domain.

The coldness in his eyes quickly faded away. The corner of his right lip curled up, becoming symmetrical with a curled Worm of Spirit that was crawling on the left.

This was a sincere smile.

Chapter 1255: Mocking Himself

As the smile of "sincerity" appeared on Klein's face, the face of the Spectator Saint that Enuni had split suddenly cracked open. The silver cracks were all over the place, intertwining with each other, appearing extremely chaotic.

Klein seized the opportunity and used his Silver Knight marionette's silver sword to condense a "Silver Rapier" to attack him!

A sharp light shot out, dicing that figure into countless small pieces.

However, these small blocks were abnormally illusory, with zero corporealness.

The Spectator Saint had used the technique of Psychological Invisibility to create an illusion, concealing his existence!

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh!

Silver beams of light either blazed towards the Spectator Saint that Enuni had split off, or directly leaped out from the target's location, erupting from within.

The Spectator Saint relied on the speed and agility that a powerful body brought. He constantly changed positions and dodged, preventing himself from getting injured.

As he had a precise understanding and control of his psyche and mind, Klein's intuition for danger prevented an image from forming in his mind, so it was difficult for Klein to predict his actions. Therefore, Klein couldn't let the "Silver Rapier" lay in wait and strike out where he appeared.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The huge knight, who was covered in solid silver armor, held his broadsword and charged at his target, as though he could topple a mountain.

Due to the existence of the Unshadowed Domain, Klein's Silver Knight marionette was unable to hide himself using the light. He could only directly attack.

Upon seeing this, the Spectator Saint's body suddenly swelled, turning into a hideous, grayish-white scaled dragon that was covered in shadows, a manifestation of godhood.

The dragon's body was huge; its gray scales firm. Its claws were powerful, and it managed to block the Silver Knight's slash.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! The giant and the giant dragon smashed through the brick rocks of the ancient divine kingdom, causing the palace to collapse. It was a mess.

Klein maintained his exaggerated smile and seriously controlled his marionette to ignore Shadow.

No, he still did some level of interference.

He controlled the Spirit Body Threads of himself, the marionette, the City of Silver's Chief, Lovia, and Little Sun, preventing them from being controlled by Shadow. From time to time, he would reach out his hand and summon the historical projection that Shadow was attempting to summon. This effectively canceled out both parties' efforts.

Apart from that, Klein didn't even glance at Shadow.

Shadow wandered for a while before opening its mouth helplessly and making a "bang" sound.

An Air Cannon shot out and struck the Silver Knight marionette before exploding.

Amidst the rumbling sound, the marionette only shook slightly before returning to normal. The silver armor he wore didn't show a single crack.

"Haha." Upon seeing this scene, Klein laughed out loud, giving off the feeling that he was about to bend over in a fit of laughter.

How could he not be aware of how weak his attacks and defense were?

When the two core skills of controlling Spirit Body Threads and the summoning of the Historical Void projections were rendered ineffective, Shadow, who had no marionettes, could only watch from the side. Be it Air Cannons, Flame Controlling, Illusion Creation, or the Clown's combat ability, they were all just embellishments or support.

Likewise, Klein didn't attack Shadow, because he knew how frustrating it was to deal with Paper Figurine Substitutes, Flaming Jump, Damage Transfer, and Illusion Creation. He knew that there was no way he could deal with the other party in such a short period of time. He might as well let him be a member of the live audience. After all, he couldn't affect the battle.

Upon hearing the mocking laughter, the pitch-black Shadow froze for a moment before pouncing forward. It approached Klein and targeted him with attacks.

On the other side, when Enuni's true form landed in front of the three demigods of the City of Silver, Colin Iliad quickly glanced at Derrick before looking away. He crossed his swords, forming a cross that blocked the path ahead.

While doing this, this City of Silver Chief's clothes tore apart by his rapidly expanding muscles.

In the blink of an eye, Colin Iliad had turned into a giant that was nearly six meters tall. His body was grayish-blue and his muscles were bluish-black. He was a ripped giant.

There was a dark crack on his forehead that seemed to be capable of attracting the souls around him, and his eyes were gone.

Every inch of the giant's skin and flesh contained immense power, infinite mystery, and a strange spiritual influence. It made everyone who witnessed it inevitably feel a sharp pain in their psyche, turning them into a rampaging mess that wanted to destroy everything, including themselves.

Inside the "Unshadowed Domain," Colin Iliad didn't need to worry that the divine kingdom's suppression would prevent him from controlling this incomplete Mythical Creature form, causing him to completely lose control.

The invisible barrier around him immediately shrank, turning into silver, sticky, liquid metal that covered his entire body and solidified into an armor that couldn't be shaken.

At that moment, the shadow on Enuni's body condensed into something corporeal. It made him turn into a "giant" that was several meters tall. He held a black greatsword and wore black full-body armor.

Black Knight!

Clang!

The black great sword cleaved straight down and was held back in midair by two swords formed from the light of dawn.

The shadow beneath Enuni's feet and the illusory black wings on his back extended outwards in an attempt to envelop Colin Iliad.

Almost at the same time, rays of the light of dawn formed around Colin as they swept forward.

The storm that was filled with pure fragments of light swallowed Enuni's shadow, only to be blocked by his black wings.

Clang! Clang! Clang! Bang! Bang! Bang!

Colin Iliad's Silver Knight manifestation Enuni's Black Knight transformation clashed violently, producing a spectacular light show as the tower collapsed.

As for Derrick, he leaped out with Thunder God’s Roar in hand after receiving the Chief’s signal, heading straight for the Sun Saint.

Amidst the howling winds, he brandished the ghostly blue hammer that was wrapped in lightning. He appeared like a Sailor of the Storm pathway, not a Beyonder of the Sun domain.

The Sun Saint never expected that the Unshadowed opposite him would be so rash that he chose to engage in close combat. Unable to react in time, he could only use his instincts to dodge to the side.

With a loud crack, a silvery-white light burst out from the place he was about to step in. It quickly engulfed him and tore his body apart.

The Silver Knight evil spirit that Lovia “Grazed” also targeted the Sun Saint as it unleashed its attacks.

A golden glow surged out of the Sun Saint’s body like a tidal wave, melting the silvery-white light, forming a layer of armor made of light, and a huge mace.

Boom!

The mace blocked Thunder God’s Roar, causing the snaking bolts and light to fly everywhere.

At the same time, the Sun Saint’s body emitted a warm glow that caused the Silver Knight evil spirit to suddenly turn illusory as if it was evaporating. It caused the black-armored Lovia’s body to pale. The degenerate aura quickly dissipated, causing the Silver

Knight marionette to weaken greatly.

Purification!

This was the core power of an Unshadowed. It was extremely effective against wraiths, the fallen, and the unclean!

Faced with the “Purification,” Lovia could only summon her Silver Knight evil spirit back and not let it out to “Graze.” She could only use the corresponding Beyonder powers to make up for her weakness.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

Silver beams of light occasionally “Blinked,” flying at high speeds, forcing the Sun Saint to block and duck to protect himself.

After taking a glance, Derrick stopped brandishing Thunder God’s Roar again, nor did he pester the Sun Saint any further. He took a few steps back and cast his gaze towards the battle between the black greatsword and the double swords of dawn. He then joined the battle between Colin Iliad and Enuni.

His expression turned solemn as he spread his arms wide, as though he was hugging a gift from a deity.

The “Unshadowed Domain” immediately became even brighter, as though sunlight had penetrated through the barrier and shone in.

Right on the heels of that, a ball of pure light surrounded by countless holy flames descended out of thin air. It enveloped Colin Iliad and Enuni without any regard whether they were friend or foe.

Flaring Sun!

“Flaring Sun” of an Unshadowed!

This was the theurgical spell that Klein had used to kill Megose and the fetus in her womb. It caused tremendous damage to creatures in the domain of Corruption, Degeneration, and Undying. It could even directly destroy them.

In the holy spherical light that was surrounded by holy flames, the illusory black wings on Enuni’s back began to emit a faint mist. The pitch-black armor covering his body melted and part of his body cracked open, igniting his leaking degenerated aura.

Colin Iliad was also injured. The silver armor on his body turned into liquid metal.

Derrick didn’t pay much attention to this. He once again used “Flaring Sun” and once again enveloped Enuni and Colin Iliad.

He believed that compared to the enemy who was of the Degeneration and Corruption domain, the Chief who was of the Warrior pathway would suffer a lot less damage under the assault of “Flaring Sun.” He was able to last much longer.

And after dealing with the main enemy, he could get Mr. World to summon Life’s Cane to treat the Chief.

This was the fastest way to deal with Enuni!

This wasn’t something that Derrick had come up with himself, nor was it part of the plan that Klein had come up with. It was something that Colin Iliad had suggested himself.

Previously, when they were discussing outside the door, Klein had only introduced Enuni and the Shadow’s possible abilities. He didn’t come up with any proposals and had left it to the City of Silver’s Chief to decide on the battle plan.

This was because he knew that Shadow understood him very well. He could think of anything he could think of. If it was based on his own train of thought, it would be easy to resolve. Therefore, trusting an experienced former Demon Hunter was the best solution under the present circumstances.

Colin Iliad didn’t stand on ceremony. He confirmed that the main target they needed to deal with was Enuni, who had been corrupted by the Dark Angel. He formulated a plan around this key point and came up with a plan to clinch victory through internecine means.

He wasn’t afraid of being hurt. He was only worried that there wouldn’t be an opportunity such as this.

The spherical light that was surrounded by infinite holy flames blasted down, illuminating the surrounding area. It made Klein’s “shadow” dim significantly, making Enuni’s black wings become fainter and fainter, almost to the point of an illusion.

But at this moment, a pair of black wings suddenly separated from Enuni and transformed into a deep “sea.”

Chapter 1256: I Have Something You Don't

The deep "sea" swallowed the bright spherical light, darkening the entire "Unshadowed Domain."

Silver bolts of lightning burst out from its interior, turning the area where Enuni and Colin Iliad were fighting into a forest of lightning.

Amidst the sizzling sounds, countless bolts of lightning slithered upwards and drilled into the gaps in the armor.

This Silver Knight, who had shown his incomplete Mythical Creature form, immediately turned stiff, as though he was paralyzed by lightning. As for Enuni, his black armor, which seemed to be formed from powers of "Degeneration," had completely absorbed the lightning, preventing his body from being affected by the rippling damage.

Taking advantage of this opportunity, Enuni, who had pitch-black fragments peeling off from him, held the dark greatsword with both hands and slashed at an angle. And at this moment, Colin Iliad hadn't completely escaped from his paralyzed state.

With a piercing stabbing sound, a deep crack appeared on his left shoulder. The sturdy silver armor seemed to lose its defense as it was cleaved open by the great sword.

This was a Black Knight's "Cull of Spiritual Flesh." Not only could it corrode flesh and blood, it could obliterate souls and cleave through barriers. It could also cause any living creature with degenerate thoughts to lose their defenses. It was a core Beyonder power belonging to the Black Knight, stemming from the “Degeneration” domain.

Seeing that the “Cull of Spiritual Flesh” had sliced open the silver armor on Colin Iliad’s left shoulder, with the crack quickly deepening as it went straight for the heart, Derrick tensed up and immediately condensed a spear made up of pure sunlight. He swung back his hand and threw it towards Enuni.

Unshadowed Spear!

Enuni didn’t abandon his attack or dodge. Instead, he raised his remnant illusory black wings and used them to shield himself.

Sizzle!

The “Unshadowed Spear” pierced through two layers of the illusory black wings, bursting out a blinding white light that seemed to give rise to a miniature “sun.”

At the same time, Colin’s entire body melted, turning into a pool of silver liquid metal.

The liquid flowed rapidly, reforming the body of Colin Iliad in the distance. He still resembled a giant, and he was still wearing silver armor. However, half of the City of Silver’s left shoulder and arm had fallen to the ground. The incision was clean with no blood flowing out.

With the use of “Mercury Liquefaction,” Colin Iliad sacrificed an arm to avoid Enuni’s lethal blow.

His gaze behind his visor didn’t waver at all. He grabbed the remaining sword of dawn and ran towards his target once again. It was like an unusually terrifying steam locomotive that exceeded its speed limit.

Derrick quickly condensed his “Unshadowed Spear” again from the side, causing the spears of light to fly towards Enuni.

During this process, he opened his mouth and solemnly said, “God says that the purification is effective.”

This was the Beyonder powers of a Notary at the Unshadowed level.

Its compatibility with the Unshadowed Domain created by the Sun Saint made the battlefield brighten even more, causing the degenerate auras on Enuni and Lovia to further weaken.

“God said it’s ineffective!” The Sun Saint immediately denied Derrick’s “proclamation,” causing the Unshadowed Domain’s purification effect to return to its former state.

Amidst the crackling sounds, the “Unshadowed Spear” approached Enuni. As for the black illusory wings on the Black Knight back, a few pairs had already faded under the miniature sun’s illumination. He only had half left.

Enuni couldn’t effectively dodge the pure, bright long spears closing in on him since his hands were full fending off Colin Iliad. He made a pair of illusory black wings spread out fully, disintegrating into “darkness.”

As soon as the “Unshadowed Spears” came into contact with the “darkness,” they were stained with a layer of thick, sticky, blackness. They either instantly corroded and broke, piercing the magnificent staircase, or left a curved arc in the air as it spun around and tore at Derrick Berg.

All of them degenerated at that very moment.

Upon seeing this, Derrick followed his battle instinct that he had honed from all his years of training and his patrolling and exploring experience. He jumped forward and rolled.

Sizzle!

Black spears landed behind him, corroding a large segment of the staircase.

At this moment, the Sun Saint was also throwing “Unshadowed Spears,” creating pure white beams that shot across the air. This forced Lovia to use one of her “Grazed” souls to constantly “Blink” in an attempt to approach the enemy.

To her dismay, she could only use the ability of one soul at a time in such a state. She couldn’t “Blink” while condensing “Silver Rapier” to cull the Sun Saint from a distance to create an opportunity for herself.

Meanwhile, the battle between Klein and his “shadow” was exceptionally intense. Amidst the booming sounds of Air Cannons, the flaring of scarlet flames, pieces of paper scattering in all directions, and illusions turned into bubbles described the battle.

The Silver Knight marionette had basically suppressed the Spectator Saint. After all, no matter how strong the mind dragon's body was, it wasn't a match for a demigod of the Giant pathway when in close combat.

Of course, the Spectator Saint wasn't in any danger. After all, he had revealed an incomplete Mythical Creature form. If it wasn't for the fact that his opponent was only a marionette, and Klein had already digested the Sequence 3 potion and seen many high-level creatures, he could use his exposed godhood to interfere with his opponent's thoughts, slowly driving him crazy and losing his rationality.

Without the advantage of the godhood's influence, the Spectator Saint could only use the Hypnotist's "Battle Hypnotism" to force the target to act erratically, such as attacking in the wrong direction. Using this opportunity, he escaped from the melee battle and entered a "Psychological Invisibility" state again in an attempt to perform a sneak attack on Klein.

A Hypnotist's "Battle Hypnotism" could forcefully hypnotize the enemy during battle, making him do all sorts of erratic actions. However, such actions couldn't directly cause harm to the victim, and it couldn't be maintained for too long, as the target would quickly wake up.

Of course, the "Battle Hypnotism" target of the Spectator Saint was definitely not the Silver Knight marionette. This was because it was essentially a dead person. This made it immune to all psychological effects. The target of his interference was the thoughts Klein transmitted through the Spirit Body Threads, targeting them so that the information the marionette received would be erroneous. As such, it would act differently from what Klein wanted.

This was actually a psyche interference, and not a psyche hypnosis. The effects were undoubtedly not as effective as the original version, but not every saint of the Spectator pathway could grasp such an effect. It was a result of digging deep into one's Beyonder powers and experimenting.

To the Spectator Saint, there was nothing he could do about this. This was because, be it "Mind Deprivation," "Mind Storm," or "Mind Breath," none of them were effective on a marionette.

The grayish-white dragon that had its head covered in shadows had tried to close the distance with Klein several times, or to use its area-of-effect Beyonder powers, but it was stopped by the Silver Knight marionette. It kept being forced to dodge the "Silver Rapier" which could erupt within its body.

As Klein controlled his marionette, he distanced himself from the Spectator Saint and dealt with his "shadow." It wasn't too easy, but it wasn't too much of a burden.

Suddenly, his spiritual perception was triggered as he entered a state of clarity unique to instances when his dream or mind secretly intruded.

With his lucidity, Klein allowed a portion of his consciousness to rise to the sky and look down at his island of consciousness.

Then, he saw Enuni, the one who looked aged with a face covered in shadows, walk out of the boundless sea of collective subconscious, opening the door to his Body of Heart and Mind.

This Spectator Saint didn't attempt to change the island of consciousness in Klein's mind. All he did was produce a dark spherical light which had tentacles growing out of it. He turned it into a "seed" that was hard to discover before letting it sink into the ground.

A Mental Plague seed!

Without any hesitation, Klein immediately switched locations with the Silver Knight marionette, preventing the Mental Plague seed from landing in his island of consciousness.

The Spectator Saint noticed this change. Not only was he not disappointed, he even revealed a smile.

This was because he had long used Virtual Persona to secretly plant the Mental Plague seeds on the still island of the Silver Knight marionette. Although this couldn't affect the marionette, it could unknowingly corrupt the enemy who swapped positions with the marionette and other targets in the surrounding areas.

This was a kind of corruption and infection that targeted the island of consciousness and the psyche. It wasn't a direct attack, so it was difficult to use Virtual Persona to offset it.

When the time came, the problem that Klein had temporarily concealed with Virtual Persona would completely erupt. He would quickly plunge into a passage for losing control, entering an irreversible situation!

Shadow was no stranger to such situations, as Hvin Rambis had used such a method before.

As he secretly laughed at Klein for becoming crazy, reckless, arrogant, and acting like a clown, one who had forgotten lessons of the past, he snapped his fingers, summoning a scarlet flame. He then used it to jump over, embroiling himself with Klein.

Another round of paper shreds flew in all directions as the intense battle destroyed the afterimages.

After a short while, Klein suddenly stopped. He raised his left hand that was wrapped with transparent maggots and covered his left face.

“Hahaha, hahaha.” He let out a maniacal laugh, controlling the Spirit Body Threads around him like a madman, no longer distinguishing between friend and foe.

On his right cheek, pale meat tendrils protruded out, as if they were Worms of Spirit that were about to bore out.

When Shadow saw that Klein had gone crazy and was about to lose control, he was worried that he would be infected by the “Mental Plague.” He hurriedly made a scarlet flame rise up and swallow himself.

In the distance, his figure emerged from the flames that had yet to extinguish.

At this moment, the Silver Knight marionette would occasionally launch an attack and occasionally do a twitching dance. It was obvious that it wasn’t under normal control.

He no longer had the strength to stop the mind dragon manifested by the Spectator Saint. He allowed the other party to spread out his wings and fly into the air above Klein. He was prepared to use “Mind Breath.”

The Spectator Saint didn’t want to give his enemy who was infected by the “Mental Plague” a chance to breathe. He wanted him to immediately lose control!

Suddenly, this mind dragon’s actions became sluggish, as if every joint was injected with glue.

In the next second, a silvery-white beam erupted from his body, splitting his flesh and blood, tearing apart his Spirit Body.

With his back bent, the laughing Klein slowly straightened his body calmly. He released the palm covering his left cheek, and he smiled at Shadow in the distance.

Behind him, wave after wave of silvery-white beams tore apart the mind dragon, turning it into pieces of pitch-black flesh. They fell to the ground, and the knight marionette in silver armor retracted his broadsword and looked coldly at Shadow.

Looking at the slightly lost Shadow, the few Worms of Spirit on his left face curled up and stimulated the curved corners of a smile.

“You haven’t seemed to have noticed that I have something that you don’t.”

Chapter 1257: Too Weak

As he spoke, Klein raised his right hand.

A piece of pitch-black and filthy flesh had appeared in his palm at some point in time. It contained an indescribable aspect of madness.

“The answer is: The Hanged Man’s corruption,” Klein said to Shadow with a smile.

The thing that he had that Shadow didn’t was the corruption left behind by the True Creator. This was an influence that even the power of Sefirah Castle couldn’t dissipate for the time being!

And one thing he was certain of was that, before he met Dark Angel Sasrir, the True Creator wouldn’t easily allow him to lose control or die.

Therefore, he deliberately allowed corrupted parts of his body to be infected by Mental Plague, pretending that he had lost control. Then, he pretended to be controlling Spirit Body Threads in an aimless manner so as to cover up the fact that the target was actually the Spectator Saint. When the opponent launched a further attack, he successfully entered a sluggish state, creating an opportunity for the Silver Knight marionette.

As he expected, the corrupted parts of him wrapped around the seeds of the Mental Plague, preventing the negative effects from erupting.

During this process, Shadow had distanced herself from Klein because of his concern about the effects of Mental Plague. This made him fail to notice the abnormality of the Spectator Saint's Spirit Body Threads.

How could Klein not know how careful and cautious he was?

Of course, Klein couldn't predict the kind of changes the corruption would bring when he met Dark Angel Sasrir. Would the Mental Plague that had been suppressed leak out and cause certain effects? All he could do was resolve the problems at hand.

Upon hearing his words, the pure Shadow suddenly burst into a scarlet flame that instantly engulfed him.

At the edge of the Unshadowed Domain, near the place where the Giant King resided, a wisp of fire rapidly rose up as Shadow appeared.

He didn't hesitate to escape. He ran towards the palace which acted as the resting chamber for the slumbering Dark Angel, completely ignoring Enuni and the Sun Saint!

When Klein, who was using his Virtual Persona, saw this scene, he was stunned. He couldn't help but smile with the Worm of Spirit and shake his head.

I'm actually that timid?

He suspected that Shadow, which splintered off from him, had taken away most of his caution and carefulness, leaving behind more of his impulsiveness and recklessness.

Pa!

A silvery-white beam lit up and smote the scarlet flames that descended outside of the Unshadowed Domain, shattering the pitch-black Shadow that had just appeared.

Klein hadn't wasted time muttering to himself. He had long controlled the Silver Knight marionette, then according to the distribution of the flames and his habits, he predicted the next few areas that Shadow would jump to. Then, he condensed "Silver Rapier" ahead of time and smote down the moment the flames descended.

"Unshadowed Domain" didn't have a barrier in the physical sense. Anyone could leave or exert influence on the outside world.

However, the torn-up Shadow eventually turned into thin pieces of paper and quickly disappeared.

Another few burning scarlet flames descended, and the black Shadow used them to jump, moving closer to the open door of the Giant King's residence. The silvery-white light that subsequently tore him apart had only managed to take down his Paper Figurine Substitutes—from Sequence 5, Beyonders of the Warrior pathway had the ability to see through illusions. Without the aid of "Psychology Invisibility," "Paper Figurine Substitutes" were obviously more useful than "Illusion Creation." It was only a situation when two Seers were in combat that scenes of shredded pieces and illusions would occur.

In just two or three seconds, scarlet flaming columns rose outside the Giant King's residence, as though they were releasing fireworks to welcome a guest.

In the next moment, Shadow jumped into one of the flames and hid in the area where the Dark Angel lay in slumber.

But at that moment, a figure quickly appeared in front of the scarlet flaming columns.

He wore a black long trench coat and a half top hat. His right face was normal, and his left face was formed from transparent and twisted maggots. It was none other than Klein's true body.

The corners of his mouth curled up once again as he snapped his fingers with his right hand.

Pa!

The scarlet flaming columns were extinguished as the black Shadow was forced to appear, returning to the staircase that was covered with the light of dawn.

Flame Controlling!

The reason why Klein could rush outside the Giant King's palace to intercept Shadow ahead of time was because, after Shadow decisively fled, he was no longer able to affect his summoning of items from the Historical Void. He easily took out Creeping Hunger and switched to the Traveler's soul.

"It isn't a good thing to be too careful," Klein said to Shadow, doing so with a smile on his face. As he bent his knees, he arched his back.

As he bent over, his figure suddenly became the knight in silver armor.

The knight stabbed his broadsword into the ground and created an invisible barrier, sealing off the door to the Dark Angel’s resting ground.

At that moment, Klein swapped positions with his Silver Knight marionette. He gave Shadow the impression that he could enter the palace as long as he could destroy the Guardian’s barrier.

Of course, his true body interfered with Shadow’s summoning of historical projections and controlling of Spirit Body Threads.

When the tables turned, the battle between the three demigods of the City of Silver, Enuni, and the Sun Saint also changed.

When Colin Iliad once again kept Enuni, who had lost his black armor, busy, Derrick repeated their previous strategy.

At times, he would use “Flaring Sun” as an area-of-effect attack to trade injuries to the Chief for a victory. At other times, he would condense a pure, white “Unshadowed Spear” and engage in precision attacks. This wasn’t used often, because it was easy for Enuni to avoid it, causing Colin Iliad to be accidentally injured.

After three rounds of “Flaring Sun,” Enuni finally reached the end of his rope. He once again spread out the last two pairs of illusory black wings, turning it into a pitch-black sea that devoured all light. He then drowned out Colin Iliad, causing the City of Silver’s Chief’s body to be covered with a layer of thick black liquid. His actions were clearly affected.

Seizing this opportunity, Enuni escaped from the entanglement and avoided the subsequent "Unshadowed Spear." He transformed into a shadow and quickly moved towards the Giant King's residence in an attempt to join forces with Shadow to break through the barrier.

At that moment, a silvery-white beam burst out from his body, ripping him into blobs of dark red flesh!

This sudden surgical strike came from Lovia.

This six-member council Elder had actually given up on dodging the attacks of the Sun Saint. At the instant Enuni was about to escape the battlefield, she decisively switched the Grazed soul to the Silver Knight evil spirit, dyeing her black armor silver.

Sizzle!

The dazzling white and pure "Unshadowed Spear" hit the lady, causing her to shrink slightly and the blazing sun to completely devour her.

The blobs of flesh in Enuni's body remained sentient. They quickly gathered together in an attempt to rebuild the body.

However, at this moment, the black sticky liquid restricting the movement of Colin Iliad exploded with specks of light. They turned into a storm and tore through the obstruction, allowing the silver armor to resurface.

Right on the heels of that, the gigantified Silver Knight took a step forward and swung the sword of dawn in his hand, allowing the "Hurricane of Light" from before to continue sweeping forward, inundating the blobs of dark red flesh.

A pair of illusory black wings appeared and dissipated, calming the “Hurricane of Light.” However, Derrick’s “Flaring Sun” continued. Holy flames ignited every blob of flesh and drop of blood, melting everything with pure light.

When the Sun Saint saw this scene, he knew that it was impossible for him to escape the fate of being destroyed. He didn’t bother dealing another blow to Lovia and turned around, about to withdraw from his “Unshadowed Domain.”

Suddenly, he heard a voice filled with malice and corruption:

“Slow!”

Lovia struggled to free herself from the remnant powers of “Unshadowed Spear” and “Teleported” to a spot not far from the Sun Saint. Then, she switched the Grazed soul to a Devil and used the Language of Foulness.

At that moment, the black armor on her body had completely shattered. There were many cracks on her purple-patterned black robe, revealing her slowly squirming flesh. Her aura was rather weak.

The “Slow” that wasn’t at the level of a demigod couldn’t affect the Sun Saint for too long. However, this was enough for Colin Iliad. He condensed a “Silver Rapier” and made it “Teleport” to the enemy.

This “Silver Rapier” experienced a random mutation. It directly pierced through the holy armor of the Sun Saint and exploded in his body.

Silver light bloomed as the Sun Saint blasted into countless pieces.

Pa! Pa! Pa! The flesh fell to the ground and vanished in a blink of an eye, as though they had returned to the pages of history.

After the battle ended, the three demigods of the City of Silver immediately approached the Giant King's residence and pincered Shadow.

Shadow leaped and attempted to hide in the fog of history. However, just as he saw the grayish-white fog, he was pressed down by a hand wrapped by transparent maggots.

Neither him nor Klein dashed to the time before the First Epoch, because they knew that the other party would definitely stop them or wait there!

With nowhere to hide, Shadow immediately fell into the encirclement of the three City of Silver demigods. His various powers were also offset by Klein. Even "Flaming Jump" was affected by "Flame Controlling," making it difficult for him to escape his predicament.

More than ten seconds passed. After the paper figurines were torn apart, Shadow finally expended all his substitutes. He was then stabbed in the abdomen by Derrick's "Unshadowed Spear."

A round of blinding white light and a miniature sun exploded. The pitch-black Shadow quickly faded and completely melted.

Klein felt a stabbing pain in his head, and his mind, which was on the verge of losing control, suddenly relaxed.

He instinctively looked to his feet and saw that under the illumination of the light of dawn, a faint black shadow extended out from them.

“Too weak…” Klein bent his back slightly and couldn’t help but mock himself. After all, without the powers of a Scholar of Yore, without a marionette, and without the ability to control Spirit Body Threads, a Seer was relatively weak against other demigods of the same Sequence.

His spirit had been restored to its original state, but he had yet to remove the Virtual Persona. Furthermore, he had no intention of immediately summoning Miss Justice’s historical projection to do this. As he had been corrupted by the Dark Angel, Enuni had shown the characteristics of the Sun, Spectator, Storm, and Secrets Suppliant pathways. If he wanted to enter the Giant King’s residence, he had to be wary of psychological influences. Virtual Persona was a very good defensive measure.

At that moment, the transparent maggots on the left side of Klein’s body quickly settled down, returning to his flesh and skin. However, due to the crazy effects of his Virtual Persona, there was still a translucent layer on the surface, allowing people to see the Worms of Spirit hidden underneath.

When Derrick, Lovia, and the others cast their gazes on him, Klein straightened his back and reached out to grab Life’s Cane. He pointed at the open door of the Giant King’s residence and laughed.

“Make every second count. The Dark Angel is waiting for us inside.”

Chapter 1258: Tremendous Changes

Although Klein was urging them on the surface, he actually threw Life's Cane to the bottom of the magnificent staircase and threw it at Lovia, allowing her to treat herself and Colin Iliad's injuries.

As a former Rose Bishop, Lovia was the least afraid of the negative effects of Life's Cane. Regardless of the changes in her body, as long as it didn't involve the spirit, she could treat them.

At the same time, Derrick quickly ran towards the collapsed battlefield in the middle of the stairs, picking up the severed arm of the Chief.

As long as a broken limb wasn't lost, Life's Cane could heal the injuries, restoring it anew!

With an exaggerated smile, Klein nodded at Colin Iliad and leaped into the fog of history. He dashed to a time before the First Epoch and hid in a fragment of light.

Then, with a thought, he returned to Sefirah Castle and sat at the seat belonging to The Fool. With the help of the crimson star corresponding to The Fool which was constantly contracting and expanding, he checked the situation inside the Giant King's residence.

However, under his "true vision," there was a deep darkness inside, indistinct and indiscernible.

As expected of the left hand of God. the deputy of Heaven, a King of

Angels that is suspected to be related to the Chaos Sea… Klein sighed silently as he frowned slightly.

He now suspected that, even if Little Sun entered the palace and prayed inside, it would be difficult for him to see the exact situation through the darkness. Unless he became an angel and truly gained ownership over Sefirah Castle.

In addition, Klein's spiritual intuition told him that there were still many unknown effects hidden in the slumbering grounds of the Dark Angel. He definitely couldn't be careless.

He immediately reined in his thoughts and observed the situation around him. He searched for high-level existences like Adam and Amon, but he didn't find anything unusual.

After letting out a breath, Klein hurriedly shattered the Miracle Invoker Beyonder characteristic that he had separated from the "curtain." He made the parts consisting of Sequence 9 to Sequence 3 gather together, making the Sequence 2 portion pure.

Then, he returned to the historical fragment and was once again affected by Virtual Persona, becoming more like a clown.

In the next second, he left the grayish-white fog and reappeared in front of the door that opened into the residence of the Giant King.

The Silver Knight marionette that had inserted the sword into the ground and created an invisible barrier immediately stood up.

At this moment, the severed arm of Colin Iliad had already been reattached. Lovia had also recovered from her injuries. However, at some point in time, a few golden wheat heads grew from the back of her head and swayed.

They walked to the door together with Derrick and returned Life's Cane to Klein.

After receiving it, he shook it and stopped maintaining the projection, making it vanish into thin air.

Right on the heels of that, he made a grab with his right hand, intending to summon the Historical Void projection of Miss Messenger when she was in perfect condition.

At this moment, Colin Iliad suddenly asked, "You plan on summoning that angel?"

"It's not necessarily that one. I have too many choices." Klein spoke the truth in a slightly exaggerated tone.

Colin had already dispelled his giant state and regained his original height of more than two meters. After all, maintaining an incomplete Mythical Creature form was still a huge burden to him.

At that moment, he was wearing a silver armor he conjured. He held two swords that had returned to their normal sizes and said calmly, "That corrupted monster showed the characteristics of degenerating living creatures. The place where the Dark Angel sleeps should have similar effects."

What the Chief means is that the Angel Projection that Mr. World summons might rebel after entering the residence of the Giant

King? And a fallen angel—even a projection—is easily able to make us pay a heavy price… Derrick easily understood what the Chief meant.

On the other side, the flesh on Lovia's head was squirming as she enveloped the few wheat heads and fused them with herself.

"Makes sense." Klein smiled and nodded, gently snapping his fingers.

Then, he dragged out an ordinary raven from the fog of history, allowing it to fly past the open door and enter the dark interior.

When the raven's figure was swallowed by the dark environment, Klein's eyebrows moved slightly. He turned his head and smiled at the City of Silver Chief.

"I've lost contact."

Colin Iliad replied without any surprise, "That's a King of Angels for you."

Klein couldn't control the corners of his mouth from curling up. To him, this was a rather troublesome matter. It meant that he couldn't summon a historical projection to enter in his stead.

The fact that his shadow had been sliced off also proved this point.

"Alright." As if stretching his wrists, he waved his hands a few times and took out a black staff with many gems embedded in it.

0-62, Staff of the Stars!

He could only try to see if the Sealed Artifact projection and a marionette would degenerate and betray him.

After all of them were prepared, Colin Iliad, Lovia, and Derrick simultaneously cast their gazes towards the darkness behind the open door.

Using the Staff of the Stars in his hand, Klein pointed ahead and said with an obvious smile, “This is going to be a dangerous journey. Everyone has a chance of dying. For you, and for me.”

With that said, he pressed down on his top hat and followed behind the Silver Knight marionette. Passing through the open door, he entered deep darkness.

Colin Iliad, Lovia, and Derrick didn’t speak. They walked forward in silence and determination.

…

Backlund, in the battlefield outside the city.

Using Lie to adjust her “Dragon Transformation” appearance, Audrey and the demigod in Feysacian military uniform, who wore a mask and gloves, engaged in a fierce battle.

The other party’s impregnable defense, the broadsword that had been condensed from the light of dawn, the rapier’s ability to hide and teleport, left a deep impression on her.

If not for the fact that she knew that the upper echelons of Feysac and Intis were mostly Silver Knights, Demon Hunters, Iron-blooded Knights, War Bishops, Unshadowed, Justice Mentors, Alchemists, and Arcane Scholars, and had gathered intelligence in advance at the Tarot Club and did some homework, Audrey, who lacked individual combat experience, would have long been defeated.

Relying on her accumulated experience in this aspect, she managed to withstand the initial attacks and finally composed herself. Relying on "Battle Hypnotism," "Mind Deprivation," "Mind Breath," and "Mind Storm," she slowly turned the situation around and escaped her predicament.

Of course, the most important thing was that the godhood brought about by "Dragon Transformation" had interfered with the Silver Knight's mind and thoughts. Furthermore, it allowed Audrey to possess a body that could withstand damage, as well as providing a power that could withstand attacks. Otherwise, she would've sustained injuries from barely being able to hold on.

And as a Sequence 3 saint of the Warrior pathway, this Feysacian general had a strong will and uniqueness that was unaffected by illusions. He was able to effectively resist the effects of the mind and reduce the negative effects he received. Therefore, he still held the upper hand and used "Light Concealment" and "Silver Rapier" to suppress Audrey in an attempt to create an opportunity to defeat the enemy.

Audrey was very calm about this. This was because, while fighting, she had already created a Virtual Persona. She had diverted her attention to the surrounding environment and had scattered many "Mental Plague" seeds.

It wouldn't be long before the Feysac general was silently infected!

At this moment, red flaming spears shot over from the allied forces' base, blotting out the sky with their denseness.

The Silver Knight didn't dodge; instead, he took a step forward and swung his sword of dawn, keeping Audrey fixed to the ground.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh!

The burning spears pummeled down one after another, blanketing the two demigods.

Audrey's face could not help but distort. Charred marks covered her grayish-white scales of her "Dragon Transformation" body. As for the Silver Knight's armor, it was still glowing with silver light. It didn't suffer much of an impact.

Compared to a "giant" who specialized in defense, a dragon's ability to withstand blows was obviously much weaker.

Only at this point did Audrey realize that she was participating in a war, not in a solo battle.

When another wave of flaming spears was about to hit them, there seemed to be a commotion within the allied forces' base, and there was a collapse to a certain degree.

At that moment, the thick fog that enveloped the entire battlefield vanished, as though it had never existed.

Audrey and the Feysac general stopped fighting at the same time, finding themselves abnormally weak. They even found it difficult to raise their arms.

She saw that, behind the allied forces' base, at the edge of the boundless plains, an orange-red ray of light rushed over, instantly covering half of the sky, blocking out the sun.

The area around Backlund instantly turned into dusk!

The thick darkness appeared on another side of the sky and very quickly collided with the orange sunset.

All the soldiers and officers on the battlefield fell to the ground and fell into a deep sleep.

…

In Backlund City, outside Saint Hierländ Cathedral.

Leonard, who was wearing a red glove, looked up at the half-dark, half-dusk sky.

His throat let out a silent sigh as he cast his gaze at the entrance of the Saint Hierländ Cathedral.

The brown-haired Ikanser Bernard and the other members of the Machinery Hivemind stood there, staring blankly at the sky.

Just a few months ago, they enjoyed a deep level of cooperation with Leonard's Red Gloves team. Together, they dealt with the evil forces in Backlund, searching for the secret organization that believed in The Fool, the one that used tarot cards as a codename.

…

At the bell tower of the Cathedral of Waves, the City of Generosity, Bayam.

Danitz watched the Resistance enter the city and take over many places. Finally, he heaved a sigh of relief and turned to Alger.

“Look, they’re very popular in most places in this city.”

Alger’s gaze followed the slightly dark-skinned natives as he didn’t respond to Danitz.

Danitz felt very relaxed as he chuckled and said, “I never expected that we would meet again in such a situation.”

Alger looked up and was just about to say something when he suddenly felt something. He cast his gaze towards the northwestern sky.

The place he was looking at instantly darkened. Layers of dark clouds formed and countless silver bolts of lightning snaked out.

Many deep blue waves surged up and were swept up by the wind. They rushed towards the clouds and connected to the sea.

Wherever the sea and the sky intersected, beams of light lit up. They weren’t resplendent or clear, without any colors. They seemed to be formed from countless illusory objects.

Chapter 1259: Slumbering Grounds

In a battlefield near the capital, Lenburg.

The balls of compressed scarlet fireballs flew past the corpses, weapons, blood, and smoke, under the guidance of a flaming spear. They landed in the areas that were built with simple construction work, creating a series of explosions.

As he watched the smoke rise and the flames spread, Anderson flung the dust in his hands and turned to the deputy beside him with a smile.

“I wonder how much longer this will last... Any last words? I can help you write a will.”

As he had wished, he saw the angry looks of the “militia” around him. Their thoughts were uniform.

However, the “militia” didn’t attack. The glint in their eyes slowly settled as they cast their gaze in another direction.

“You actually didn’t respond to my provocation.” Anderson pricked up his brows. “This means that you’re planning something.”

Without waiting for the deputy and the “militia” to respond, the Hunter smiled and continued, “Y’all are planning on surrendering, right? Are you trying to protect your family and friends?”

Seeing gazes sweep over, Anderson tsked and shook his head.

“You haven’t become Beyonders for long. It’s only through the war that you obtained the main potion ingredients from the enemy. Only then did you become Hunters, Provokers, and Pyromaniacs. However, when it comes to plotting conspiracies, y’all are still too inexperienced.

“I’m very curious. Why don’t you try to convince me to surrender together? I don’t think I project the image of being very firm usually. Besides, I’m not a believer of the God of Knowledge and Wisdom.”

Having said that, Anderson looked thoughtfully at his deputy.

“Is it because the enemy’s brass is totally furious at me? They gave the order not to accept my surrender?”

The deputy remained silent for a few seconds before saying, “Since you already know, why are you asking?”

With a swoosh, the nearby militia raised their right hands and aimed their palms at Anderson, appearing to have come to a collective understanding.

“If I don’t ask, how can I be sure what everyone’s thinking?” Anderson said with a smile without panicking.

He rubbed his stomach with his left hand and placed his right hand into his pocket. It was unknown what he was looking for.

At that moment, the sun in the sky suddenly expanded and became extremely huge. The blazing golden sun made Anderson and company unable to open their eyes. They found it difficult to think any further.

Immediately following that, an illusory tower appeared. Every level was made up of thick books. Each book had a brass eye on it. The higher one looked, the darker it became. It was filled with the aura of insanity, destruction, inauspiciousness, and disaster.

The tower extended into the sky, as though it had encompassed the entire world within itself, including the gigantic sun.

...

Backlund, within the Odora family's luxurious villa.

All the Sanguine in the city had gathered here to prepare for the impending outcome of the war.

Emlyn White, who had become an Earl, had his hands in his pockets. He stood by the window, bathed in the mixed light of dusk and night as he watched members of his fellow race discuss the current affairs uneasily.

Suddenly, his spiritual perception was triggered as he cast his gaze out the window.

In the garden, a bunch of withered grass was dyed green once again. They rapidly grew and soon, they reached the height of a person.

In other places in the city, some of the streetside trees that had not been affected by the previous bombardment were wildly absorbing nutrients from unknown sources. One by one, they rose up and soon grew to tens of meters tall. The branches were thick and the leaves were like umbrellas.

These towering trees were connected to one another, covering half of the sky in Backlund.

Many buildings were crushed, or they were entangled by the branches and vines. It was as if they had been abandoned for more than a century.

In just seven or eight seconds, many places in Backlund had become a primeval forest.

…

After passing through the open door and entering the dark interior of the Giant King's residence, Klein immediately observed the Silver Knight marionette in front of him, the Staff of the Stars in his right hand and Creeping Hunger on his left hand.

They didn't show any abnormalities for the time being. The corresponding Spirit Body Threads didn't show any signs of degeneration.

After confirming the situation in this area, Klein cast his gaze around and observed his surroundings.

The place was enveloped by thick corporeal darkness. They couldn't see further than five meters away. The ground was paved with grayish-white bricks that looked like they were pieces of a frozen sunset. They didn't reveal anything extraordinary.

After some thought, the corners of Klein's mouth curled up. He reached into the void, grabbed, and attempted to summon an angel.

In the next second, he laughed out loud because he had lost a clear connection with the fog of history.

This was the reason why the Historical Void projection he had summoned to enter had lost contact after entering this region.

Laughing, Klein suddenly turned around and walked back to the area from which he had entered.

"Mr. Wor—Sparrow, what do you want to do?" Derrick, who was also scrutinizing the various restrictions on him, asked in surprise.

Klein replied with a beaming smile, "Now is not the right time to explore this place. I plan to come in again later."

"Are you planning on summoning a Sequence 4 historical projection and try to see if it will degenerate and betray you after you bring it in?" Colin Iliad said after some thought.

Klein spread his left palm and said, "No one set the rule that we can't go out once we enter, or not being able to enter after leaving."

Although in such a situation, Mr. World's words sounded a little strange, Derrick still felt that it made sense. This was because the City of Silver had done the same thing when exploring the surrounding areas. Through repeated acts of “entering” and “exiting,” they gradually accumulated intelligence and details to finally resolve whatever problems they faced.

Lovia didn’t say a word or object. From her point of view, it was undoubtedly a good thing that she could make more preparations.

In an exploration that determined the fate of the City of Silver, they definitely couldn’t be rash.

After taking a few steps back, Klein suddenly stopped and laughed out loud.

“It looks like the owner doesn’t want us to leave.”

The faint light at the door had already been devoured by the deep darkness and disappeared.

Colin Iliad surveyed his surroundings and said, “We can only proceed forward.”

Seeing the Chief and Mr. World turn around at the same time, Derrick took a deep breath and raised his left hand, letting it emit a golden glow that illuminated the surrounding darkness.

This revealed thick columns with indiscernible tops. Some of them had their silhouettes outlined, while others were hidden deep in the depths, barely visible.

Derrick retracted his gaze, preparing to head forward with Mr. World and Chief.

At that moment, he failed to see another familiar figure from the corner of his eye.

Derrick's pupils dilated suddenly. Then, he quickly turned his head to look for Elder Lovia, who had been standing beside him moments ago.

This demigod who believed in the True Creator had disappeared! She had disappeared without a trace!

Derrick's abnormality was noticed by both Klein and Colin Iliad. At the same time, they cast their gazes at the spot and saw that the black-robed Lovia had disappeared without a trace, as though she had evaporated into thin air.

With the spiritual intuition of a Seer and the reconnoiter abilities of a Demon Hunter, they failed to realize when Lovia had gone missing, or how she vanished.

The curl on the corners of Klein's lips grew even wider. Without any hesitation, his mind raced and allowed his Spirit Body to enter the world above the gray fog, combining with the dark red illusion of The Fool.

Right on the heels of that, he cast his gaze towards the crimson star that symbolized The Sun. He hoped to find clues through his "true vision."

However, everything was still obscured by the darkness. Nothing was revealed, just like how Klein predicted before entering the

Giant King's palace.

Without any time to think further, Klein immediately returned to the real world.

In the span of three or two seconds, there was only Derrick and the Silver Knight marionette by his side.

The City of Silver Chief, who was wearing silver armor, had disappeared!

"What just happened?" Klein asked with a warm smile.

Derrick looked at him in shock, confusion, and panic.

"Didn't you see it?"

The moment he finished speaking, the shadow under Derrick suddenly came alive. It rapidly extended upwards and enveloped him and the sunlight he emitted.

After the shadow completely covered Derrick, it fused with the surrounding darkness, no longer separable.

Klein had originally raised his black staff to prevent an anomaly from happening, but in the end, he didn't do anything. All he did was watch with a smile.

After a few seconds, he noticed that his body had turned black and dull, as though he was being melted by the environment.

Similarly, Klein didn’t try to save himself. The corners of his mouth curled up as he watched with a slightly shaking head.

After his figure completely disappeared, his vision changed.

The darkness was gone. The grayish-white stone bricks, the surrounding walls, and the huge pillars appeared clearly. They were covered in a layer of faint shadows.

Outside the window, there was no sun, no moon, and no stars. However, a faint light shone through the window, making the entire palace appear sinister, dark, and cold.

In the deepest part of the palace stood a very faint shadow, resembling curtains.

Lovia, Colin Iliad, and Derrick stood at a distance not far away from him. They carefully observed their surroundings as though they had come to another world.

“Unfortunately, my marionette can’t enter.” Klein waved the Staff of the Stars in his hand and smiled at Derrick and company.

His indifferent attitude and the Chief’s calm and composed manner made Derrick quickly calm down. He no longer allowed his fear and panic to grip him.

Colin Iliad nodded slightly. Just as he was about to share his speculations, he suddenly felt something and turned to look at the deepest part of the palace.

Klein, Derrick, and Lovia did similar actions.

In the deepest depths of the palace, that faint shadow dissipated, revealing a flight of steps meant for giants and an iron-black throne at the top of it.

Sitting on a throne was a man with black, slightly-curly hair that reached his shoulders. His eyes were covered in shadows, and his actual appearance was extremely blurry, preventing others from seeing him clearly. Layers and layers of black wings fell down from behind him, covering most of his body. The robe was black with silver threads embroidering it. They formed complicated patterns and had gorgeous accessories hanging on it.

At that moment, the man had his left elbow on the armrest, holding up one side of his face with his palm as though he was in a deep sleep.

Chapter 1260: Omniscience

Without needing anyone to make the introductions, the four demigods present clearly understood a reality:

The giant-like man who was sleeping on the iron-black throne was the left hand of God, the deputy of Heaven, Dark Angel Sasrir!

Amongst them, Lovia could clearly sense the oppression coming from this absolute high-level existence. It was like the response when praying to the True Creator. It was an aura that could cause her thoughts to scramble, her soul to degenerate, and her body to tremble.

Suddenly, she heard a burst of laughter. She turned her head to the side in a daze.

Klein bent his back slightly and laughed.

"'He' is still sleeping. Should we directly wake 'Him,' or wait for 'Him' to wake up?

"If we choose to wake 'Him,' how should we greet 'Him'? Hey, Your Highness Dark Angel? Rose Redemption Leader?"

These two questions sounded ridiculous and arrogant, but they had managed to shake off the influence of the environment and made Colin Iliad fall into deep thought.

Just now, they had instinctively considered the first question. It was rather important, and it concerned their subsequent actions.

Colin Iliad thought for a moment before saying, “Let’s not wake ‘Him’ up for the time being. Try approaching ‘Him’ and search for clues and information.”

“That’s my thoughts as well.” With his left hand, Klein casually snapped his fingers and walked towards the black throne.

At this moment, he felt fortunate that he had already taken care of Shadow and restored his spirit to its complete state. Otherwise, he wouldn’t have been able to completely restrict his Virtual Persona. When he was imagining how to do the greeting, he almost blurted out “Hi, Sassy.”

Seeing that Gehrman Sparrow had taken two steps forward, Lovia finally snapped out of her daze.

“I’ll give it a try using a Grazed soul.”

This was a relatively safer method which wouldn’t harm the expedition team.

Klein nodded. With his black staff in hand, he turned to his side with a beaming smile.

A three to four-meter-tall phantom image appeared in front of Lovia. A pair of goat horns lined with mysterious patterns sat atop its head. Its skin was back and matte, exuding a sinister fullness. It was a Devil.

It was different from the Devils that he had seen before. Its body was covered with signs of decay, with yellow-green pus hanging off it, as though it was mixed with the power of “Degeneration.”

As Klein casually sized up the phantom image, the Devil spread its huge bat-like wings, causing the light blue flames on it to burn even more vigorously, dissipating the strong smell of sulfur.

It took a step forward, slowly approaching the iron-black throne and the staircase meant for giants. Using its intuition for danger, it surveyed the area for any abnormalities.

While Colin, Klein, and the other demigods were paying attention to it, they also began scrutinizing the details of the shadowy palace. They discovered that behind the iron-black throne that Sasrir was sleeping on, there was a pair of dim, grayish-blue double doors that depicted sunset.

This might be the “door” that leads to the outside world… This thought flashed across the minds of the three City of Silver demigods—Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia.

At this moment, the Devil, who had traveled midway, suddenly paused. It was enveloped by a cluster of silver lightning and quickly faded away after being blasted to pieces amid crackling sounds.

A pillar of light with swirling holy flames smote out of thin air, completely purifying the soul that belonged to the Devil.

Lovia didn’t feel any pain from losing her Grazed target. She only frowned slightly and couldn’t think of a better way to probe the way.

Klein looked around and said with an exaggerated smile:

“As expected, I’m the man for the job.”

As he spoke, he slowly walked forward. As he took out a box of matches from his pocket, he lit them one by one and casually threw them around.

“I’ve always been a little timid.” After throwing half a box of matches, Klein turned around and explained with a smile.

And even Derrick Berg wasn’t convinced by this sentence.

Following that, under the illumination of the scarlet flames, Klein continued walking towards the iron-black throne that might’ve belonged to an ancient god.

When he arrived at the spot where the Devil’s soul was destroyed, his left palm suddenly tightened.

Klein lowered his head and saw that Creeping Hunger had returned to its human-skinned form. An exaggerated crack opened in his palm. Inside were two rows of illusory white teeth.

This Sealed Artifact was attempting to gnaw at Klein’s flesh in a bid to consume both his body and spirit.

Creeping Hunger had degenerated!

“Tsk.” Klein let out an obvious sigh as he glanced at the Staff of the Stars in his right hand. He confirmed that the Grade 0 Sealed

Artifact which didn't have any living characteristics had yet to show any abnormalities.

He then raised his right hand and stuffed the other end of the Staff of the Stars into Creeping Hunger.

Creeping Hunger bit at it a few times before it finally calmed down when sensing the suppression effect of a higher-level entity.

After laughing twice, Klein took another few steps forward, covering a few meters.

Cracks suddenly appeared in the shadows that covered the walls, pillars, and tiles, as one brass eye after another grew out.

A figure appeared in front of the countless eyes.

He was first presented as the black-haired, light-brown-eyed, and cold-looking Gehrman Sparrow. Following that, he warped into the black-haired, brown-eyed, scholarly-looking Klein Moretti with ordinary looks. Then, he degenerated into a blurry image, and a grayish-white fog emanated from him.

At this moment, these figures that seemed to expose all of Klein's secrets came to a halt.

Boom!

He exploded, transforming into countless illusory fragments that fell to the ground and disappeared.

Klein raised his brows and tsked with a laugh.

“The omniscient power of the Reader pathway?”

Just as he finished speaking, the brass-colored eyes, which grew out from the surrounding shadows and the ground, trembled. They emitted an ethereal voice that seemed to come from ancient times:

“The aura of Sefirah Castle…”

Sefirah Castle… Colin Iliad seemed to recall something and came to a certain realization.

It’s only possible to get a response or approach Sasrir with a sefirah? That’s why, despite The Hanged Man clearly having Lovia, a demigod believer from the City of Silver, “He” still forced me into the palace to meet the Dark Angel? It wasn’t easy for Klein to control his virtual personality’s instinct to speak.

Before he could consider what to say, the brass eyes hidden in the shadows emitted another voice:

“Your fate has intersected Amanises, Leodero, Adam, Amon, Herabergen, Aucuses, Medici, Ouroboros, as well as ‘Him’…”

With regards to the true names that the brass eyes had mentioned, Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia were no strangers to the names. They knew that the first was the Evernight Goddess, followed by seven of the eight Kings of Angels. Furthermore, there was no lack of Sequence 0 true deities in the present day. This left them somewhat stunned. They couldn’t believe that Gehrman Sparrow would’ve crossed fates with so many high-level existences who exceeded Sequence 1.

Together with the sleeping Dark Angel before him, Mr. World and the eight Kings of Angels had already crossed paths. How impressive… Derrick marveled from the bottom of his heart.

Klein was in no mood to quip about his “divine interpersonal skills.” With an obvious smile, he asked, “‘Him’?”

Klein believed that “Him” referred to the True Creator. After all, he still had “His” corruptive influences left in his body.

The brass eyes on the shadowy curtain fell silent for a few seconds before saying with an ethereal voice:

“‘He’ is another me…”

The True Creator was really another side of the ancient sun god. The side that was born from the god’s corpse. It’s a side filled with hatred and viciousness, one that controls Degeneration? Klein gradually drew an equal sign between the black and gloomy infant sitting in the cavity of the ancient sun god’s chest and the True Creator. He had also gained initial confirmation that he was talking to the psyche left by the Dark Angel Sasrir.

He thought about it and couldn’t help but smile.

“Why did you form Rose Redemption to assassinate the ancient sun god?”

The information that the question revealed was something that Colin Iliad and Lovia already had an inkling and some speculations of. However, after hearing Gehrman Sparrow say it with their own ears, they still felt pangs of depression and confusion.

The curtain that covered the walls, stone pillars, and floor tiles trembled, but the sleeping Dark Angel remained motionless.

Those brass eyes stared at him and said, “Sun God is just my original honorific name. You should now address me as ‘the Lord who created everything, the omnipotent and omniscient God, or God Almighty.’”

…I can tell that you’ve been leaning in that direction all this time. Finally, Klein laughed out loud. Then, he felt a lingering fear. This was because he was mocking Heaven’s deputy, the left hand of God, a king among Kings of Angels, as well as “His” true form.

To not anger the other party, he quickly repeated the question:

“So, why did you betray yourself and form Rose Redemption with the Evernight Goddess to assassinate yourself?”

The brass eyes fell into silence once again. The curtain-like shadows that blanketed various areas swayed gently without stopping.

After a few seconds, the ethereal voice slowly said,

“The Primordial One had awoken in my body…”

Upon hearing this answer, Klein’s pupils dilated. For some reason, he felt his hair stand on end as his back turned cold.

It was very close to his guess, but it was even more terrifying.

At this moment, the shadows around him thickened. It became more and more sinister and gloomy, as if it was giving birth to some terrifying, unknown, redoubtable danger.

Although Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia didn’t understand the meaning of Dark Angel Sasrir’s words too well, they were still affected by the sinister and harrowing words. It left them shuddering in fear as they trembled.

“The Primordial One had awoken in my body…”

These words echoed in the air for a long time.

Chapter 1261: No One Is an Exception

After a while, Klein asked, “The Primordial One is the one who created this world, transforming ‘His’ body into everything?”

To be frank, Klein subconsciously wanted to ask if the entity referred to the Primordial Demoness. However, with a thought, he eliminated this answer. Firstly, because the Primordial Demoness didn’t have the necessary level to strike fear into the ancient sun god, the City of Silver’s Creator. Even the Evernight Goddess couldn’t do so. Secondly, after the Dark Angel entered “His” slumber, this evil goddess was born only in the Fourth Epoch which had been influenced by the second Blasphemy Slate. Sasrir likely didn’t know of her “Her.” And even if “He” knew “Her” using his omniscient capabilities, “He” wouldn’t specially mention a Sequence 0 who hadn’t been involved in the Third Epoch.

Behind the thick and sinister shadows, the brass eyes flashed in unison.

“The universe.”

What do you mean? Upon hearing that ethereal voice, Klein was a little perplexed. He felt that Dark Angel Sasrir hadn’t answered his question.

But very quickly, he roughly understood what the other party meant.

The Primordial Chaos created not this world, but the entire universe!

So, "Primordial One" refers to the original Creator—the Oldest One? Klein turned his body to the side and swept a glance at the three demigods of the City of Silver, Colin Iliad, Derrick, and Lovia. He realized that they had looks of puzzlement and confusion on their faces. They were frowning and contemplating over the meaning behind the conversation.

In the history of the City of Silver, the Creator who was the ancient sun god was equivalent to the original Creator—the Oldest One. "He" was a supreme existence who had awoken after eons of slumber upon creating the world. "He" then stripped the authorities of the ancient gods and retrieved them.

Of course, in a sense, this wasn't wrong. It was just that the original Creator's method of "awakening" was different from what the City of Silver residents had imagined.

The universe… Klein thought for a moment and asked, "The Primordial One awakened in your body because of you gaining control of Chaos Sea?"

Then, what would happen to him in the future considering how he had gained initial control of Sefirah Castle?

Those brass eyes stared at him for a few seconds before saying, "That isn't the only reason. The higher the Sequence, the closer one is to the Primordial One…"

Therefore, every pathway's King of Angels and Sequence 0 might have the original Creator—the Oldest One—awaken in them? When Klein heard that, he tensed up and his heart sank.

He then thought of another matter.

The higher the Sequence, the easier it was to be corrupted by the things underground!

Combined with the fact that Chaos Sea was underground, could it be possible that the higher the Sequence, the easier it would be to be influenced by Chaos Sea, resulting in the original Creator awakening in one's body? The thing that the Dragon of Imagination Ankewelt sealed in the City of Miracles in Groselle's Travels wasn't the underground corruption, but the awakening of the original Creator? Of course, this is the most powerful and terrifying form of corruption... And the source of all this is where most or perhaps all Beyonder characteristics originated from—the original Creator. They are all part of "His" body? Klein thought of various possibilities and came up with all kinds of speculations.

In the end, he remembered the warning Captain Dunn Smith made before he embarked on this Beyonder path:

"We are guardians, but also a bunch of miserable wretches that are constantly fighting against threats and madness."

At that moment, Klein gained a deep understanding of the phrase from another angle.

Phew... He secretly exhaled and sighed inwardly.

"The Beyonder characteristic is both a gift and a curse..."

He gathered his thoughts and smiled.

"Will one be corrupted from just learning about these matters?"

"No." The brass eyes looked at Colin Iliad and the others and said, "It just means that the chances of the Primordial One awakening in your body is higher."

When he heard that, he was shocked. On the other hand, he was glad that the City of Silver's Chief and Little Sun didn't know much about such matters and hadn't made any connections; after all, the phrase "higher the Sequence, the closer one is to the Primordial One" didn't bring about any corruption. On the other hand, he felt a deep sense of pity for himself. This was because he knew too much about mysticism. Now with all of that chained together, he had no idea what kind of negative changes might happen to him once he left the Giant King's Court, an ancient god's kingdom.

Furthermore, this didn't look like something that could be resolved by sealing his memories. After all, the Beyonder characteristic had already fused with his body and spirit.

Consider the method employed by the Dragon of Imagination? Actually, I don't need to worry too much. Amon and "His" brother definitely know about this, and nothing has happened to "Them" yet… As long as I don't approach Chaos Sea, as a Sequence 3, I don't need to worry about such problems. It would be the same even if I were to advance to Sequence 2… After some thought, Klein gave up the intention to delve deeper into the matter. He curled the corners of his lips and diverted the topic to the mystery of the ancient sun god's perishing:

"Therefore, under your tacit agreement, you worked with the Evernight Goddess and established Rose Redemption, preparing to assassinate yourself. By reviving and escaping the Primordial One, you will truly gain control of Chaos Sea and the corresponding five Beyonder pathways?"

On the dark, eerie, shadowy curtains, there seemed to be some human emotions in those brass eyes.

“That’s right.

“Not long after I walked out of Chaos Sea, I realized this problem. I deliberately split a portion of my persona, fusing the authorities of Degeneration with The Hanged Man pathway’s Beyonder characteristic, creating another me. Its purpose was to control Chaos Sea and to isolate it from my true body to prevent any contamination and corruption.

“But in the end, the Primordial One still awoke in my body…”

The Dark Angel is essentially the ancient sun god’s firewall? The Hanged Man pathway refers to the Secrets Suppliant pathway? Back then, the Dark Angel must have been really powerful. “He” actually had partial control of Chaos Sea. As expected of a King of Angels… As Klein sighed, he recalled that the ancient sun god had failed to prevent the original Creator—the Oldest One—from awakening in “His” body despite working so hard. He also felt a sense of horror, not daring to imagine what his future held.

“That’s why I convened Leodero, Aucuses, Herabergen, Medici, and Ouroboros, inviting the various deities and Kings of Angels with Amanises to establish the Rose Redemption.” The voice left behind by Dark Angel Sasrir echoed hoarsely.

It’s no wonder it’s called redemption… It’s no wonder Kings of Angels like Medici and Ouroboros, who are completely loyal to the ancient sun god, would participate as well… Klein couldn’t help but smile.

“Why didn’t you invite Amon and ‘His’ brother?”

In theory, ‘They’ should be on the Dark Angel’s side.

"'Their' births were a result of my hard work to resist the Primordial One. I was worried that inviting 'Them' would bring about an accident." The brass-colored eyes then cast their gaze back onto Klein.

These secrets left the three demigods of the City of Silver in a daze. Even the Chief of the six-member council, who had read quite a number of ancient documents, had emotional upheavals despite all his knowledge and rich experience.

So that's the case. I knew that the ancient sun god wouldn't have children for no reason… It wasn't easy for Klein to control his Virtual Persona from voicing the thought out loud.

Before he could ask another question, the spirit left behind by Dark Angel Sasrir seemed to sink into "His" memories as "He" continued, "After I was finished preparing everything, I entered this place and sealed off the palace. I returned to my body through my slumber and strengthened my consciousness. It formed a balance with the Primordial One, creating an opportunity for Amanises and the others…

"Ultimately, 'They' successfully killed me…

"According to my original plan, I would've been revived in the Giant King's Court. I would accommodate the corresponding Uniquenesses and Beyonder characteristics via the correct method, but Leodero, Aucuses, and Herabergen betrayed me and ate my body. I could only rush to fuse with my extreme emotions before dying, in which I was reborn within the corpse. I then took away the Beyonder characteristics of the Hanged Man pathway and the authority of Degeneration…"

It's similar to what I imagined… The Lord of Storms, *Eternal Blazing Sun*, *and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom eventually committed a betrayal. It's no wonder that Ma'am Hermit's fairy* *tale magic was effective*… With a sudden realization, Klein felt that most of the fog in the history of the Third Epoch had been cleared.

Of course, this was just his belief, nothing real. This was because he had no way of making contact with the fog of history.

After sighing, he suddenly thought of a question.

Since Dark Angel Sasrir has returned to the ancient sun god and has evolved into the True Creator with "His" original body, then who's the one sleeping on the iron-black throne now?

Why did the True Creator force me to enter the Giant King's residence to meet Sasrir?

As his thoughts raced, he cast his gaze back to the iron-black throne, carefully inspecting Dark Angel Sasrir's condition.

The layers of illusory black wings that covered more than half of Sasrir's body gently rose and fell, revealing a layer of grayish-white.

It was located on the black throne, hidden to the right of the Dark Angel, giving off an extremely ancient feeling.

Klein's eyes focused his eyes as he stared at it intently. He quickly confirmed that the grayish-white came from a strange stone. Its surface was mottled with the ravages of time, and it was engraved with words that he had never learned before but could understand at a glance.

These words seemed to be the source of all languages, including but not limited to Jotun, Hermes, ancient Feysac and the Southern Continent's Dutanese.

Sequence 3 Demon of Arcana... Sequence 2 Master... Sequence 1 Light of Darkness... Sequence 0 Paragon... A small amount of information flashed in Klein's mind as he suddenly had a realization.

Blasphemy Slate!

The first Blasphemy Slate!

The first Blasphemy Slate that was born in Chaos Sea!

And this was very likely a key item that the Dark Angel used to control parts of Chaos Sea!

Just as this thought surfaced in his mind, Klein suddenly felt the surroundings become unusually quiet.

The brass eyes that were hidden on the surface of the shadowy curtains seemed to disappear.

Klein's gaze subconsciously shifted upwards to meet a pair of eyes hidden in the shadows.

The Dark Angel Sasrir, who was sleeping on the black throne, opened his eyes.

With a boom, Elder Lovia's body collapsed, turning into a huge shadow.

Behind the shadow, there was a pair of blank but painful eyes.

Chapter 1262: The Truth Behind the Enemy

When he realized that the Dark Angel had woken up, Klein only felt his heart tighten and was on full alert. He didn't feel any fear or anxiety. After all, he had already confirmed that the real Dark Angel had returned to the ancient sun god's body. After being betrayed by the existences such as the Lord of Storms, the Eternal Blazing Sun, and the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, "He" had focused his negative and extreme emotions on "His" corpse where "He" was reborn, turning into the True Creator. "He" didn't return here, so whatever was left was just a culmination of "His" psyche and will.

Furthermore, he had just communicated with the remnant psyche of Dark Angel Sasrir rather normally; he didn't sense any obvious animosity.

However, with the City of Silver's six-member council Elder, Lovia, losing control without any means to resist the moment she opened her eyes, turning into a flowing shadow and eyes hidden behind the shadowy curtain, Klein couldn't help but widen his pupils as he curled the corners of his lips. A strong sense of fear and despair surged through him. It was as though he was watching himself fall into an abyss without any life-saving straw to clutch at.

Just waking up from "His" slumber and not using any Beyonder powers or revealing "His" Mythical Creature form was enough to make a Sequence 4 demigod of the same pathway lose control on the spot. This was a testimony to how powerful and terrifying "His" level was!

At that moment, all that remained in Klein's mind were the titles he had previously mentioned.

The left hand of God, the deputy of Heaven, the king of the Kings of Angels!

It wasn’t as if Klein had never dealt with a King of Angels before. On the contrary, he had frightened Red Angel Medici and made a deal with the Angel of Imagination Adam. He had obtained the key to enter the palace from the Wisdom Angel, Herabergen, and had gleaned potion formulas from White Angel Aucuses. He had managed to crack Angel of Fate Ouroboros’s cycles of fate in front of “Him,” and had pitted his brains against Angel of Time Amon. He possibly was well-deserving of the title as the person who had crossed the most paths with the Kings of Angels for those below Sequence 0.

However, in these interactions, he had never fought with the Kings of Angels most of the time. He either relied on the power of Sefirah Castle to instantly escape or cut off contact with them. He had never faced the Kings of Angels or deities in the true sense of the word. The only exception was the time when he was caught by Angel of Time Amon, and he had exchanged blows with “Him” several times in the span of a few days.

However, at that time, it was mainly a battle of wits, not a physical battle. The Angel of Time, Amon, had mostly shown the characteristics of a God of Trickery. “He” didn’t fully reveal the level and strength of a King of Angels. It was only at the final moment that “He” revealed it, but the Evernight Goddess had used the Giant King’s son to stop “Him,” preventing “Him” from directly harming or influencing Klein.

Even so, whenever Klein encountered the Angel of Time on the way, “He” would easily finish off the strongest “helpers” that Klein could summon. It was something that Klein couldn’t replicate up to now. It exceeded his peak strength. After all, if he wanted to summon the historical projection of Zaratul, he would be in danger.

And at that moment in time, Klein, Colin Iliad, and The Sun were facing the king of the Kings of Angels, the malice-filled deputy of Heaven. “He” was the left hand of god that instantly caused a Sequence 4 demigod to collapse and lose control.

How could such an enemy, with such a level and strength not make them reel in despair?

For a moment, Klein wanted to give up on Derrick and the Chief of the City of Silver, returning to the world above the gray fog with a single thought using the Sefirah Castle’s summoning. By relying on the last miracle and Deceit Bullets, he could revive outside the Forsaken Land of the Gods.

As his thoughts raced, he raised the Staff of the Stars in his hand.

At this moment, the shadow that Lovia had broken down in her loss of control stopped flowing. It let out a low voice that was filled with pain but not crazy.

“‘He’ isn’t that strong!”

As she spoke, the curtain-like shadow split apart, revealing what was hidden behind it.

It was a lump of squirming flesh that was nearly two meters tall. At the top, there was a pair of pale gray eyes that seemed to be looking down upon the entire world. They were eyes that had remnants of rationality left in them.

In other parts of this lump of flesh were arms, thighs, and calves that weren’t covered in skin, but sticky blood. They either held up the body or crowded towards the chest in layers, tightly hugging a huge, milky-white human skull.

The shadowy curtain fell again, covering the lump of flesh, turning into “her” cape.

Then, a phantom about five to six meters tall appeared in front of Lovia.

This was the Silver Knight that she had Grazed.

She could still control herself and attack Dark Angel Sasrir.

Upon seeing this scene, when Klein and Colin Iliad heard what Lovia had said, they quickly understood what she had meant without needing any further explanation from her.

Dark Angel Sasrir didn’t possess the strength “He” appeared to possess. “He” only used the authority of “Degeneration” and “His” influence over relatively lower Sequences as a High-Sequence Beyonder of the same pathway to make Lovia’s body degenerate, betray, and break down on the spot. As for her own spirit, she still remained conscious and rational. She could still control her own strength to a certain extent.

Of course, with the loss of control of her body, large amounts of corruption would corrode her spirit. It wouldn’t take long for her to completely go mad. This could be subverted if she could quickly resolve the battle in time, and think of a way to turn her into an evil spirit, surviving in another form.

With this knowledge, combined with seeing the first Blasphemy Slate and his own guesses, Klein had a preliminary understanding of the enemy he was facing.

“He” was a product of the psyche, will, and aura left behind by the Dark Angel, as well as Chaos Sea’s powers which were brought about by the first Blasphemy Slate. Perhaps there was a bit of the awakening consciousness of the Primordial One—in other words, the original Creator. There was a small amount of it, a consciousness that was crazy and filled with evil thoughts!

This was equivalent to a different type of evil spirit. It was unknown if it was considered a complete angelic evil spirit.

And this could be the reason why high-level existences like the True Creator, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, and Amon’s brother didn’t personally enter the Giant King’s palace. Once “They” approached the Primordial One and Chaos Sea, it was more dangerous for “Them” the higher “Their” Sequences were!

Back then, Amon, an entity akin to an Error, had used “His” avatar to lay an ambush in Chernobyl, but “He” hadn’t dared to actually enter Chaos Sea. All he did was climb down the cliff and hide near Chaos Sea, pretending that “He” had climbed out from it. Otherwise, it could very well affect “His” true body.

As for Low-Sequence Beyonders, they were unable to resist the surge released from opening the door to the Giant King’s residence—corruption that had accumulated for over two thousand years.

Even if those high-level existences had carefully chosen a suitable Sequence 3 or Sequence 4 demigod to indirectly help them defeat the influence brought about by the corruption and enter the resting grounds hidden in the shadows, without the sefirah’s aura to resist the negative effects of the leaking powers of Chaos Sea, they wouldn’t be able to truly approach the figure left behind by Dark Angel Sasrir and obtain the first Blasphemy

Slate.

Therefore, the True Creator had tolerated Klein numerous times, only finding an opportunity to corrupt him and force him to meet Dark Angel Sasrir. This was because he was the only viable candidate.

By the same logic, the God of Knowledge and Wisdom, Herabergen, the Angel of Imagination, Adam, and the other deities and Kings of Angels who had an interest in this matter had more or less made some arrangements for Klein, blessing him to a certain extent, pushing him to where he was now.

Without any hesitation, Klein outlined an image in his mind through the Staff of the Stars he raised. Colin Iliad took a step forward and bent down.

This City of Silver's Chief's body swelled rapidly, once again revealing an incomplete Mythical Creature form. He became a five-to-six-meter-tall Silver Knight covered in silver armor, holding a pair of gigantified swords of dawn.

Derrick was slightly slower than the two experienced demigods. He quickly spread his arms, as though he was hugging the void in front of him.

At that moment, two pitch-black flames ignited in the eyes of the awakened Dark Angel Sasrir.

"He," who shared the height of a giant, immediately pressed down on the armrest by lowering "His" arm, slowly getting to "His" feet. The gorgeous accessories on "His" body hung down one after another as layer after layer of black wings spread open on "His" back.

During this process, the shadow cape on the lump of squirming flesh—Lovia—came alive. It suddenly tightened, fixing her firmly in place.

At the same time, Dark Angel Sasrir had silver threads wrapped around “Him.” In front of the black robe with mysterious patterns, silver bolts of lightning appeared out of thin air. They sizzled and intertwined with each other in a thunderous manner. They rapidly extended forward, transforming into a resplendent lightning sea that attempted to drown the entire shadow palace.

Gong!

An illusory chime sounded from a distant history as the melodious sound echoed in the shadow palace.

An ancient mottled wall clock appeared in front of Klein. Its face was separated into twelve different segments by grayish-white and bluish-black colors. Each segment had different, mysterious, and asymmetric symbols.

The three fingers, which seemed to be formed by Worms of Time of different length, began to tick lightly.

When the chime rang again, the lightning sea that was rapidly spreading in the shadow palace clearly froze.

Klein had successfully used the Staff of the Stars to reproduce Angel of Time Amon’s Beyonder powers!

And the effects were much better than his previous attempts.

This made him suspect if he had obtained the approval of the God of Deceit and even obtained “blessings” from “Him” to a certain degree.

It wasn’t true that merely simulating Amon’s Beyonder powers would gain “His” notice, but that this King of Angels was almost equivalent to the Marauder pathway’s Uniqueness. “He” was the ruler of the corresponding domain, and “He” was the wielder of the corresponding authority. “He” could make a certain level of adjustments to particular powers in advance, enhancing or deleting them.

From the looks of it, Amon appeared to be looking forward to seeing Klein enter the Giant King’s residence to meet Dark Angel Sasrir. Therefore, “He” had adjusted some of his own domain’s Beyonder powers in advance, and lowered some of his “authority” in certain aspects, allowing simple replications to achieve a better effect.

While the lightning sea had come to a halt, the Silver Knight soul that Lovia controlled, and Colin Iliad simultaneously stabbed their swords into the ground, creating two invisible barriers. As for Klein, his figure faded and he disappeared.

Chapter 1263: The Final Watch

After a short pause, a brilliant silvery-white glow continued to stretch out in front of them, completely drowning out the two invisible barriers that shielded Colin Iliad, Derrick Berg, and Lovia.

The barrier blocking the silver snaking lightning began to violently tremble. A crack that resembled tree branches appeared. As for how long the barrier could last in the Lightning Storm, that remained a question.

At this moment, behind Dark Angel Sasrir, there was an area that wasn't covered by the forest of lightning. Klein's figure, in his black trench coat and silk half top hat, appeared.

He was like a precise and cold machine. Without any hesitation, he aimed the Staff of the Stars at the side of the special evil spirit, quickly outlining all sorts of information related to the Beyonder powers in his mind.

He had previously performed tests—he couldn't "Wander" too far with the Staff of the Stars within the Giant King's Court, so he could only use "Blink" in a tiny vicinity. Therefore, he gave up on the idea of directly sending Dark Angel Sasrir out the Giant King's Court and seizing the opportunity to take the first Blasphemy Slate and leaving by "opening" the door.

As the various gems on the Staff of the Stars lit up, Sasrir's eyes which burned with pitch-black flames suddenly closed.

He had been forcibly dragged into a dream by Klein!

This was a Beyonder power belonging to the Evernight pathway's Sequence 7, but the one that Klein replicated had belonged to the version which the Evernight Cloister's matron, the Servant of Concealment Arianna, had used—the Beyonder power of pulling someone into a dream performed at the angel-level!

In the hazy dream world, Dark Angel Sasrir wore a black robe with complicated symbols embroidered with silver threads and adorned with accessories. "He" had appeared in a desolate moor.

"His" eyes remained ice-cold, unlike the dull and lifeless eyes of most Beyonders when they were in dreams.

The Spectator pathway also belonged to the Chaos Sea pathway. And its Sequence 5 and Sequence 3 were Dreamwalker and Dreamweaver respectively!

Moments later, Sasrir's pupils turned golden and vertical.

"His" giant figure faded away as a layer of abnormally thick shadows appeared in front of "Him."

This shadow completely blocked Sasrir, making it possible to vaguely make out a pair of eyes hidden behind the "curtain."

In the blink of an eye, the "curtains" parted, revealing an indescribable color, like a sea that seemed to contain all secrets.

Boom!

When Klein, the conjurer of the dream, saw this scene, his mind erupted with thoughts before he could analyze the details. It was as though his brain was a boiling pot of wheat porridge.

The corners of his mouth curled up instinctively, and most of his Virtual Persona disintegrated. He nearly let out a tragic cry as transparent maggots under his left cheek began to drill out one by one. The meat tendrils on his right face grew more and more obvious, becoming thinner and thinner, approaching that of Worms of Spirit.

The forcefully-induced dream disintegrated, and Dark Angel Sasrir's consciousness returned to the real world.

However, at that moment when the special evil spirit fell into a deep slumber, the sea of lightning faded away. The three demigods of the City of Silver struck back at the same time.

Colin Iliad straightened his body and struck out with the sword of dawn in his right hand, causing the silvery-white light to "Blink" to Sasrir's body. As Lovia resisted the restraints of the shadow "cloak," she got the Silver Knight evil spirit she Grazed to swing its greatsword upwards from below, bringing with it a terrifying storm formed from blobs of light. Derrick condensed a dazzling white "Unshadowed Spear," thrusting it at the Dark Angel as it left crackling sounds in its wake.

At this moment, Sasrir's figure emitted infinite pure light, as though "He" had suddenly become a sun that descended into reality.

Under the "sun"'s illumination, the "Unshadowed Spear" melted. The "Hurricane of Light" calmed down, and the silver beam dimmed. All the latter could do was damage the target's aura, and not deal any harm to "His" body.

The scene of a true deity's descent shocked Lovia and Derrick.

They couldn't help but bow their heads in worship. As for the Silver Knight evil spirit, it quickly melted under the blazing sunlight and completely evaporated.

Suddenly, Sasrir's eyes closed once again.

Behind "His" back, with the Worms of Spirit constantly vanishing on Klein's body, he stubbornly endured the scorching sun's heat and pointed the Staff of the Stars at the evil spirit—the embodiment of the King of Angels.

The Beyonder power that he had replicated once again had forcefully pulled Dark Angel Sasrir into a dream!

However, unlike before, the moment Klein entered the dreamscape, he immediately released his Sefirah Castle's aura, transforming his body into the strange door of light that was tainted with some bluish-black colors. The door of light was made up of countless layers of illusory spherical light. Every spherical light was deep down a transparent and translucent cluster of twisted maggots.

Just like him, Dark Angel Sasrir revealed the traits of Chaos Sea. First, "He" turned into a thick and sinister shadow, then "He" pulled open the "curtain," allowing the "sea" that contained all colors and something the human language couldn't describe to appear in the dream.

Silently, Sasrir and Klein opened their eyes at the same time and raised their bodies slightly across each other.

One of them was covered in a faint shadow, while the other's expression was twisted and ferocious. Many Worms of Spirit crawled across the surface of his body.

Klein’s Virtual Persona completely shattered.

Seizing this opportunity while Sasrir was affected, Lovia, who had the shadow “cloak” draped over her, blinked her pale-gray eyes. She used the two-meter-tall, squirming flesh to extend. Those skinless legs, which were flowing with bright red liquid, stepped onto the ground at the same time. With the help of the roiling winds, they pounced towards the Dark Angel.

A look of madness appeared in her eyes. It didn’t appear like it would take long before her Spirit Body suffered complete corruption, pushing her towards losing control.

However, at that moment, Lovia’s eyes were filled with more rationality and determination.

She knew what she was doing and knew her current state and her subsequent end.

Amidst the howling winds, her collapsing body, along with the shadow “cloak,” landed on Dark Angel Sasrir’s body.

The squirming flesh and blood intruded as the thick shadow rapidly expanded, binding the two figures together.

Without waiting for Lovia to speak, Colin Iliad had already understood her intentions. He immediately roared in a low voice, “Attack!”

Boom!

His two swords tore through the void at the same time, allowing the silver light to surge at Lovia and Dark Angel Sasrir who were embroiled with each other.

Upon hearing the Chief’s words, Derrick bit his lip and spread open his arms halfway.

The palace that was shrouded in the shadows suddenly lit up as huge balls of light filled with holy flames appeared out of thin air. They enveloped the Dark Angel and Lovia within, quickly melting them and igniting their flesh.

Flaring Sun!

Amid this bright glow, Lovia’s pale-gray eyes revealed the pain that she acutely felt. Her voice echoed in an ethereal manner.

“I have never betrayed the City of Silver…”

Before she could finish her sentence, the flesh and the shadow “cloak” she used to envelop Dark Angel Sasrir’s body swelled up.

Boom!

Lovia’s collapsing body was sent flying before she fell to the ground. Her shadow tore apart, turning into a thin, illusory veil that slowly floated down.

Dark Angel Sasrir turned into a pitch-black and sticky sea filled with an aura of Degeneration. It swallowed the remaining silvery-white light and “Flaring Sun,” reducing it to nothing.

“He” immediately returned to “His” previous appearance—a giant dressed in a gorgeous black robe with silver threads. However, the black wings on his back had thinned significantly.

At the same time, “His” pupils turned vertical and turned golden.

A violent but surreal wind surged around “Him” and filled every corner of the shadow palace with all sorts of thoughts.

Mind Deprivation!

Derrick’s recently condensed “Unshadowed Spear” disappeared. He stood rooted to the ground in shock. Although Colin Iliad had a strong will, he suffered from the madness, cruelty, and bloodlust of an incomplete Mythical Creature form. All he could do was divert some attention to resist the influence so as to prevent himself from losing control. Just as Klein calmed down and allowed his Worms of Spirit to burrow back into his body, he suffered an intense fear brought about by “Mind Deprivation.” His body instantly convulsed, preventing him from using the Staff of the Stars.

Lovia’s body had already collapsed, and with her soul almost completely corrupted, she was in a worse off state. She rolled on the ground struggling, leaving behind blood-colored sticky liquid.

At this moment, Dark Angel Sasrir raised “His” left hand. The golden colors in “His” eyes was replaced by two blazing white suns.

Rays of holy flames fell down one after another, striking Lovia’s body, destroying her soul and purifying her flesh.

Lovia’s aura rapidly dissipated as her pale gray eyes lost their luster.

Her body, which had collapsed into a lump of flesh and blood, curled up. The skinless arms covered in bright red liquid wrapped the milky-white, large human skull tightly in front of her “chest” and pressed it under her.

Under the blazing “sunlight”, the holy flames burned. Lovia maintained this posture, not allowing herself to move, nor allowing the human skull to be revealed and receive any damage.

Another column of light shot down. Lovia’s body couldn’t help but bounce up, but she still huddled there writhing.

Finally, this lump of distorted, disgusting, squirming flesh stopped moving and covered the surface of the human skull. It was dark, dull, and damaged.

During the Dark Angel Sasrir’s act of murdering Lovia, Klein quickly recovered from the effects of “Mind Deprivation” by using his unique traits and past experience. He felt an uncontrollable sense of despair towards this battle.

They had used all their strength, but they had only slightly injured the evil spirit. Now that they had lost a demigod, the situation that followed would probably be even worse.

What should I do? As Klein used Creeping Hunger to change his position, his thoughts raced in search of any possible weaknesses.

It's intrinsically an evil spirit… An evil spirit… Just as his figure appeared elsewhere, he suddenly had an idea. He cast his gaze on the grayish-white stone slate on the iron-black throne!

Some evil spirits had Beyonder characteristics, but most of them didn't. The source of their powers stemmed from other places, such as the spirit world. The existence of evil spirits needed something to rely on. This might be the "territory" that "He" was born in, or perhaps something special. The common point was that evil spirits could use them to connect to the spirit world or even the Underworld to obtain the power to maintain their existence.

And this evil spirit that originated from Dark Angel Sasrir might even be mixed with some of the will of the Primordial. Where did "His" powers come from?

This was the Forsaken Land of the Gods, and the connection with the spirit world was sealed. It was almost completely severed, making the powers difficult to be effectively utilized. Klein could "Teleport" only by relying on the uniqueness of a divine kingdom or the divine kingdom's embryonic form. As for the Giant King's Court, it was clearly unable to provide the powers of the Spectator, The Sun, The Hanged Man, Reader, and Tyrant pathways. The traits the Dark Angel formerly possessed clearly belonged to the True Creator at present, making it not present here.

Therefore, the answer to the source of the evil spirit's power was very simple:

Chaos Sea!

In the shadow palace, the only thing directly connected to Chaos Sea was the Blasphemy Slate!

When Klein cast his gaze at the iron-black throne, he noticed that the City of Silver’s Chief, Colin Iliad, had also glanced over.

Chapter 1264: Succeeding

There was no need for any communication. Just from this sudden locking of eyes, Klein knew that Colin Iliad had the same thoughts as him.

He didn't hesitate to flip the black staff embedded with many gems and point it at himself.

In the next second, it was as if Klein's body was a sketch that had met an eraser. It was wiped away inch by inch, and he quickly disappeared.

This was the power of Concealment, one that also came from the leader of the ascetics of the Church of Evernight, Arianna.

As the power of Concealment that was replicated by the Staff of the Stars was definitely much weaker than the original version, and the evil spirit's level was rather high, Klein didn't attempt to use it on Dark Angel Sasrir. Instead, he targeted himself.

At the same time that he was "concealed," Colin Iliad fused into the faint light that illuminated everything in the shadow palace with his two swords of dawn.

Around Dark Angel Sasrir, who was dressed in a silver-threaded black robe, silver beams lit up one after another. Colin struck the evil spirit from different angles, forming a tornado that swept upwards. During this process, the gigantified Colin Iliad didn't appear at all. Furthermore, he hid his malicious intent, making it impossible for the enemy to determine where his next attack would come from.

Derrick Berg recovered from the shock and quickly condensed bright white “Unshadowed Spears” as he wildly thrust them forward.

Amidst the crackling sounds, the Unshadowed Spears were either blocked by the black armor formed by the aura of Degeneration, or by the layered silvery-white sphere of lightning. He failed to truly hurt Dark Angel Sasrir, but it effectively affected his opponent’s actions.

While the two City of Silver demigods were holding back that special evil spirit, Klein, who was in a “concealed” state, approached the iron-black throne.

In his “concealed” state, he saw veiled scenes that were covered in a dark fog. He could only roughly tell where he was and what the surrounding objects were. He was unable to exert any influence on the outside world. If not for this, the moment he entered the “concealed” state, he could secretly control Sasrir’s Spirit Body Threads. It would be a method impossible to fend against.

After rapidly approaching the iron-black throne, Klein ended his “concealed” state, allowing his figure to instantly appear to the right of the target.

Following that, he aimed the Staff of the Stars at the grayish-white ancient stone slab.

Ignoring the contents on it, Klein quickly outlined a very familiar Beyonder power in his mind.

Boom!

Silver bolts of lightning shot out with a strong destructive aura, striking the first Blasphemy Slate.

This was the Lightning Storm power from the Sea God Scepter!

Boom!

Amidst the silver light that illuminated the surrounding area, an illusory "light" that was almost invisible appeared between the first Blasphemy Slate and Dark Angel Sasrir. It was difficult to describe the exact color, but under the terrifying lightning's pandemonium, they evaporated and broke apart.

Pure beams of light shot out from Sasrir's body, leaving no darkness in the shadow palace. Nothing else could hide.

Unshadowed Domain.

The nearly six-meter-tall Colin IIliad appeared in his silver armor. Together with Klein, layers of blazing halos pushed them away into the distance. The attacks of Derrick's "Unshadowed Spears" and "Flaring Sun" were also blocked by these corporeal halos.

Right on the heels of that, Dark Angel Sasrir's eyes were dyed with a brass sheen. In each of them, an illusory river that shimmered with waves of light appeared, circling the first Blasphemy Slate and "His" figure.

The "river" flowed upstream as the illusory "light" that had evaporated and severed appeared once again and connected to it.

The damage that Klein had painstakingly inflicted was quickly returned to normal.

The cycle of fate, the rebooting of all things!

Sasrir raised “His” left hand and condensed a deep-black scepter. “He” then used “His” brass-like eyes to sweep across the demigods present. “He” said in a deep but magnificent voice, “I’m omniscient, and also omnipotent.”

As “His” voice echoed in the air, both Klein and Colin Iliad didn’t waver at all. They either “Blinked” or moved at high speeds, not giving the terrifying evil spirit a chance to lock onto them. They also attempted to launch a new wave of attacks. However, Klein didn’t dare to forcefully pull the Dark Angel into a dream again, because if he was attacked by the aura and power of Chaos Sea again, he might lose control immediately. Elsewhere, Derrick covered his body with a layer of pure light, forming holy armor.

At that moment, a pitch-black flame burned in Sasrir’s brass eyes.

“His” voice turned evil and sinister, carrying a strong sense of “Degeneration.”

“Blasphemer, die!”

Klein’s body, heart, and soul suddenly sank. He felt as though he was about to die. His consciousness turned blurry as his energy evaporated; his flesh began to wither inch by inch.

Colin Iliad was slightly better than him. He only felt his body grow heavy as his life slipped away uncontrollably. The madness that came from his incomplete Mythical Creature form grew stronger.

Derrick, who was farthest from Dark Angel Sasrir, emitted bright bouts of sunlight, helping him quickly escape from his trance. He then opened his mouth.

“God says it’s ineffective!”

The feeling of death instantly dissipated a little, allowing Klein and Colin Iliad to barely find themselves.

Tap! Tap! Tap!

The giant-like Colin Iliad rushed towards Dark Angel Sasrir. Along the way, he kept changing his position, dodging unstoppable dark, sharp beams.

In the blink of an eye, he had already closed in on the target.

Dark Angel Sasrir immediately pointed the pitch-black scepter ahead, causing Colin Iliad’s body to produce a shadow within the Unshadowed Domain. The shadow came alive as it followed the legs of the City of Silver Chief, “swallowing” him.

Gong!

A distant bell sounded as though it had pierced through history.

The ancient, mottled stone wall clock appeared in front of Klein once again, bringing with it a brief respite.

As he made use of this respite, Klein used the Staff of the Stars to reproduce the “Unshadowed Spear” and cast it at Colin Iliad’s shadow.

The blazing light exploded, dispersing the shadow like the sun.

Colin’s face under his visor twisted, but he didn’t hesitate at all. He jumped up, appearing right above Dark Angel Sasrir and cleaved down with his two swords of dawn.

Gong!

Sasrir seemed to see through Colin Iliad’s intention. “He” raised the black scepter horizontally and blocked the other party’s cleaving strike.

Suddenly, Colin Iliad’s body melted.

He became sticky, heavy “mercury”, surging down like waves, instantly drowning Dark Angel Sasrir. It was as if “He” was wearing a set of full-body silver armor, without any gaps in between. Colin wanted to suffocate the entity inside!

Sasrir’s actions were immediately restricted.

Taking this opportunity, Klein’s figure suddenly turned transparent as he appeared beside the iron-black throne.

Teleportation!

Then, he raised the Staff of the Stars and conjured a certain

Beyonder power.

It was one of the core powers of the Marauder pathway.

Theft!

Just as he had expected, the “Theft” was carried out rather successfully. It was as though the current Sequence 2 angel, Pallez Zoroast, had personally taken action.

The “light” that connected the Dark Angel and the first Blasphemy Slate separated from Sasrir, shifting to Klein!

At that instant, Klein’s thoughts nearly exploded. The indescribable color and form appeared in front of him once again. It was abnormally illusory, as though it was a sea containing all secrets.

Just as he was about to lose control due to the aura and powers of the Chaos Sea, the parts of his body that were corrupted by the True Creator suddenly experienced a change. They seemed to be attracted by a strong attractive force as they rapidly gathered together and began to take over the nearly invisible “light,” making him stop at the edge of a proverbial cliff.

Indeed… As Klein sighed, he tried his best to restrain his mind that had been inundated. He was temporarily unable to move.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The silver armor covering Dark Angel Sasrir’s body began to crack in the darkness.

These beams of light that came from the “Cull of Spiritual Flesh” tore out, turning the mercury into tattered pieces and flying far away.

With a loud snap, the mercury fell to the ground, regathering into the form of Colin Iliad.

There were gaping holes in the Chief’s body. Inside it was a black, frozen, decadent, and illusory aura.

At that moment, the illusory, layered black wings on Sasrir’s back dimmed significantly. “His” eyes had once again worn a brass sheen, a faint flickering illusory river appearing in them.

Upon seeing this scene, Colin Iliad instinctively recalled what had happened.

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, he relied on his intuition to charge out without hesitation, filled with great resolve.

His body ignited a transparent flame, emitting the bright light of dawn.

These beams of light came from his soul, his body, his Beyonder characteristic, and the two swords he struck out merged together, turning into a raging, violent storm that swept out.

At this moment, Colin Iliad’s “eyes” were filled with the light of dawn he created, and the towering figure dressed in a gorgeous black robe with illusory black wings.

Bearing the light, he charged towards the light—Sasrir.

The terrifying “Hurricane of Light” instantly enveloped the Dark Angel, tearing at “His” body, interrupting the Beyonder powers that “He” was about to use. It made the evil spirit that had lost the source of its power rapidly fade away amidst the fragments of light.

When the light dissipated, holes appeared on Dark Angel Sasrir’s body. The layers of wings on “His” back were spread out, but “He” failed to borrow any strength.

Colin Iliad immediately turned into sticky “mercury,” once again covering most of the evil spirit’s body, restricting “His” movements.

Then, the City of Silver Chief shouted in a low voice to Derrick Berg, just like he did when he was facing Lovia:

“Attack!”

Chapter 1265: Warrior

“Attack!”

Upon hearing the Chief’s words, Derrick froze for a moment before instinctively spreading his arms.

During this process, his vision blurred and he let out an extremely repressed voice from the depths of his throat.

A blob of light covered in holy flames descended out of thin air, devouring the figures of Dark Angel Sasrir and Colin Iliad.

Before the blast of light exploded, Derrick pulled back his arm, forming a bright white and pure “Unshadowed Spear” in his palm.

Amidst the crackling sounds, the long spear of light tore through the holy flames and accurately hit the evil spirit’s head.

Dazzling light burst out, completely covering the entire area. Even the crazed Klein couldn’t avoid it, as he was too close to it. He couldn’t help but close his eyes, his face contorted into a grimace. He felt as though his Worms of Spirit were evaporating one after another. The connection between the Blasphemy Slate and the True Creator’s power of corruption had been greatly purified before they could fully be established.

The sun seemed to rise in the sky. Dark Angel Sasrir’s indistinct figure appeared, twisting and distorting amidst the blinding white light and holy flames, melting away.

Then, the shadow that covered the walls, stone pillars, and tiles began to disintegrate, revealing inches of orange-red light.

The palace hidden in the residence of the Giant King finally failed to sustain its existence in the real world. It no longer blocked out the influence of the outside world.

This also meant that the special evil spirit that had lost contact with Chaos Sea had truly been cleansed.

Just as the shadow palace began to collapse without completely disintegrating, an invisible force finally pierced through the barrier, causing a minute amount of it to descend. This caused the corrupting nature gathered inside Klein's body to increase in intensity!

They protruded out from his chest, turning into a black ball of flesh.

The flesh immediately broke free from Klein's body, severing all invisible connections with him. It quickly squirmed and grew, turning into a gigantic shadow hand. It followed the illusory "light" between itself and the first Blasphemy Slate, and it grabbed the item.

At the same time, in the ruins of the battlefield of the gods' dream world, in front of the projection of the Giant King's residence.

Dressed in a pointed hat and a classic black robe, Amon sat on the tall, grayish-white railing, with "His" back facing the orange-red path that separated the clouds. "He" leisurely looked at the grayish-blue door covered with golden nails; it was a mystery as to how long "He" had been waiting there for.

Suddenly, “He” adjusted the monocle on “His” right eye and easily jumped down the railing, arriving at the door of the Giant King’s residence’s projection.

“The power of Chaos Sea is beginning to fade. I can use the ‘bug’ in all of this to directly enter…” As “He” smiled, “He” reached out “His” right hand and pressed it on the door’s shadow.

“His” figure immediately softened and lost its corporeal feeling before “He” entered the door like a stream of light.

…

Backlund, somewhere on the battlefield.

With short blond hair and dark green eyes, Crestet Cesimir genuflected on the ground, stabbing a pure white bone sword, that wasn’t more than one meter long in length, in front of him to support himself.

His body was covered with charred holes and cracks that went straight through his body. His teeth were protruding and sharp, like that of a beast.

This high-ranking deacon, whose consciousness was beginning to blur, struggled to shift his gaze from the weak enemy who wasn’t far away towards the sky.

The orange sunset had partially invaded the dark night.

Crestet Cesimir tried his best to pull out his bone sword and stand up to fight. He wanted to be a Nightwatcher to the very end, but his arm trembled violently as his breathing weakened.

In the astral world, in an endless and silent darkness filled with moon flowers and night vanilla.

Suddenly, orange beams of light shone into the kingdom, causing a portion of the area to return to dusk. One by one, the plants withered.

In the desolate dusk, a gigantic mountain-like figure walked out. “His” limbs were abnormally long, and “He” wore tattered silver armor. “His” face was covered by a helmet’s visor, only revealing a blob of orange light.

“He” held an exaggerated sword in “His” hand, causing the tip to naturally hang down, touching the dark “ground.”

As the terrifying giant walked forward, step by step, the sword continued to be dragged across the darkness, causing the ground to split apart as dusk froze.

Deep in the darkness, an equally large figure pulled out a long sickle.

“She” was wearing a black dress that was layered but not complicated. It was adorned with countless resplendent lights, as though they were stars that dotted the night sky.

Near “Her” ribs and waist, two pairs of arms grew out. Their surfaces were covered in short deep-black hair.

In “Her” six arms, two carried the huge black sickle that appeared heavy. Another two hands held a crimson “moon.” Out of the hands “She” had left, one was empty, while the other held an ancient accessory forged from gold.

The accessory looked like a slender bird with pale-white flames surrounding it. Within its bronze eyes, there were layers of light, forming numerous illusory doors.

The giant wasn’t surprised by such a scene. The speed of “His” stride sped up, gradually approaching that of a charge.

“He” dragged “His” sword against his surroundings which were a mixture of darkness and dusk, producing glimmers of the pure light of dawn.

At this moment, the moon flowers and night vanilla to the side suddenly grew in size, growing wildly. Soon, they resembled trees that had lived in a primitive forest for more than a thousand years. They were densely packed, blocking out the “sky.”

Amongst these trees, a figure twined by deep green vines and adorned with various herbs and flowers appeared.

“She” was also as huge as a mountain and had a voluptuous figure. “Her” dress fluttered as “She” carried an illusory baby.

The moment the figure descended, “She” followed the sunset giant and flitted towards the humanoid demonic wolf that was dragging a huge black sickle.

…

In the palace where shadows were falling apart, although some of the corruption had left Klein’s body, making him no longer need to worry about any latent danger in this aspect, this was equivalent to culling many of his Worms of Spirit. He couldn’t help but let out a low gasp as transparent and twisted maggots crawled out of his writhing face. They had mysterious patterns on them, and his mind was like a lake that had a boulder thrown into it. He was momentarily unable to calm down.

At that moment, a familiar figure appeared in his eyes which became bloodshot due to the pain.

It was the Angel of Time, Amon, who wore a monocle and a pointed hat.

Amon smiled at him, scaring him into having the thought of returning to Sefirah Castle immediately.

Although this would suck for The Sun, Klein felt that he would have the ability to save him due to the angel powers from being in Sefirah Castle. After all, the influences from the outside world could now enter this area.

But in a blink of an eye, the Angel of Time cast “His” gaze towards the grayish-white Blasphemy Slate. “He” cast it towards the shadow hand that was saturating and growing stronger with the collapse of the “land of slumber.”

Amon immediately raised “His” right hand and adjusted “His” right eye’s monocle.

The crystal monocle turned dark, as though it was mixed with countless colors in an indescribable manner.

An illusory, terrifying, tumultuous "sea" appeared in front of Amon.

This Blasphemer had released some unknown power "He" had stolen from somewhere at some point in time! Or perhaps, it was some power of convergence!

The Blasphemy Slate suddenly vibrated and emitted a buzzing sound as though it was alive.

It broke free from the remaining "light" that wasn't stable enough between the shadow hand, and it threw itself at Amon!

Klein, who had just recovered from the pain from his fear and horror, couldn't believe his eyes as they dilated.

The first Blasphemy Slate actually didn't choose the True Creator of the Hanged Man pathway, and instead sought refuge with the Marauder pathway's Angel of Time!

After a momentary daze, he vaguely understood the whole story.

Amon's true body has wandered the Forsaken Land of the Gods for more than a thousand years before entering Chernobyl, doing so in search of the history from the Second all the way to before the First Epoch. "He" must've hovered at the edge of Chaos Sea, and had done some dangerous research. "He" had "stolen" some traits, and now, "He" is only using the release of this stolen trait to attract the Blasphemy Slate.

Simply put, this King of Angels had prepared for this for a very long time. As for the True Creator, "He" is unable to completely descend. "He" has to wait for the Dark Angel's "land of slumber" to *completely collapse.*

But the problem is, why would Amon steal the first Blasphemy slate? It's useless for "Him"... "He" has no way of transferring to the Spectator, Reader, Tyrant, Sun, and Hanged Man pathways! Could it be just because it's fun? When the deities and "His" brother are plotting for this Blasphemy Slate, "He" suddenly intervenes and runs away? But isn't it more important for "Him" to capture me? As Klein remained puzzled with Amon's goals, he slowly retreated, opening his eyes wider, trying his best to pry into the secrets on the surface of the Blasphemy Slate. He wanted to memorize the potion formula he needed.

"Sequence 1: Attendant of Mysteries..." As soon as the corresponding words entered his eyes, Amon reached out with "His" left hand and grabbed the Blasphemy Slate. Then, "He" suddenly turned around and pressed "His" right hand on the grayish-blue door that was still covered with a small amount of shadows.

The figure wearing a pointed hat and a classic black robe immediately turned illusory as "He" tore through the door and vanished.

The shadow hand which was partially formed by Klein's corruption rapidly expanded amidst the collapse of the "land of slumber." Finally, it turned into a black shadow and chased after Amon, rushing out of the closed door.

In the next second, all the shadows disappeared. The orange-red light illuminated the palace that the Giant King once lived in.

In front of the iron-black throne, on the platform that was illuminated by the light of dusk, Colin Iliad's figure appeared.

He was wearing a tattered silver armor, revealing several old scars on his face. He sat there quietly, like a warrior who had just finished his last battle.

His two swords had already crumbled, and he had stopped breathing. However, Klein could sense that there were still remnants of his will and psyche. The former couldn’t bear to just dissipate without delivering his last words.

At the bottom of the stairs, Derrick saw this scene. With his eyes red, he ran closer and stumbled, acting nothing like a demigod.

He quickly knelt beside Colin Iliad and shouted, his voice going soft, “Chief...”

Chapter 1266: Light

For a demigod Beyonder, they experienced a qualitative change due to their powerful souls. Even in death, their psyche could persist for some time. Unless this was circumvented due to an enemy deliberately destroying it, a High-Sequence Beyonder, who continued having a strong desire or unresolved matters during their state of death, could have their remnant will last longer. As such, he could slowly assimilate the surrounding areas, allowing it to mix with the spirit world, and even the Underworld, so as to turn it into an evil spirit.

Therefore, although Colin Iliad had stopped breathing, he was still able to hear Derrick's cry while sitting at the top of the ancient god's staircase in tattered silver armor. He turned his head to look at the underaged demigod before smiling.

"Compared to the Elders of the past, it's a form of luck for Lovia and myself to die here."

Upon hearing this, Derrick gaped his mouth, wanting to say something, but felt something pressing down on his heart, blocking his throat.

Not far away, Klein raised the Staff of the Stars and attempted to use Will Auceptin's "Reboot" to save Colin Iliad. However, he failed several times in a row. Even the successful attempt didn't have the ability to reverse everything. The effects were clearly inferior to the original's, and it involved a Uniqueness—Amon's true body had descended.

He's already dead, so he can't even be turned into a marionette. He can only consider turning into an evil spirit, but there's almost no evil spirit that can maintain their humanity. Even Dark Angel

Sasrir failed to do so… The only exception is the Red Angel Medici trio. But that was only after "They" left "Their" "territory" and went to Bansy Harbor… This Chief doesn't seem willing to take this route… To the residents of the City of Silver, becoming an evil spirit is undoubtedly a curse… Klein sighed and cast his gaze elsewhere to observe the Giant King's palace that had its shadows recede.

Colin Iliad examined Derrick's face and sighed.

"When you return, you'll be a member of the six-member council.

"I know. Relative to your age, this is a very heavy responsibility, but everyone in the City of Silver has to be prepared to shoulder everyone's fate."

Derrick nodded and said with a nasal voice, "Yes, Your Excellency!"

Colin Iliad revealed an amiable smile.

"Don't be worried that they'll misunderstand this. I'll tell you a secret. Currently, in the City of Silver, only Waite and I know of it.

"When you get back, tell this to Waite immediately. He will understand that Lovia's and my death has nothing to do with you. Otherwise, you will not obtain this secret from me."

Having said that, Colin Iliad looked up at Gehrman Sparrow and nodded gently.

"From today onwards, everyone in the City of Silver can freely change their faith to Mr. Fool."

Derrick wasn't excited at all. He nodded heavily, indicating that he understood.

Colin Iliad immediately retracted his gaze. A layer of solemnity and bitterness appeared on his clearly exhausted face.

"That secret is related to the second god-level Sealed Artifact of our City of Silver.

"It's called 'Gift of the Land.'"

Derrick wiped his eyes with his arm and listened attentively to the Chief's description.

Colin Iliad sighed and continued, "It's precisely because of this Sealed Artifact that Black-Faced Grass can grow around the City of Silver, preventing us from completely sinking into the dark ages..."

Derrick's pupils dilated as the sadness in his heart eased.

He remembered very clearly that the textbooks mentioned the discovery of Black-Faced Grass as the key turning point in the history of the City of Silver. He believed that if there was no such safe and harmless staple food, then the City of Silver would've long become a playground for monsters.

At that instant, Derrick thought of many things. He finally understood why the mushrooms that Mr. World had given had undergone a huge transformation in the City of Silver, one that was different from the original description.

Colin Iliad's gaze swept across his face, and his voice suddenly turned deep.

“It's precisely because of this that we are burdened with the fate of being cursed. Only people who are killed by their immediate family wouldn't become a terrifying evil spirit.

“Cornucopia has a price.”

Derrick's expression froze.

Murdering his parents left a wound that could never heal in his heart. He had always blamed the corresponding curse on this land that had been forsaken by the gods. But now, the Chief had told him the truth which was unlike what he imagined. The curse gave them the food they relied on for survival!

The grizzled and exhausted-looking Colin Iliad's eyes glazed over as he seemed to recall killing his father, mother, brother, sister, eldest son, youngest son, daughter, and eldest grandson.

His voice became fleeting.

“Lovia once said that a dying person would not transform into an evil spirit after leaving the City of Silver.

“Back then, I didn't tell her that this was the truth. As the Gift of the Land's range is huge, most people who are about to die are unable to leave the corresponding region in time.

"This is a secret that only the Chief can grasp. I tried my best exploring and fighting, hoping that future generations wouldn't have to suffer such pain."

The Chief of the City of Silver, who was clearly advanced in his years, slowly exhaled. Without giving Derrick a chance to make a promise, he seemed to recall something as he said, "Also, you mustn't fully believe the situation of the Rose Redemption that is recorded in that palace."

Eh? Klein stopped scrutinizing his surroundings as he revealed a slightly lost expression.

Colin Iliad added in a deep voice, "Earth Mother cannot be Giant Queen Omebella.

"Omebella has long died. 'Her' corpse is in the City of Silver, and more precisely, it's the Gift of the Land..."

This... When Klein heard this, his pupils dilated as a chill ran down his spine.

The real Giant Queen had long died in the City of Silver and became a Sealed Artifact. Then, who is the one currently masquerading as Earth Mother?

...

In the kingdom that was covered in moon flowers and night vanilla, the sunset giant's sword struck the heavy, pitch-black sickle and froze in midair.

In the darkness that had been destroyed by the intense battle of the gods, time seemed to come to a halt. Be it the giant wearing tattered armor who was bathing in the dusk, or the humanoid demonic wolf with six arms, “They” seemed to become a part of an oil painting. Everything stood on the spot, maintaining “Their” previous posture.

However, a dark brown wooden cane had stabbed through the back of the sunset giant, piercing through its heart as it frantically drained the life of the deity, dragging “Him” down in an act of returning it to the land, returning to a mother’s embrace.

This dark brown wooden staff was held in the hands of the giant-like, voluptuous woman. It formed a deep autumn scene with the withered flowers, grass, and mushrooms.

The sunset giant slowly turned “His” head and looked at the woman who was carrying the baby in one hand. “He” said in pain, “Li—li—th?”

At this moment, the dress-wearing “demonic wolf” with the head of a female human let out a chuckle. The bird-shaped golden accessory in “Her” hand flew out and accurately pierced through the gap of the sunset giant’s visor. Then, “She” threw the “Crimson Moon” in “Her” two other hands at the voluptuous woman.

In the next second, a portion of the sunset giant’s body collapsed. An orange-red sunset pierced through the serene darkness and landed in the real world.

Some landed on the battlefield, causing countless soldiers to die. Some crushed the mountains, creating a lake that made all living creatures age. Some fused with some lucky creatures, turning them into crazy and powerful monsters, while others enveloped the Great Twilight Hall outside St. Millom. The solidified orange light was extinguished…

In the Amantha mountain range, outside the Cathedral of Serenity, Abomination Suah and other Mythical Creatures, who were helping Feysac and Intis angels attack, seemed to sense something. The battle came to a halt.

After the bloodshot eyes growing on the pitch-black tree rolled once, Abomination Suah immediately entered the void and escaped into the spirit world.

In the outskirts of Backlund, in a small cathedral that no one paid attention to.

A golden-bearded pious priest wearing a simple white robe opened his eyes. They revealed a childlike innocence and purity.

"He" calmly took out a golden potion and opened the lid, pouring the liquid inside into "His" mouth.

…

The war ended just like that.

If Audrey hadn't seen it with her own eyes, she never would've believed that the war would end just like that.

After the dark night swallowed the orange dusk and faded away by itself, the Silver Knight in front of her seemed to suffer a heavy mental blow. Even after recovering and composing himself, he didn't continue attacking his enemy. He fled in a rather sorry and perplexed state.

Just like this Silver Knight, the angels and saints of the Feysac and Intis allied forces fled one after another. As for the Beyonders that formed the backbone of the army, they collapsed in an uncontrollable manner.

However, on Loen's side, the demigods, Low- and Mid-Sequence Beyonders, and ordinary soldiers didn't attempt to pursue them. This was because they were equally confused, perplexed, and puzzled.

Audrey walked back into the city and saw the surviving Backlund residents coming out of their houses, shelters, or hiding spots, one after another. They stared blankly at the scene which resembled a primeval forest.

They didn't cheer, shout, or vent their emotions. Their expressions were numb, and their eyes were vacant. They didn't know how and why the disaster had suddenly ended.

There was no lack of people who had once been saved by the charity foundation. Many of them looked familiar to Audrey, but their condition wasn't much different from when those who queued up to collect food.

Audrey silently observed this scene before returning to Empress Borough and back to her villa.

She saw her father, mother, elder brother, butler, servants looking out of the window in confusion, just like the citizens on the street.

For some reason, a sentence suddenly flashed across Audrey's mind:

Dying, he knew not his executor; surviving, he knew not the circumstances.

...

An orange dusk calmed the lightning storm that blazed with frequent bolts of lightning. It sank into the dark, blue sea with an indiscernible bottom, nearly swallowing the Dawn with it.

Queen Mystic had used her other Grade 0 Sealed Artifact in time, allowing the ship to avoid a terrifying disaster.

She frowned slightly as if she had sensed something. However, her expression eased up immediately, allowing the Dawn to continue moving forward on an unsafe sea route. It was to engage in all kinds of dangerous battles with strong winds, huge waves, lightning, and sea monsters.

In the dark environment, Bernadette's gaze seemed to penetrate through many obstacles, allowing her to see the light that she was chasing after.

No matter how many obstacles she faced, she would not stop her approach.

...

On the staircase in the Giant King's residence which was covered in orange light.

After telling Derrick the secret, Colin Iliad said to Derrick, “Go. Open that door. I want to see what the sunlight outside is like…”

“Yes!” The rims of Derrick’s eyes reddened once again. He pursed his lips tightly and stood up.

He put down the hammer in his hand, and under the encouraging gaze of Klein, he steadily circled around the iron-black throne and arrived in front of the grayish-blue door which depicted the sunset.

Derrick stared at it for a second, bent down, stretched out his hands, and pressed them against the sides of the door.

Then, he strained his muscles and pushed hard.

At that moment, he seemed to see his parents; his deceased teammates, like Joshua and Antiona; Lovia in a purple-patterned black robe; and the grizzled Colin Iliad.

They stood beside him and pressed their hands against the door, pushing the grayish-blue door with him.

Beads of water streamed down Derrick’s face as a heavy creaking sound echoed in his ears.

A crack appeared, letting golden sunlight flood in.

The gap grew bigger and bigger, and a golden sea gradually appeared in Derrick’s eyes, presenting itself in front of Colin Iliad’s eyes.

Upon seeing this scene, the corners of Colin Iliad's lips twitched slightly as he bathed in the warm sunlight. The corners of his lips pulled up slightly as he revealed a faint smile and a faint yearning, his body "evaporating" bit by bit.

Light was the meaning to everything.

Author's Notes:

—**Translation:** Mrs. Matchstick Bepis | **Proofread:** Windvally—

The 116 chapters of Volume 6, to me, achieved the overall degree of completion I expected.

During Volume 5, I mentioned that the pinnacle of the plot would occur in Volume 6, note that I said pinnacle, and not climax.

Laughs

At the time, it was clear to me that it would be lacking in terms of satisfaction and explosiveness, but the essence of the volume was to bring a strong sense of shock. Regarding this, when Amon uttered Chernobyl and when Colin Iliad said that Omebella had already died, I could clearly feel the sense of happiness writing brings me.

Accordingly, chapter subscriptions exceeded 60,000, breaking the record of the entire book, especially during the Amon arc, reaching over 63,000. As for this Omebella chapter, because I wrote this conclusion before the 24-hour mark, I didn't have an accurate result, I only know that during the first hour after the chapter was uploaded, chapter subscriptions were already at 32,000.

These are the two pinnacles of Volume 6, one at the beginning and one at the end, stringing together the entire volume. Both of these events were arranged as early as Volume one. Even before I started writing Volume One, these ideas were already thought-out and I started consciously burying hints to depict the two events. When I first wrote "Chapter One – Crimson", I already had a complete picture in my mind, one of which was an inspiration that gradually took shape as I was putting together the story of the City of Silver and its curse, it was only after this that Emlyn and the Church of Harvest came to be. I actually provided a lot of corresponding clues, although they were relatively hidden, it wasn't without foreshadowing.

And surrounding these two pinnacle, many secrets have been unveiled. Generally, I don't think there were any problems regarding this portion. It helped to gradually give shape to the overall universe, creating a comparatively complete framework, thus, when I start unfolding information and hints regarding the The Old Ones, Outer Gods, Ancient Sun God and his family, it would become a lot smoother. Family, yes, using this term to describe them seems to make them a lot more relatable. [1]

Speaking of relatable, I would have to discuss the criticisms directed towards the war and 「Justice」.

Throughout the time I spent writing Martial Arts Master, I have been compiling a set of methodologies for writing suitable for myself, however at the same time many things were still vague to me, it wasn't until I started writing *Lord of Mysteries* and the corresponding experiments and results, that things started becoming clearer, thereby adding to my methodology.

To me, the first business of writing, which is also the most important step is encompassed by a very rustic word:

「Expression」.

What is it that I wish to convey and deliver? This is something that must undergo clear consideration before setting pen to paper, after that, I would need to make a choice regarding what I will include or omit in the writing to make sure my focal point doesn’t deviate.

To put it simply, I will use a phrase that everyone abhors: centralized thoughts. [2]

Then what is it I wish to express in Volume 6?

First of all, it is the sense of impact that these two plot points will bring.

Secondly, the insignificance and helplessness mortals feel when in the face of gods.

Thirdly, despite being as small and insignificant as a moth, one should always seek the light.

Regarding the second point, this theme isn’t exclusive to Volume 6, it is an inevitable component of any novel worldviews inspired by Cthulhu and the Quasi-Cthulhu Mythos. Ones’ [3] fear of the unknown as well as the insignificance when faced with that 「unknown」, which is in the same vein as the straw men from Volume 2. [4]

Therefore, before I started writing Volume 6, even before Volume

5, I've been considering what kind of story would be necessary in order to deliver the things I wish to express into the readers' mind.

If I started to expand on the war, then the focus would shift to the various mystical powers, battleships, machine guns and cannons. This would comparatively be more fresh, and with the inclusion of elements of sacrifice, exhilaration, the brutality of war and other deeper themes, it would deviate from the crux of what I wish to express. Because once you arrive on the battlefield, the significance behind death and survival become apparent, there wouldn't be a sense of befuddlement over why you're still alive or why you're dying.

At the same time, the story has always depicted fights between Beyonders, and arriving at Volume 6, I even began unravelling the secrets behind the various Kings of Angels and Gods, if I was to also expand into the war between ordinary humans, not only would the two sceneries conflict with each other, it would be rather weird as well.

With this in mind, as I mentioned very early on, I wouldn't go into the details of the war, instead the primary focus would be on the life of ordinary people embroiled in the war. I purposefully made these people indistinguishable and without names, which is another interpretation of the title of Volume 2, Faceless, to exemplify the concept of the numerous, of the masses, and to decrease the relative pain and sorrow people feel, instead accentuating the feelings of loss, apathy and confusion.

The only people with a name were the Landlord and lady, this part was to emphasize the pain and hardship of the people, otherwise the scene where Audrey determines herself, kneels before her parents' bed and kisses them before leaving would lack the necessary force.

Originally, there was no need for the scenes where Audrey engages in charitable behavior to be repeated, but in order to increase the sense of apathy, stupefaction, pain and confusion of the people, I intentionally wrote a few more of these scenes, consequentially these scenes were a little monotonous and insistent, whilst failing to reflect the changes within Audrey's heart.

However, I don't think there were any problems with her two conversations with Klein, each encompassing a different sense of confusion; nor were there problems with her behavior after resolving herself and her subsequent manipulations. There was no delay, no encumbrance because she has her own internal conflicts and the relevant tensions in the story still exists.

In summary, I combined the build-up of determination within Audrey's heart, her own growth and the insignificance of mortals together, and combined them into one thread, resulting in a situation where I'm writing about her, but the real focus wasn't on her, which made Audrey seem like a tool [5] for the plot.

This is probably a 「Spectator's」, mandatory duty and sacrifice.

Sigh

However, I would like to thank everybody for your tolerance and understanding, during these chapters, subscriptions basically didn't drop, resting at around 53,000, it let me proceed calm and nonchalantly, enabling me to encompass everything I wanted to express.

During the final battle at Backlund, the reason behind unfolding it from Audrey's perspective was to demonstrate the changes the battle between gods would bring to Backlund, and to conclude all the things that I have been paving for up to that point.

As this Spectator walked down the streets and alleys on her way home, she witnessed the same confusion inside everyone, down from normal citizens, up to nobles and finally to herself, a demigod, welling-up and culminating in the lament:

"*Death without reason*, *life without purpose*"

I have this impression that the relevant plot wasn't a waste of time, and I feel like the plot which was somewhat adrift has finally found its' grounding, deep, heavy, stable and solid.

Additionally, this part also ties into the build-up of emotions in three parts, from the senselessness, insignificance and sorrow that Audrey experiences, to Bernadette's pursuit and certainty that regardless of how dark and bleak the journey would be, she would continue, and finally to the City of Silver, which has spent millennia questing the darkness, who have at last, opened the door, laying eyes on a sliver of light and on the thing named hope.

It is for this reason, my original plan to feature Roselle in Volume 6 was pushed back to Volume 7.

Hmm, this progression of emotions could be reversed, but that would be extremely despairing, it wouldn't suit the title 「Lightseeker」.

Regarding the death of the Chief, because Lovia died earlier, I didn't want to reiterate the sorrow and sensationalize it, instead it was with restraint that I described his condition, to let the relative sorrow be hidden deeper and instead focus on the light, on his expression of regret, release and hope.

The problem with Volume 6 was that it required too many battles cramped in succession, the middle of the volume lacked the necessary pacing for the tension to loosen, resulting in reading fatigue. This is something I would need to pay attention to in Volume 7.

Besides, if I don't write about the war, I would lose the chance to expand on the rest of the world, it would seem like the scope of the story was limited, however this was something that I anticipated. With the existence of 22 pathways, numerous different countries, gods and angels, if I was to open up these areas, Kleiny boy would end up having to run all over the place, that would feel very cumbersome and bloated. It would be akin to a dragonfly skimming the surface of the water, to scratch the surface superficially, and not go deeper. I might as well not write it.

Therefore, even though I already have a very detailed framework enveloping the Republic of Intis, the Kingdom of Feynapotter etc, I can't introduce them. Regarding this, a certain "one and a half metered classmate" could testify on my behalf, while I was making preparations for *Lord of Mysteries*, she asked me what the outline of the story was, so I copied a portion of the settings surrounding Intis, and that was probably a very detailed version of it.

This was something I set my mind on before I started writing *Lord of Mysteries*, I would limit the scope of the story to the utmost extent, focusing instead on one country and making it as vivid and meticulous as possible, thereby bringing out the distinguishing characteristics of other countries in contrast, establishing a more coherent framework for the entire world. Achieving this, the purpose behind writing *Lord of Mysteries* would be accomplished. Hmm, you guys should be able to feel that I've been keeping some things back.

Concerning the other countries and other pathways, I originally hoped to manage it, that is, under the same world, to write a second, maybe even a third book, under different perspectives, using things that I didn't have a chance to use in regards to Intis, Feynapotter, the various secretive cults, organizations, the Western continent and other products of my world-building, utilizing this approach to complete the entire universe of *Lord of Mysteries*.

I even thought about some possible storylines that I may or may not take up, for example a certain Blessed One of The Old Ones attempts to infiltrate and sabotage things, but fall prey to an accident, losing their memories and eventually getting picked up by the Church of Knowledge and Wisdom, "indulging" in exams and textbooks day in day out, or someone who starts out as a hunter and ends up receiving instructions from Saint Danitz, crying as he loots Anderson, contesting wit and skill with the Red Angel, etc., etc.

This might be the main storyline of the second book. As for the third book, it might be a story based on the Western continent, an Eastern oriental themed *Lord of Mysteries*. I was smiling as I read comments on how you guys theorized a "Sky Lord of Heaven and Earth" route. Of course, regarding the power level of the Western continent, I left a few connections, but nothing concise yet.

Hmm. There might not be a third book, but at the moment, I can promise there will be a second book, but it wouldn't be the next one I write. I intend to change the theme of the story, change my mood, write about something else, after all, I have accumulated a lot of inspiration, with two especially interesting ones taking shape. One leans towards Fallout, and the other Xianxia, it's hard to decide which one at the moment, I will consider it in detail after gathering materials and completing *Lord of Mysteries*.

Small talk at an end, the same rule. Three and a half days of rest, updates will recommence 7 p.m. of Sunday. (It's actually four days, but considering the fact that this summary has exceeded 3,000 words, let's count this as a chapter.)

As for the name of Volume 7, as many of you have guessed correctly, it will be 「Hanged Man」.

Finally, since I uploaded this chapter, how could I not make a request for monthly tickets? I will upload the first chapter of Volume 7: 「The Hanged Man」 punctually at 7 p.m. Give me your monthly tickets!

On a side note, average subscriptions have reached around nine thousand eight thousand six hundred [6], please subscribe on the official version, I hope to surpass 100,000 as soon as possible!

Lastly, gimme your monthly tickets!

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1. Cuttlefish uses an idiom, 煙火氣 which is an abbreviation for 人間煙火, which in essence describes the life of ordinary, mortal and mundane people. The literal translation describes the need mortals have to eat and toil to live, unlike immortals who do not require sustenance, which is why I translated it to relatable.

2. Referencing peoples' dislike of one of the tenets of the Chinese educational system, whereby there is only one correct answer to very subjective questions.

3. Cthulhu meaning the original H.P Lovecraftian lore and Cthulhu Mythos, the combined fictional (or is it?) universe of the entire trope, setting and mythology shared by Lovecraft and his literary successors.

The more literal translation of the same terms could refer to a Chinese Cthulhu taletop RPG circle. The Cthulhu Mythos style represents campaigns that focus on adventure, treasure hunting and direct confrontation against an eldritch entity with no sugar coating eg: Eldritch Horror and Arkham Horror. Quasi-Cthulhu Mythos represents campaigns that look completely normal on the outside, focusing on the day to day lives of mortals in rural or urban areas, while everything dark is moving in the shadows, puzzles which needs to be solved by the players. This represents a shift in the preference of players, as more and more players in China enjoy the Quasi-Cthulhu style, as it offers more variety and realistic horror (more helpessness) than straight up Bloodborne style hunting.

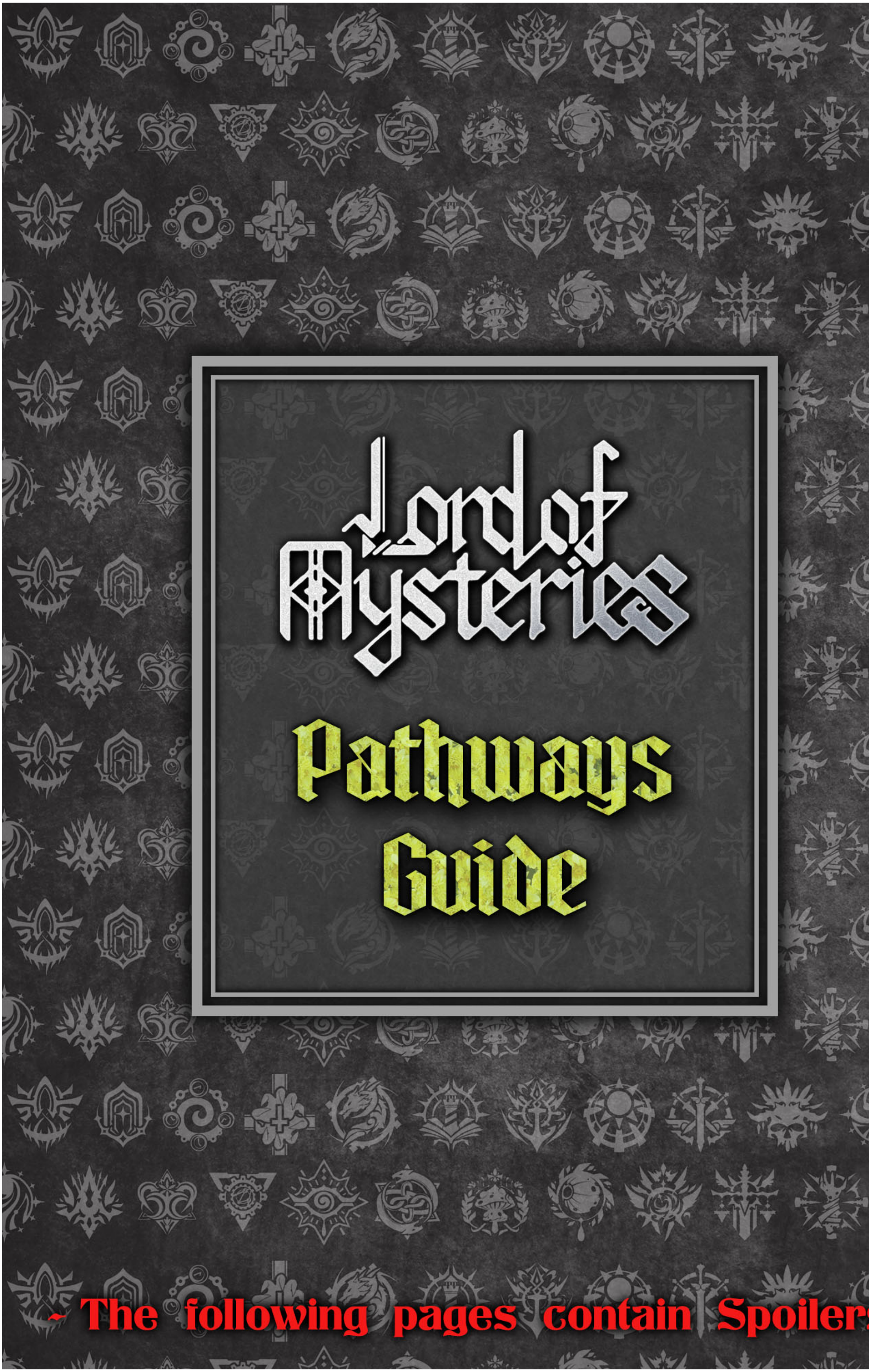
Windvally: I may be COMPLTELY wrong on this, but that's one way to look at it.

1. Regarding the reference to Volume 2 and straw men, Cuttlefish is referring to the events in Volume 2 Chapter 263/Chapter 476 – Straw Men, in which the life of the innocent and impoverished people of Backlund were but fuel (straw) for the various conspiracies.

2. 工具人, a tool-person, is someone who helps you without reservation, but you never reciprocate their feeling or acknowledge them. They comfort themselves with the fact that you might need them after all. An example is Ikanser Bernard of the Machinery Hivemind, aka the sacrifice to communicate with Arrodes.

3. Author's own numbers.

End of Volume



Lord of Mysteries

Pathways Guide

~ The following pages contain Spoilers

[image]

Key of Light

- Wheel of Fortune Pathway -

X
WHEEL OF FORTUNE

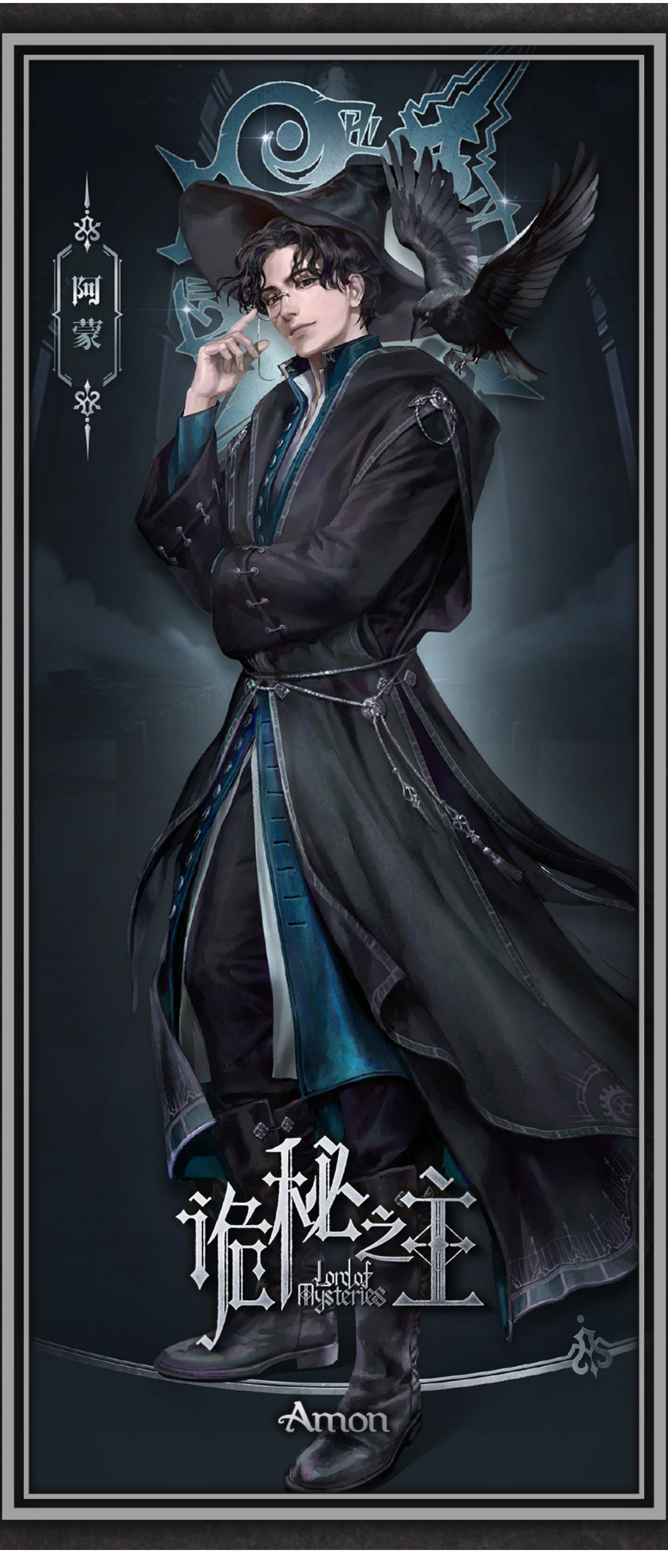
The Wheel of Fortune
Pathway is adept at
manipulating fate, luck,
and probability.
They can control, store
and release luck, make pe
unlucky, perform and cou
divination, predict the fut
gain increased bodily cont
and manipulate calamitie

Lord of Mysteries

Image Gallery

~ The following pages contain Spoilers

周明瑞
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Zhou Mingrui


阿蒙
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Amon

科林·伊利亚特
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
Colin Iliad

真实造物主
诡秘之主
Lord of Mysteries
True Creator

- Forsaken L

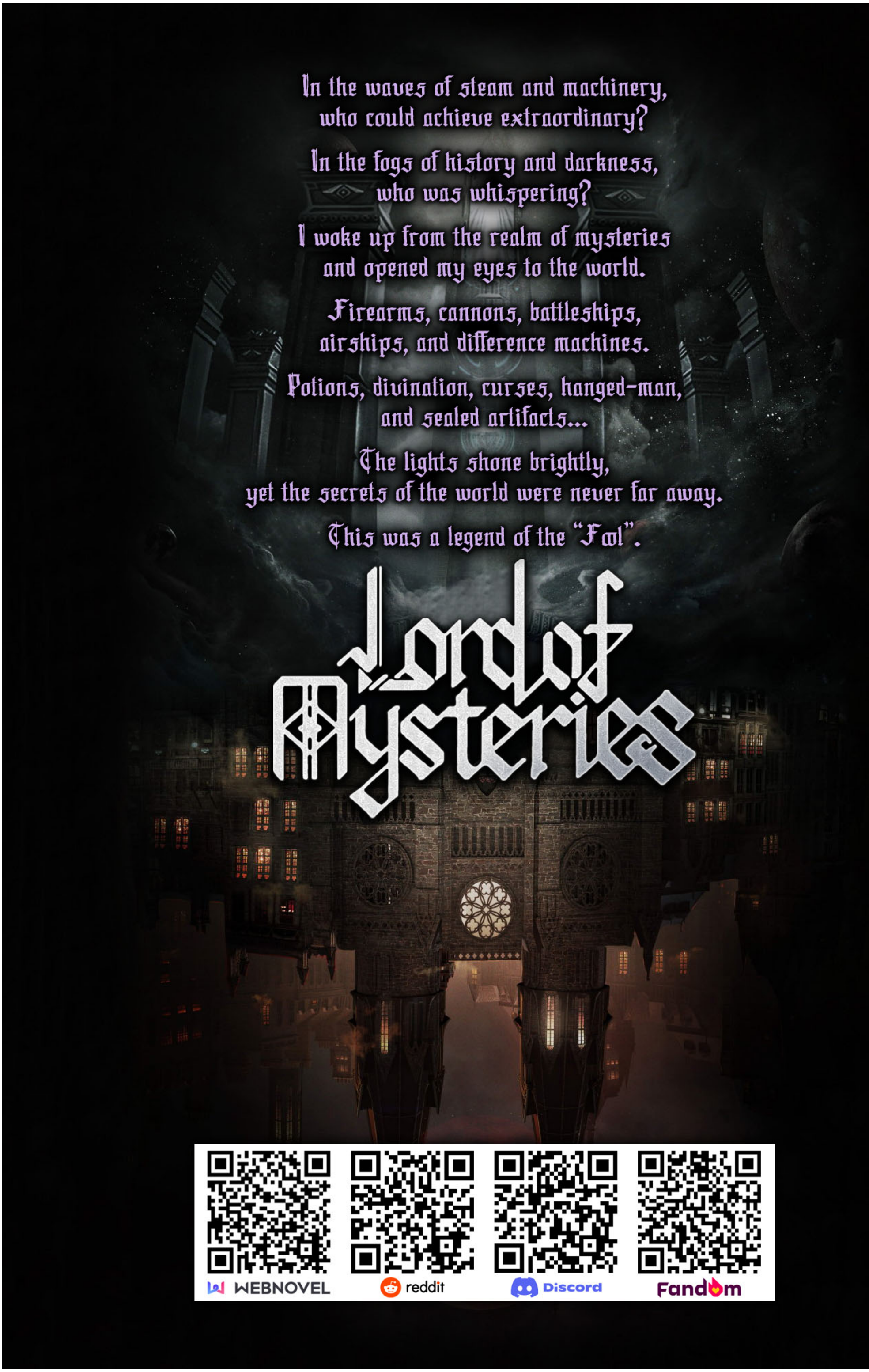
- City

[image]

To be continued in...

Lord of Mysteries

The Hanged Man



In the waves of steam and machinery,
who could achieve extraordinary?

In the fogs of history and darkness,
who was whispering?

I woke up from the realm of mysteries
and opened my eyes to the world.

Firearms, cannons, battleships,
airships, and difference machines.

Potions, divination, curses, hanged-man,
and sealed artifacts...

The lights shone brightly,
yet the secrets of the world were never far away.

This was a legend of the "Fool".

Lord of Mysteries

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